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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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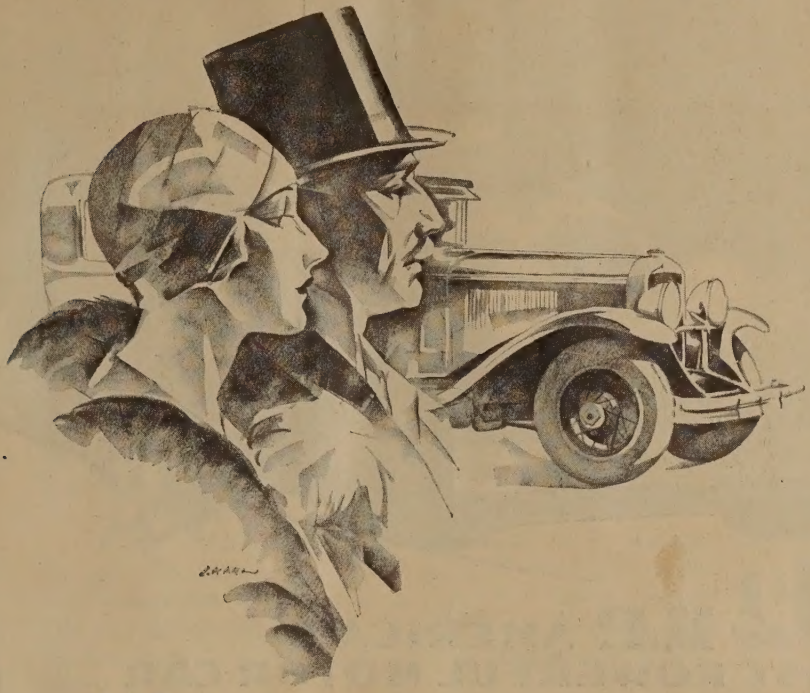

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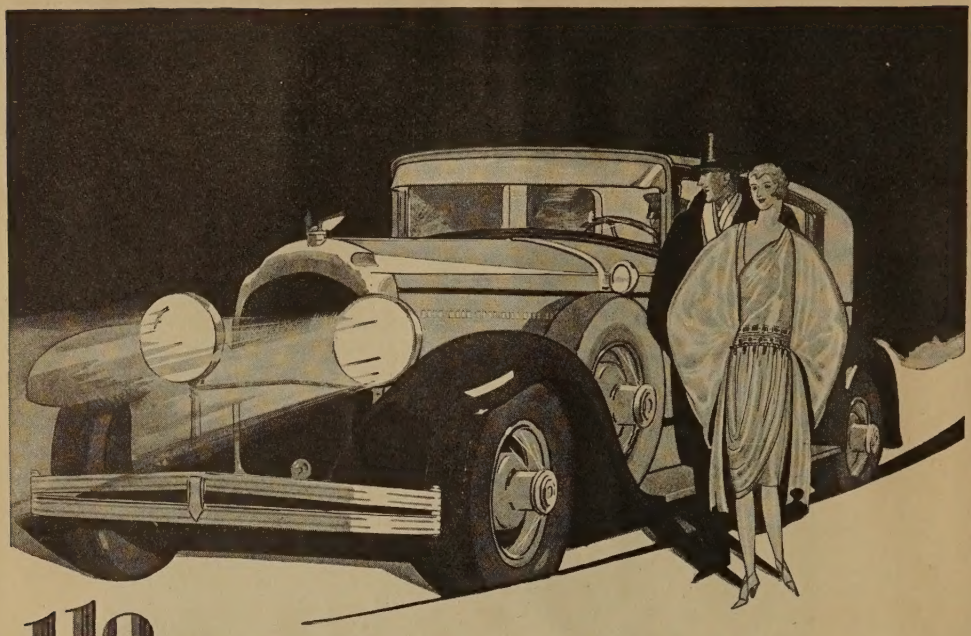

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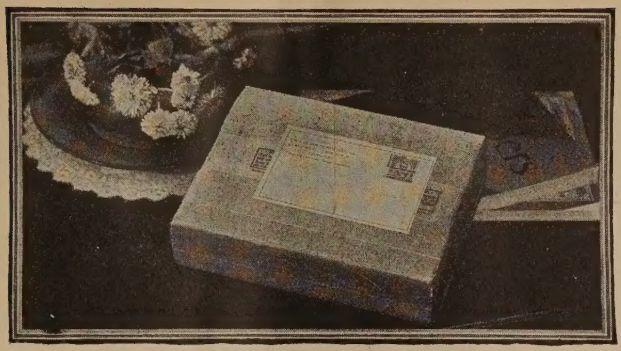

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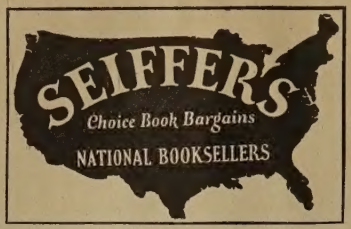

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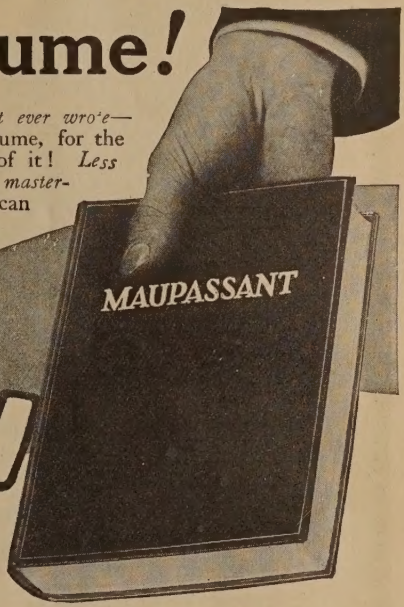

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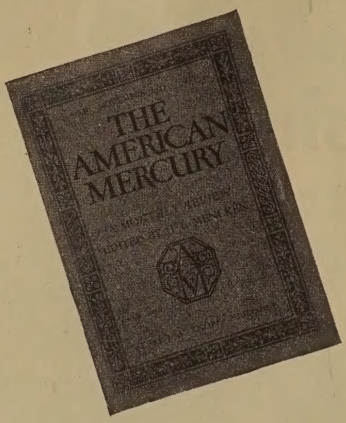

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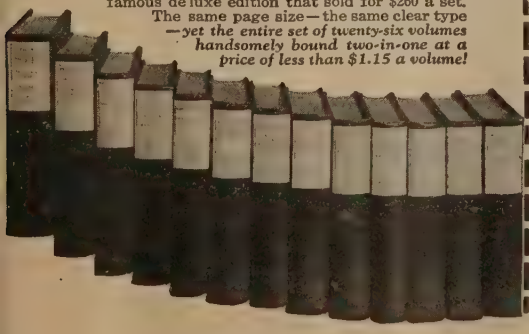

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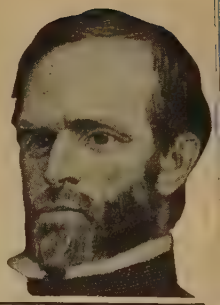

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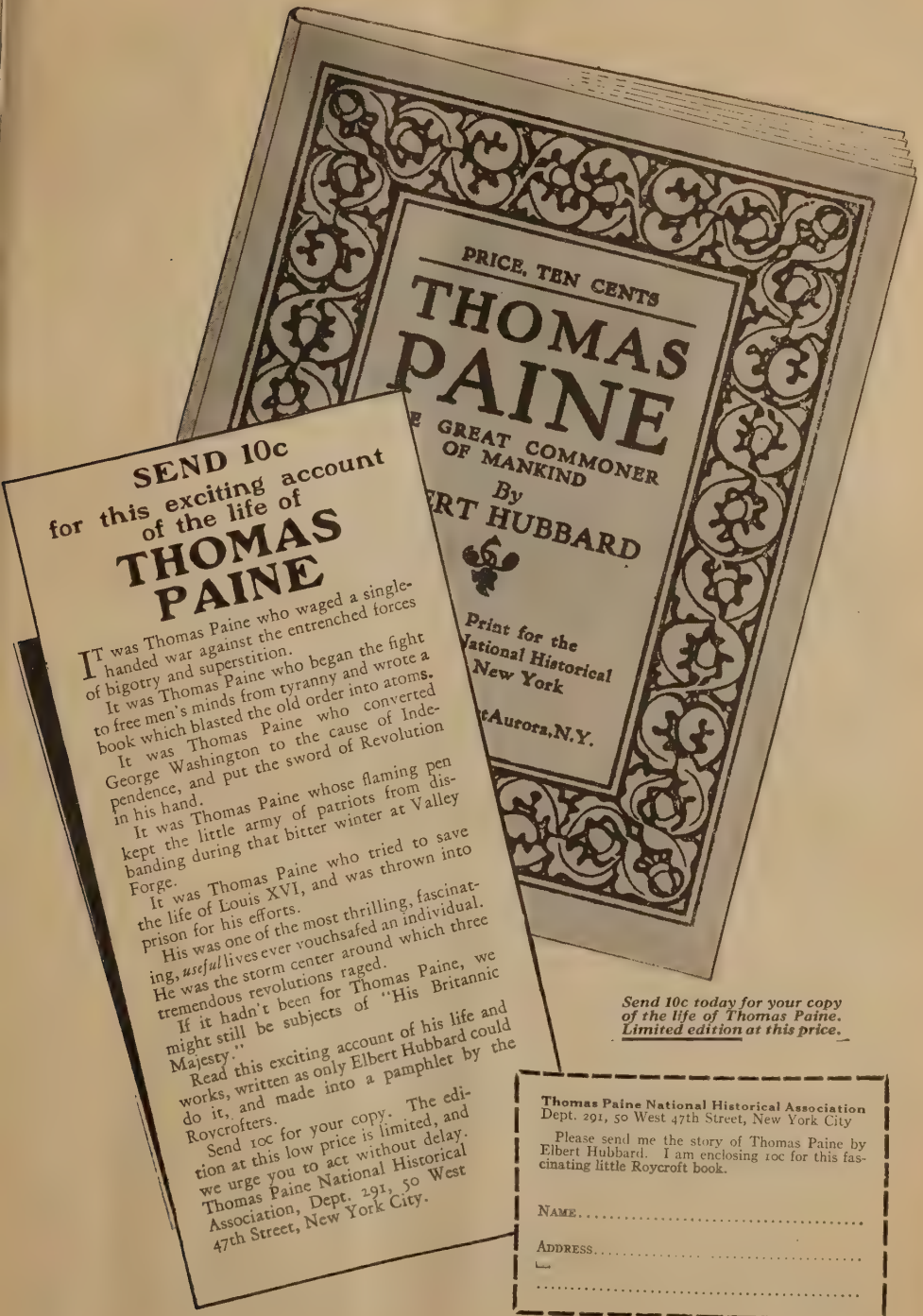
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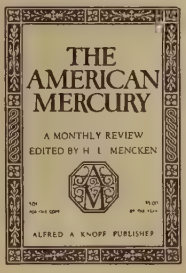

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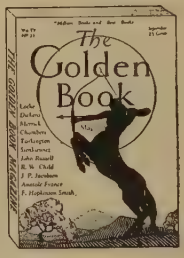

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AM 1-28

I smiled when the butler spoke to Donovan in French

—but I gasped with surprise at my friend's reply!

"CAN you speak French?" I asked Donovan one day.

"Yes, indeed," grinned Donovan, who was one of the best salesmen in our office and who hated to admit there was anything he couldn't do. "I speak it like a native Frenchman."

I could hardly keep from laughing at the idea of Donovan speaking French. But I gave no sign that I doubted his word.

"Why, you're just the man I want!" I exclaimed. "I'm going to call on Alphonse Leroux, the French perfume manufacturer, and I want you to come along and help me persuade him to sign a contract."

"Fine!" replied Donovan. "I'll be delighted!"

Donovan had the spirit of a true salesman. A mere matter of being unable to speak the same language as a customer meant nothing to him.

But I, on the other hand, was worried. I had been told that Alphonse Leroux could speak English. But if he couldn't! . . . I shuddered. Donovan would be useless to me. And I would have to depend entirely on the smattering of French I had been taught in high school.

I was nervous when Donovan and I climbed the steps leading to Leroux's home on Park Avenue. It was a fashionable place—a sort of combined residence and business office which the Frenchman used during his visits to America.

I rang the door-bell. Fervently I prayed that Leroux would be able to speak English. The door swung open and a butler appeared.

An Unexpected Shock

"Is Monsieur Leroux at home?" I asked in my friendliest manner.

To my horror the butler replied *in French!* My heart sank.

"Of all things—a French butler!" I exclaimed to Donovan.

I turned to the butler again.

"Is Monsieur Alphonse Leroux at home?"

Instead of answering me in English, the butler continued in French. He spoke so fast I couldn't understand a word he said. "I'm lost!" I thought.

"Let me talk to him," whispered Donovan.

My friend stepped forward. "What did you say, my man?" he inquired.

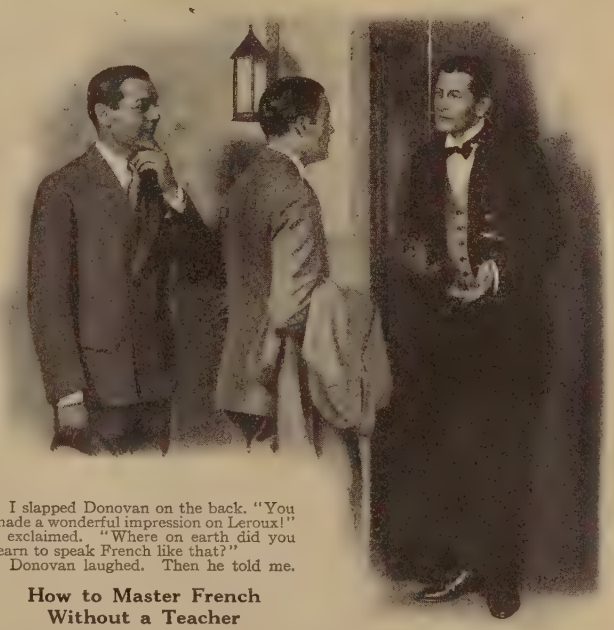
The butler again rattled away in French. Donovan listened attentively, as if he were following every word.

Then Donovan Spoke Up

When the butler finished, Donovan spoke up. To my everlasting amazement he answered that butler *in fluent French!* I could scarcely believe my ears! Donovan speaking French! It seemed incredible!

But his words had a magic effect on the butler, who suddenly blossomed into smiles, bowed low, and welcomed us into the house.

Half an hour later Donovan and I descended the steps in front of Monsieur Leroux's home. I was happy as a bird, for in my pocket was the contract.



I slapped Donovan on the back. "You made a wonderful impression on Leroux!" I exclaimed. "Where on earth did you learn to speak French like that?"

Donovan laughed. Then he told me.

How to Master French Without a Teacher

"Did you ever hear of the Hugo Language Institute?" he asked me.

"It's a School of Languages located over in London, isn't it?"

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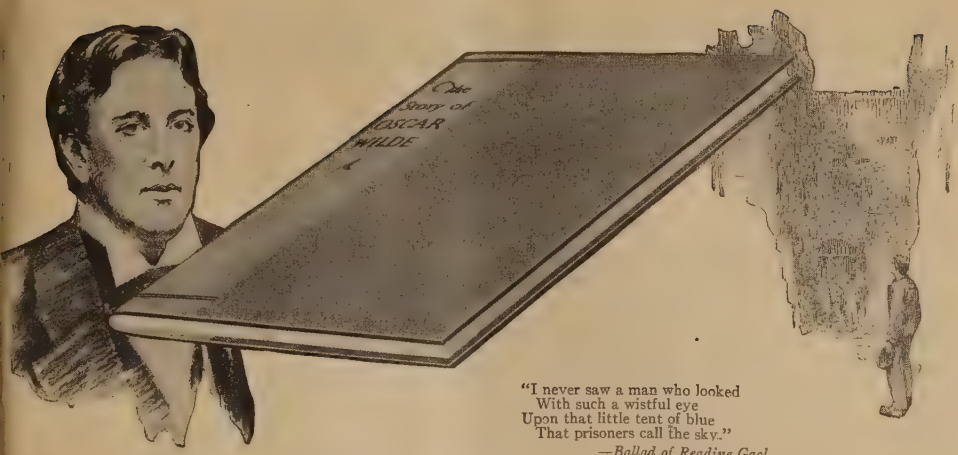

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Mr. Lancaster is a distinguished Rotarian, and after the historic meeting of Rotary International at Ostend last Summer he took a look at France, Italy, Germany, Holland and England. In his article he describes these countries as they appear to a 100% American, frankly and at length.

TWO-TIME LOSERS — *By Jim Tully*

In the present issue Mr. Tully describes a visit to San Quentin Prison, in California, on hanging day. In "Two-Time Losers" he tells of visiting Folsom Prison, where habitual criminals are confined. One of the men he met there was Ernest Booth, author of "We Rob a Bank."

THE WALRUS OF MORON-LAND — *By Louis Sherwin*

A frank and striking character sketch of General Harrison Gray Otis, of the Los Angeles *Times*, who smashed the unions in Southern California, gave shape to the lovely civilization of that region, and piled up a great fortune for himself.

ENGLISH A — *By Bernard De Voto*

How the secrets of English grammar are rammed into freshmen in the great institutions of learning of the Republic. Mr. De Voto has been a teacher in some of them, and has much to say that will interest psychologists, penologists and the literati.

LADY BUYERS — *By Frances Anne Allen*

In many ways the Lady Buyer is the swellest of American women. She makes a good salary, and spends it freely upon her person. Miss Allen describes her at length.

THE MODERATE DRINKER — *By Raymond Pearl*

Dr. Pearl, who is head of the Institute for Biological Research at the Johns Hopkins, examines the theory that moderate drinking shortens life. His conclusions will be denounced as Russian propaganda by the Anti-Saloon League.

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FRANCIS JOSEPH. *Emperor of Austria—King of Hungary.*
By Eugene Bagger. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$5 9⅜ x 6½; 572 pp. *New York*

The two outstanding merits of this biography of many merits are the immensity of its information and the refusal of the author to make a sex show out of the life of his subject. He certainly had plenty of opportunity to do the latter, for the dissoluteness of the youth of Francis Joseph was a matter of common knowledge even in his life-time. The late Emperor emerges from Mr. Bagger's excellent book as a person little superior to the late Czar of Russia. He seldom had any sensible opinions of his own on any subject whatever. He knew nothing about military matters, nor about diplomacy. His one remedy for dissatisfaction among his subjects was the firing squad. He dreaded innovations of all sorts, even of the most patently convenient sorts. He hated the telephone, the bath-tub and the elevator. But the telegraph somehow fascinated him—so he sent hundreds of telegrams weekly, many of them to friends across the street.

KARL MARX: *Man, Thinker and Revolutionist.*
Edited by D. Ryazanoff. *The International Publishers*
$1.75 7¾ x 5¼; 282 pp. *New York*

A series of papers dealing mainly with Karl Marx the man. They all point out that the traditional view that he was a cold, steely dialectician is wrong, and that, on the contrary, though he was a thinker of the most rigorous sort, he also had his sentimental side. In this connection the articles by his daughter, Eleanor, and by Wilhelm Liebknecht, are especially interesting. The other contributors are Friedrich Engels, G. Plehanoff, Franz Mehring, Rosa Luxemburg, Lenin, K. Timiryazeff, Paul Lafargue, Friedrich Lessner and the editor.

THE WORLD'S LURE.
By Alexander von Gleichen-Russwurm. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 9⅜ x 6¼; 269 pp. *New York*

This is a collection of brief but highly interesting biographies of twenty of the more celebrated charmers of history. Among those included are Laïs of Corinth, Clodia, the Lesbia of Catullus, Cleopatra, Tullia d'Aragona, Barbara Blomberg, Marguerite de Valois, Nell Gwyn, Ninon de Lenclos, Wilhelmina von Graevenitz, Pauline Bonaparte, the Marquise de Païva and the Red Tsaritza. There is a long introduction dealing with the public profit and loss effected by their careers.

UP FROM THE CITY STREETS: ALFRED E. SMITH.
By Norman Hapgood and Henry Moskowitz.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$2.50 8⅜ x 5½; 349 pp. *New York*

This biography is far richer in material than Mr. Henry F. Pringle's life of Governor Smith, lately published, but it is much less critical. To the two authors, indeed, the Governor obviously seems to be one of the great heroes of latter-day America. But they present many facts about him that are not generally known, and their discussion of his official career shows a great deal of fresh and first-hand knowledge. The book has some interesting illustrations, and is attractively written.

THAT MAN HEINE.
By Lewis Browne and Elsa Weihl.
The Macmillan Company
$3 8½ x 5½; 420 pp.. *New York*

This is a well-informed, carefully considered and charmingly written book—perhaps the most readable biography of Heine in English. At the end there is a good bibliography, not too long for the general reader. A number of specimens of Heine's manuscripts are shown in facsimile, and there are two portraits of him.

RECOLLECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY: *The Story of a Mediterranean Consul.*
By George Horton. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$4 9 x 5¾; 331 pp. *Indianapolis*

From 1893 to 1924 the author was United States consul in Athens, Saloniki, Smyrna and Budapest. A trained newspaper man when he entered the consular service, he had an eye for news, and so these recollections of experiences before, during and after the Great War show a penetrating insight and a delightful sense of humor. There are many illustrations and an index.

THE ROMANTICK LADY.
By Vivian Burnett. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$3.50 8⅛ x 5¾; 423 pp. *New York*

The author, who served as the model for Little Lord Fauntleroy, here tells us the story of his mother, Frances Hodgson Burnett. "Dearest," as her boys called her, was born in England in 1849 and at the age of sixteen, after the death of her father, came to live in Knoxville, Tenn. Though Frances had written since the age of seven, it was not until she was seven-

Continued on page xx

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AND A CATALOG OF EQUALLY GOOD BOOKS

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xviii

teen that she sent out her first story. With it went a note saying "my object is remuneration." The story was accepted. When she was twenty-two, *Scribner's* accepted "Surly Tim," a story in the Lancashire dialect. At twenty-four she married Dr. Swan Burnett and seven years later she won fame with her first novel, "That Lass o' Lowrie's." Her son continues the fairy tale of her literary history and her humane and whimsical relations to her children and friends. The book is illustrated and has a good index.

GOETHE.
By J. G. Robertson, *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 7⅝ x 5⅛; 264 pp. *New York*

Dr. Robertson is professor of the German language and literature at the University of London, and one of the world's leading authorities on Goethe. This biography by him is thus sound in fact and of high interest in opinion. He is no indiscriminate worshipper of Goethe. He thinks that "it might be questioned whether there is more than one sphere of imaginative creation in which Goethe achieved sustained and matchless greatness, the sphere of the lyric, regarding that sphere as embracing all the many shorter poems strewn through his works. . . . In the field of the prose epic and in the medium of prose Goethe was always less successful than when he wrote in verse." This book belongs to the excellent series, "The Republic of Letters," edited by Dr. William Rose.

THE COURT OF PHILIP THE FOURTH. *Spain in Decadence.*
By Martin Hume. *Brentano's*
$4 8¾ x 5⅞; 527 pp. *New York*

The mass of information in this book—much of it new—is amazing, but Mr. Hume weaves his way through it with great skill, and the result is a biography that is at once of solid scholarly value and highly readable. The pathetic Spanish King, who is his subject and who lived in the years 1605–1665, comes out of it a sort of combination of Coolidge, Harding and Valentino. Mentally he was like the first, and emotionally like the second two. He was totally unfit for his office. He had little control over his craving for women, but there always remained in him a touch of the gentleman. The result was that with him the glory that was Spain began to fade, and shortly after his death vanished forever.

THE FINE ARTS

THE STORY OF ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA.
By Thomas E. Tallmadge. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$3.50 9 x 6; 311 pp. *New York*

Mr. Tallmadge's account of the rise and fall of architectural fashions in the United States is full and well-informed. In particular, his discussion of what he calls the Parvenu Period, from 1860 to 1880, is excellent. His illustrations, such as they are, are well chosen, but he does not print enough of them. Over and over again he describes a salient design without showing it—for example, Eliel Saarinen's design for the Chicago *Tribune* Building. It is to be hoped that this defect will be remedied in a subsequent edition. The book is so good that it deserves to be made even better.

TOWARDS A NEW ARCHITECTURE.
By Le Corbusier. *Payson & Clarke*
$6 9¾ x 7¼; 289 pp. *New York*

Le Corbusier is Charles Edouard Jenneret, a well-known French architect. His plea for an abandonment of the old architectural forms and a new thinking out of all the basic architectural problems would have been far more effective if he had not couched it in gurgly, ecstatic language and attempted to reinforce it with specimens of his own designs. The latter, in the main, are atrocious. They show the worst follies of German expressionism carried out in a literal, humorless and hideous manner. The book is heavily illustrated, and despite the bad writing is very interesting. The translation is by Frederick Etchells.

GUIDE-POSTS TO CHINESE PAINTING.
By Louise Wallace Hackney.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$10 10¼ x 7¼; 221 pp. *Boston*

This excellent introductory book deals, not only with the Chinese paintings themselves, but also with their social and religious backgrounds. There is a whole chapter on the Chinese influence on the culture of the West, in which the author states that it is very difficult to say anything definite on the matter, since our knowledge of Chinese art is very fragmentary and most of it was acquired only in the last ten or fifteen years. There are many illustrations. Most of the book was edited by Dr. Paul Pelliot, professor of the languages, history and archeology of Central Asia at the Collège de France.

CRITICISM

HENRY THOREAU.
By J. Brooks Atkinson. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 158 pp. *New York*

Thoreau, like Hawthorne, remains an enigma to the general run of professional critics who attempt to understand him. Nearly all of them—including so able a man as the late Barrett Wendell—fall into the

Continued on page xxii

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GOOD BOOKS

BONI AND LIVERIGHT

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xx

error of thinking that his sole claim to distinction lies in his nature writings. This is doing his memory a great injustice. The fact is that he was perhaps the most vigorous thinker produced in the whole New England Golden Age—far greater than the verbose and platitudinous Emerson. He could write, for example, on public affairs with more acuteness than any of his better known contemporaries, as witness his three essays, "Civil Disobedience," "Life Without Principle," and "Slavery in Massachusetts"— and he had the courage of his convictions. Mr. Atkinson falls into the common error just mentioned. The greater part of his book is a hymn to "Walden." Of the three essays just referred to he says, "[They] betoken nothing more admirable than want of sympathy and arid understanding. Was not Thoreau . . . pusillanimous, vindictive and feline in his attack?"

A KEY TO THE "ULYSSES" OF JAMES JOYCE.
By Paul Jordan Smith. *Pascal Covici*
$3 8¼ x 6; 89 pp. *Chicago*

Mr. Smith prints a brief outline of the Odyssey, and then attempts to relate its principal incidents and personages to those of "Ulysses." The experiment is interesting, but it throws relatively little light upon the more obscure passages of the latter. More than once, indeed, Mr. Smith pauses to denounce Joyce for deliberate obfuscation.

THE PHENOMENON OF SHERWOOD ANDERSON.
By N. Bryllion Fagin. *The Rossi-Bryn Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 156 pp. *Baltimore*

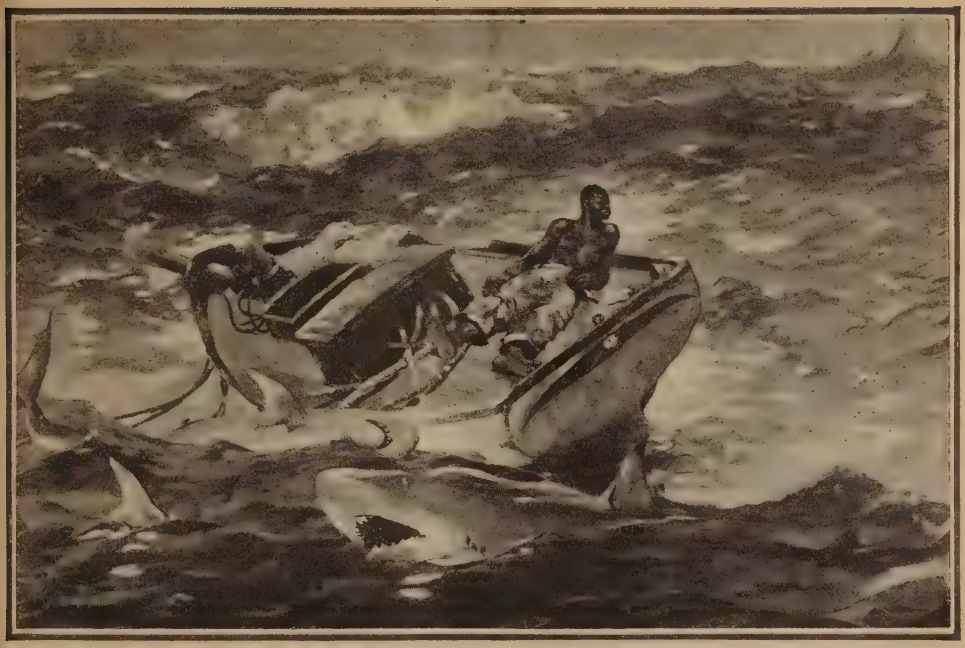
Mr. Fagan is lyrical more often than he is judicious, but nevertheless he presents a very intelligent study of Anderson, and one not without its moments of penetrating insight. There is a bibliography at the end—unfortunately, not quite complete. The book would be the more useful for an index.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

THE CONGRESSIONAL CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.
By Ada C. McCown. *The Columbia University Press*
$4.50 9 x 6; 274 pp. *New York*

The congressional conference committee is a joint committee of the two houses appointed for the purpose of settling differences that arise between them on some particular bill. There is no provision for it in the Constitution, but it has played a most important part in national legislation, especially in the last seventy-five years. It has been the subject of strong attack from the reformers, who argue that it has been the nest of

Continued on page xxiv



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many insidious laws. Dr. McCown goes into all these matters in great detail, and comes to the conclusion that, despite all its abuses, it has been a highly helpful agency and that "there is every reason to believe that it will last as long as our congressional government endures."

THE HOWLING MOB.
By "A Gentleman With a Duster."
Robert M. McBride & Company
$2 7½ x 5; 126 pp. *New York*

The author of this philippic against democracy is an Englishman, but unlike most Englishmen who write upon the subject, he does not find material for his wrath in the United States but at home. It is a somewhat lame performance.

THE SOCIAL THEORIES OF L. T. HOBHOUSE.
By Hugh Carter. *The University of North Carolina Press*
$1.50 8¾ x 5¾; 137 pp. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

Professor Hobhouse's philosophical and social theories are the subject of perhaps more discussion in academic circles than those of any other living thinker. He started out in life as a student of epistemology, but, like Bertrand Russell, gradually abandoned it for sociology and politics, and is now regarded by the British Laborites as one of them. In metaphysics he is a strong opponent of the mechanistic view of life, and stresses the hegemony of will or rationality, not only in man, but also in the lower animals. In sociology he agrees in many respects with the ideas of John Dewey. He did some pioneering work in this field when he investigated the relationship between the methods of food-getting and social institutions, and came to the conclusion that "broadly speaking, institutions improved and became more complex as food-getting techniques advanced." Thus he is inclined to be something of an optimist. Dr. Carter analyzes these and other Hobhousean ideas with much clarity, and often with shrewdness. He appends a long bibliography of his subject's writings.

AMERICAN GOVERNMENT AND CITIZENSHIP.
By Charles E. Martin and William H. George.
Alfred A. Knopf
$5 9¼ x 6; 764 pp. *New York*

Drs. Martin and George, both of whom profess political science at the University of Washington, here attempt to present a summary of American political theories, political history and foreign policies. Their facts are mainly accurate (though their conventional treatment of the War of 1812 is inexcusable at this late date), but their own philosophical comments are naïve, to say the least. Discussing the popular rage against the Volstead Act they say: "It

Continued on page xxvi

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is poor philosophy or practice which will dictate the repeal of a law merely because it is unpopular, or because it is violated by a considerable portion of the people. Is it the greatest good for the greatest number?" In the section on our relations with Nicaragua they say: "At no time did the United States contemplate hostile measures against Nicaragua, or any faction there. . . The United States has not desired to support any faction *per se*, but to throw its support to any régime which would result in the restoration of order and the resumption of government." And their final comment on our policy toward the Central-American states is that it has been one of "benevolent diplomacy."

RUSSIA AFTER TEN YEARS. *The International Publishers*
$1 7¾ x 5¼; 96 pp. *New York*

About the middle of 1927 a group of representatives of American labor organizations, aided by fourteen experts in economics, sociology and education, spent a month in Russia with the purpose of finding out how things were actually running there. The party was known as the Trades Union Delegation to the Soviet Union, and the present book comprises its report. It is apparently an honest report. It is, moreover, comprehensive, for it covers practically every branch of Russian public life. The delegates' general conclusions are not new, but they confirm the observations and predictions made five or six years ago by such people as Bertrand Russell and Emma Goldman. The capitalistic scheme of economy is intrenching itself more and more deeply in Russia—and is making the country prosperous. The *moujik* is better off than he was in pre-war days, but for every tyranny taken away from him, a new one has been put on. Civil liberties, in the sense of those theoretically guaranteed by the Bill of Rights, are no more existent now in Russia than they are in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts or Fascist Italy. But the delegates believe that much of the political suppression in the country is due to the fear of capitalistic—especially English and French—plots to overthrow the government; and they think that American recognition would do much to allay this fear.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: *The Tribute of the Synagogue. Edited by Emanuel Hertz. The Bloch Publishing Company*
$5 9¼ x 6⅛; 682 pp. *New York*

Herein are collected a number of sermons and essays by rabbis and other prominent Jews, mainly American, on Abraham Lincoln. Some of them date back to the time of the President's assassination. There are a foreword by the Very Rev. Dr. J. H. Hertz, chief rabbi of the United Hebrew Congregations of the

Continued on page xxviii

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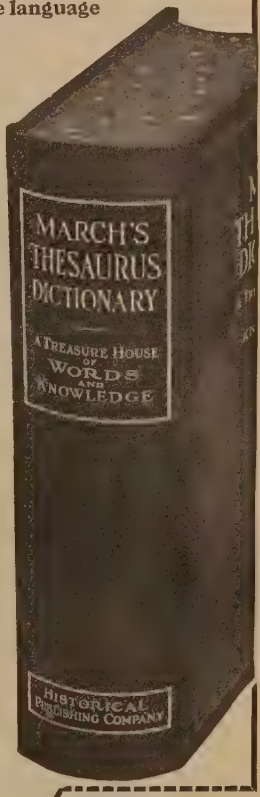

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British Empire, and a preface by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE FAITH.
By David G. Einstein. *The Bloch Publishing Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 207 pp. *New York*

This is, in many ways, a good book. Its main theme is the struggle of the Jew in the last twenty centuries to be accepted as an equal among Christians, and to the consideration of that theme Mr. Einstein brings a mass of interesting historical information. His chapter on the evolution of anti-Semitism is especially good; it is sound in fact, and often shrewd in comment. He points out, for example, that the anti-Semitic feeling now current in Germany is due almost wholly to the attempt of the monarchists to find a scapegoat for the nation's defeat in the Great War. In the section dealing with America Mr. Einstein says, "The Immigration Law, if rigorously enforced, betokens a tremendous increase in the intermarriage of Jew and Gentile in America; [but] intermarriage . . . will not destroy Judaism. The future . . . will insist that paramount emphasis be put on Judaism and not on the Jew."

ESSAYS

NINE ESSAYS.
By Arthur Platt. *The University Press*
8s. 6d. *Cambridge, England*
7¾ x 5⅛; 220 pp.

There is not much here. The author, who was professor of Greek at the University of London for thirty years, discusses Aristophanes, La Rochefoucauld, Fitzgerald, Cervantes, Julian and Lucian, and appends several more general essays. What he has to say is what is believed by all respectable professors, and in his manner of saying it there is not much charm. The book has a preface by A. E. Housman. There is also a bibliography of Mr. Platt's scattered classical papers.

LAW IN HISTORY *and Other Essays.*
By Edward P. Cheyney. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2. 7½ x 5; 174 pp. *New York*

Dr. Cheyney is professor of European history at the University of Pennsylvania, and a specialist in the history of England. The six essays in this collection are mainly reprints of occasional addresses, and some of them go back twenty years. The author believes in democracy and is an opponent of the Carlylean Great Man theory. America would have been discovered before the middle of the Sixteenth Century, he says, if Columbus had never lived, and England would have

Continued on page xxx

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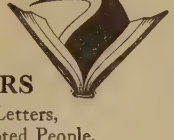

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Continued from page xxviii

parted from Rome if Henry VIII had never seen Ann Boleyn. In his view of the late war Dr. Cheyney seems to be somewhat naïve.

ESSAYS NEW AND OLD.
By Aldous Huxley. *The George H. Doran Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 306 pp. *New York*

These essays show the wide range of Mr. Huxley's interests and culture. Among them are charming travel sketches, acute criticisms of painting and architecture, notes on poetry, others on music and the ballet, and even a discourse on the movies. The writing throughout is excellent.

SHOW WINDOW.
By Elmer Davis. *The John Day Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 285 pp. *New York*

A collection of lively essays reprinted from *Harper's Magazine*, the *Saturday Review*, and other periodicals. In one of them Mr. Davis presents a devastating portrait of the gifted Bishop Manning, and in another he deals amusingly with Mayor Bill Thompson, of Chicago. Others discuss the censorship nuisance, anti-Semitism, and the state of public affairs in Indiana, the author's native State. In yet another he sets forth the painful effects that reading THE AMERICAN MERCURY has upon a respectable young Indianan educated at Oxford. The book sadly lacks an index.

LAY SERMONS.
By Margot Asquith. *The George H. Doran Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5⅛; 251 pp. *New York*

A curious mixture of ancient platitudes and pointless anecdotes, the whole illuminated by a somewhat childish egoism. The chapters bear such titles as "Carelessness," "Health," "Taste," "Fashion," "Character" and "Marriage."

RELIGION

IMHOTEP.
By Jamieson B. Hurry. *The Oxford University Press*
$2.50 8¾ x 5¾; 118 pp. *New York*

Imhotep, who lived *circa* 2900 B.C., was an Admirable Crichton who, among other things, practiced medicine, and after his death reached so great a fame that he was eventually made a god. His habitat was Egypt and his patron was King Zoser, a pharaoh of the Third Dynasty. Dr. Hurry has assembled all the known facts about him, and sets them forth carefully. But they are not numerous, and so a large part of the work consists of padding. The illustrations are excellent.

Continued in back advertising section, page xl

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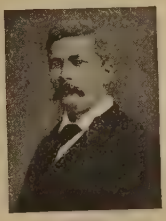

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THE MAN WHO KNEW COOLIDGE

BY SINCLAIR LEWIS

I CERTAINLY do enjoy listening to you gentlemen and getting your views. That's one of the nice things about being on a Pullman like this: you can guarantee that you'll meet a lot of regular he-Americans with sound opinions and ideas.

And now let me tell you: the way I look at these things—

I don't mean to suggest for one second that I've got any better bean than the plain, ordinary, average citizen, but I've given a whole lot of attention to politics and such matters and— In fact, strikes me that it's the duty of all the better-educated citizens to take an interest in the affairs of the State, for what, after all, as a fellow was saying to us at the Kiwanis Club the other day—what is the government but the union of all of us put together for mutual advantage and protection?

And me—why, say, I read the political editorials in the *Advocate*—that's the leading paper in my town—Zenith—I read 'em like most folks read the sporting page. And as a result of all this, and certain personal information that I can't disclose the sources of, I've come to the firm conclusion—

Here's something maybe you gentlemen never thought of:

They can say all they want to about how President Coolidge—good old silent Cal Coolidge—isn't maybe as flashy as some of these statesmen. Maybe he isn't as much given to shooting off his mouth as certain other public figures that I could name. Maybe he isn't what my daughter would call Ritzy—

And say, by golly, it's beyond me where the young generation of today, taking them by and large, get all this slang that they pull. Why, here just the other day my daughter was talking to her brother, and Robby— That's the boy's name; only fifteen—three years younger than his sister, but smart's a whip. There's certainly one up-and-coming kid, if I do say so.

Why, say—

Now, I never put him up to it, y'understand. The Lord knows I can afford to give Robby the best the land affords, at least to a reasonable extent—I mean as much comfort and even luxury as is good for him. I'd never made a peep about his going out and earning a little money on the side. But he comes in one evening, just before supper—before dinner-time—with his hat on one side of his head, looking proud as Punch.

So I says to him, "Well, Robert Livingston—"

As a matter of fact, his middle name isn't Livingston at all, it's Otto, but we often call him Robert Livingston jokingly.

"Well, Robert Livingston," I says to him, "who do you think you are? Thomas

Edison or Napoleon or somebody? Or maybe Red Grange! Sit down, Mr. Grange, and let me hang up your hat."

You know, jokingly.

Well, he just looks at me—

I'm afraid if the truth were known that kid is pretty gosh-awful fresh, but he's so darn' cute about it that you can't get sore at him, the darn' little cuss—just as up-and-coming as I was at his age. He just stands and looks at me and sticks his hands in his pants-pockets and then he says, "Dad," he says, "in me you behold the feline's *robe de nuit*. I've gone and—"

Mind you, 's I said, I'd never even suggested to him that he get a job out of school-hours and earn a little money. I most certainly do believe that it's a mighty fine thing for a boy to do a little work, no matter how well fixed his folks are, and learn the value of money; learn how dog-gone hard it is to sneak up on ole Mr. Dollar and get a stranglehold on him.

I swear, a lot of the young folks today seem to think the Old Man is simply made of money and don't have to sweat for every cent he makes. But same time, I hadn't figured it was time yet to explain this to Robby, though maybe that was a mistake on my part, and if it was, I'm perfectly willing to admit it—confession is good for the soul, as they say.

Maybe I should have drummed it into him long ago. I've got it on mighty straight inside information—in fact, one of my best friends is acquainted with a man who knows the Rockefellers intimately—and he tells me that the Rockefellers—people with all their jack—they bring up their families to be just as careful of money as any of us: *they* don't let their kids run away with the notion that it don't take any trouble to collect the dough.

Well, this gentleman related a significant little incident regarding the Rockefellers that he heard personally. Seems he was right there at the time. Here was old John D., probably with half the money-kings in the world waiting to see him, talking to young John D., just as simple and quiet as any of us. And he said, and I've never forgotten his words—in fact I repeated them to Robby that day—he looked at young John D., and prob'ly, I imagine, he put his hand on his shoulder, and he looked at him and said, "My boy, waste not, want not!"

Yes sir!

But anyway—

I'm afraid I'm getting a little off the subject of Coolidge, and if there's anything I hate it's a fellow that if he starts to talk about a subject he can't stick to it. I remember one time we had one of these book-authors speaking at the Kiwanis Club, and say, that fellow, maybe he could write all right (though at that I'd like to see him sit down and dictate a letter to some fellow that would make him pay his account and yet not make him sore!)—I don't know anything about his writing, but when it came to *talking*, why say, he wandered all 'round Robin Hood's barn! Shows what a lack of business-training does to these fellows that think they're so gosh-awful smart and superior!

Well, as I say, Robby looks at me, and he says, "Well, Dad, I've got me a job in Zabriskie's drug-store for every Saturday afternoon, and I draw down one and one-half bucks for each and every said same!"

Pretty good, eh? I'll say it is! And him only fifteen!

But what I started to say was: The way that boy and his sister torture the English language to death just about gets my goat. Here him and his sister was talking one time, and he starts kidding her about some bird she was sweet on, and he says, "That guy's all wet."

But she come back at him, quick's a flash: "Yeh, he's wet like a Methodist Sunday-school!"

Yes sir, it beats the cars how this new generation takes the Queen's English like you and I were brought up to speak it in the good old-fashioned schools, where there was some thoroughness and not a lot of these flashy fads, and they just practically ruin it, and as I was saying, if Sis-

ter—that's what we often call my daughter—if *she* was talking about Coolidge, she'd probably say he wasn't Ritzy.

Well, if you want to look at it that way, all right. Maybe he isn't as highfalutin as some people I could name, but I wonder if any of you gentlemen ever thought of this?

He may not shoot off a lot of fireworks, but do you know what he is? He's SAFE.

II

Yes sir, Cal is the President for real honest-to-God Americans like us.

There's a lot of folks that pan him, but what are they? You can bet your sweet life he isn't popular with the bums, or yeggs, or anarchists, or highbrows, or cynics—

I remember our pastor saying one time, "A cynic is a man who sneers, and a man who sneers is setting himself up to tell God that he doesn't approve of God's handiwork!" No sir! You can bet Coolidge ain't popular with the Bolsheviks, or the lazy boob of a workman that wants fifteen bucks a day for doing nothing! No sir, nor with the cocaine fiends, or the drunkards, or the fellows that don't want the Prohibition law enforced—

Not that I never take a drink. What I say about Prohibition is: Once a law has been passed by the duly elected and qualified representatives of the people of these United States, in fact once it's on the statue books, it's *there*, and it's there to be enforced. There hadn't ought to be any blind pigs or illegal stills. But same time, that don't mean you got to be a fanatic.

If a fellow feels like making some good home-brewed beer or wine, or if you go to a fellow's house and he brings out some hootch or gin that *you* don't know where he got it and it isn't any of your business, or if you have a business acquaintance coming to your house and you figure he won't loosen up and talk turkey without a little spot and you know a good dependable bootlegger that you can *depend* on, well then, that's a different matter, and there ain't any reason on God's green earth that *I* can see why you shouldn't take advantage of it, always providing you aren't setting somebody a bad example or making it look like you sympathized with law-breaking.

No, sir!

But now to come down to the point of my story, I hope to be able to give you gentlemen an agreeable little surprise.

I know Coolidge personally!

Yes sir! In fact, I was a classmate of his! Sure as I'm telling you! I'll give you gentlemen an inside view of him, not only as I saw him in college, but as I've studied him at the White House!

When I say I was a classmate of his—

Well, the fact is that certain unfortunate family circumstances that I needn't go into, and that wouldn't interest you, prevented me from completing my college course—

My father, and a fine, upstanding, cultured gentleman of the old school he was too, always ready with a helping hand for any mortal that needed it, a man of A 1 standing in his community—Fall River, Mass., that was; in fact I was born and brought up in Fall River, which is, as you may know, one of the most beautiful and enterprising and go-ahead communities in the fair State of Massachusetts—he was, in fact, the leading corn and feed merchant in his section of Fall River.

But I'm afraid he put a little too much confidence in the advice of an alleged friend.

Fact is, he invested his savings in a perpetual-motion machine company that had little or no value. He died, and it was quite sudden, in December of my freshman year, so I had to go back home and take up the burden of helping support the family.

But I certainly got a lot of value out of even that comparatively short time at Amherst, and the fellows at the Kiwanis Club tell me that they can see my educational advantages in the quality of such speeches or motions as I may be called upon to de-

liver at the club, and welcomes to speakers.

So it was at college that I was able to get an inside view of Cal Coolidge that has maybe been denied to even his more intimate associates in these later busy years, when he has been so engrossed with the cares of the nation.

I don't suppose I could have been called one of Cal's closest friends in college, but I knew him pretty well. In fact, we lived not far from each other, and I used to see him frequently. I'll admit that I never had any notion he'd climb to his present high position and international and historical fame, but even in those days you could see from the way he worked, and the way he looked at a thing from all sides before he went off half-cocked, that in whatever department of life he might choose, he would make his mark. And the next time you hear one of these birds criticizing Coolidge, you just tell 'em *that*, will you, from one who knew him in the days when he wasn't surrounded with adulations.

I can remember just 's well as if it was yesterday, Cal and me happened to come out of a class together, and I said, "Well, it's going to be a cold Winter," and he came right back, "Yep."

Didn't waste a lot of time arguing and discussing! He *knew!*

And another time: I never could get along any too good in Latin—my talent, you might say, is more along practical lines. I asked Cal—we happened to be going into class together, and I asked him, "Say, what's the Latin for 'defy'?"

"Don't know," he said. No beating around the bush and pretending and four-flushing, but coming right out with it, bang! That's the kind of man he is, you take it from one who *knows* him!

Yes sir, I knew the boy and had the greatest affection and respect for him, like all of us who had the rare opportunity of *understanding* him!

And to think that I might not have gotten acquainted with him, if we hadn't been chums together in one of the smaller colleges!

I tell you, gentlemen, the way I figure it: the great, you might say the invincible advantage of the smaller educational institutions is that they throw the boys together in such intimate contact and—as Dr. Frank Crane says in one of his pieces somewhere—they provide that profound knowledge of human beings that fits a boy for supremacy in the future walks and struggles of life.

Still, same time—

These great modern universities with their laboratories and stadiums and everything— They *do* have an advantage; and fact is, my son is preparing to enter the State university.

But anyway:

III

Naturally, considering that I had the privilege—through no virtue of my own, mind you—of being in my modest way rather chummy with Coolidge, I've watched his rise to world-wide fame with peculiar interest, and after he became President I often said to my wife, "By golly, I'd like to see the boy and just shake hands with him again."

Not, mind you, because he was President. After all, I've reached a position where I'm just as independent as the next fellow. An American citizen doesn't have to bow down and kowtow to anybody, whether it be the President, or a millionaire, or Queen Marie of Bulgaria, or—

By the way, Queen Marie made quite a stay at Zenith. She stopped over pretty near an hour between trains, and say, we certainly gave her a good time. The mayor read her an address and presented her with a gold-mounted polished cow's-foot combination ink-well, thermometer, and daily text calendar that I'll bet she's showing the folks in her palace right now. But I mean:

It wasn't because Cal was President, as I explained to the wife but—

"Besides," I said to her, "just between you and I, I bet it would give the boy a

real kick, after having to associate with ambassadors and generals and Frank Kellogg and all those high-up guys, to be able to let down for a minute, and shake the mitt of a fellow that he used to laugh and joke with in the old care-free days before we both assumed the responsibilities of our present careers."

So here about six months ago, when we were planning to take a little trip to New York—

I had to go to New York to look over a new mimeographing machine. You see, I'm in the office-supply business, and let me tell you gentlemen that though I'm the first to respect other professions, though I honor the surgeon who can snatch you from the very gates of death, the lawyer who can so brilliantly argue your case—though personally I always think it's better to settle out of court—or the great banker or department-store owner, yet in all fairness, let me put this to you:

Who is it that enables these gentlemen to do business and get their great ideas across in an up-to-date, efficient, time-saving manner? Who is it but the office-supply man! Yes sir, I'm proud of my profession, and as a matter of fact, I have the honor of representing the office-supply classification in our great Zenith Kiwanis Club!

Just take filing-cabinets alone:

I always say, and sometimes the boys laugh at me at the Athletic Club—but good-naturedly, because I've got as fine a lot of friends as anybody I know, and believe me, I'm mighty good and proud of them, and I tell them, "Boys," I say, "excuse me if I get flowery, but you must always remember I'm a great reader of Colonel Bob Ingersoll, though I'm the first to deprecate the unfortunate religious ideas and skepticism that marred that otherwise great philosopher and public speaker, and probably it's from him that I got the idea of talking without having to resort to cheap and vulgar phrases, besides being a college man and—

"Excuse me if I get highfalutin," I often say to them—you know, at lunch at the Athletic Club—you know how a lot of fellows will get to reminiscing and chewing the rag when maybe they ought to be beating it back to their offices, but—

"Maybe you think I'm getting kind of woozy about it," I tell 'em, "but to me the beauties of modern filing-systems, which enable a man to instantly and without the least loss of time or effort find a letter on which, perhaps, depends the closing of an important deal, is in its practical way, to say nothing of the physical appearance of modern up-to-date filing-cabinets, no longer mere wooden boxes but whether in steel or fireproofed wood, the finest example of the cabinetmaker's art and imitating perfectly the rarest woods—

"To me," I often tell 'em, "these filing-systems are in every way as beautiful as the poet's song, as the flush on the maiden's cheek when she hears the first whispered words of love, or the soft chirp of the mother bird at eveningtide chirping to her birdlings! Yes sir, you bet your sweet life they are, and you can laugh all you want to!"

So as I say, I had to go on to New York to look over—

I usually do my buying in Chicago but this was a new caper that the wholesalers in Chicago hadn't got hold of yet. I'd been working pretty hard, and my wife was kind of a little rundown from the after-effects of the 'flu—

God, what a curse that is! I wonder if you gentlemen ever stopped to think that though the 'flu is in each individual case so much less fatal than diseases like the plague or brain-fever, yet considering the *number* of those afflicted with it—and after all, when you look at a subject, you've got to go into the statistics of it—of course, naturally an office-supply man has great advantages that way, being in the business— When you think how *many* folks get 'flu, it seems like one of the most important of all diseases.

I tell you, I'm as religious as the next fellow, and I'd never for one moment

dream of criticizing the preachers' doctrines—let them figure out theology and religion, I say, and I'll stick to the office-supply business. But don't it sometimes almost make you question the workings of Providence when you see the mysterious way in which disease smites down the just with the unjust?

Why, my wife went on snivelling and subject to constant headaches for more than six weeks after the doctor *said* he'd got her all cured of the 'flu!

So I said to her, "Honey," as I often call her, "what say you and me and Almerine—"

Almerine, that's my daughter's name. Don't know, by the way, that I've introduced myself, Lowell Schmaltz is my name—

Funny! Whole lot of people take Schmaltz for a German name, but of course as a matter of fact when you look into the matter, it isn't German at all but Pennsylvania Dutch, which is almost the same as saying New England Yankee and—

Well, I figured Almerine could get away all right, because she's finished high-school.

I'd asked her if she wanted to go to college—I could perfectly well afford to send her, of course—but she thought it over, and she felt her talents lay more kind of along the musical line, and she was taking vocal and piano, but I figured she could drop them all right for a few weeks and I said—

Robby (that's my son), of course he couldn't get away, because he was in school, but—

I says to my wife, "Mamie, how'd it strike you—I've simply got to go to New York on a business trip, and things are kind of slack now, and how'd it be if Almerine and you went along and saw the Big Town?"

Say, she was tickled pink. She'd never seen New York, and of course—

Not that I'd want to live there. What I always say is: New York is a swell burg for a few days' visit, and theatres and all like that, but when it comes to living there—say, I wouldn't live there if they gave me Times Square and threw in Riverside Drive to boot. Compared with Zenith—

And believe me, gentlemen—

IV

I don't believe in going around boosting your own burg all the time. I don't suppose Zenith is any better, practically, than Minneapolis or Cincinnati or Pittsburgh, say. But it certainly is one high-class city, and you may or may not know that not only do we lead the world in the manufacture of loud speakers and overalls but we have, since Lindbergh's flight, made all the plans and raised quite a lot of the money to construct the largest and finest flying-field between Chicago and New York, excepting Detroit and Dayton of course, and we plan to have a restaurant there serving short-orders twenty-four hours a day.

And I must say the wife and I are pretty well fixed there. Believe me, we don't have to travel any to get ideas how to live. Just a couple of years ago I finished building a dandy little Italian villa style bungalow, with a Spanish mission entrance. We've got two bathrooms, and a fireplace, and everything fixed up first-rate, and in the basement I've installed an electric washing-machine and a garbage-incinerator, and we got something that you don't find in many houses: in both bathrooms I've got a slit in the wall, right by the stationary bowls, for the disposal of safety-razor blades.

And of course I drive a Chrysler myself and I gave my wife a Chevrolet coop—

Say, I certainly got a rise out of her. She's one darn' nice little woman, if I do say so: been an A 1 wife in every way, even if she does kick a little sometimes about my driving too fast. Well, here her last birthday I come home and I could see she was mouching around skittish as a wasp, because most always on her birthdays I've

got something tucked in my inside pocket for her.

"Do you know what day this is?" I finally says to her, after I'd looked over the paper and listened in on the radio a little—though I remember there wasn't anything very interesting on then; nothing but the daily receipts reports from the Omaha stock-yards.

She brightens up and tries to look kittenish and makes out like she doesn't know, and she says, "No, what?"

"It's the day—or it will be the evening—of the Kid Milligan-Pooch Federstein fight, and we better invite in some of the folks and listen to the fight on the radio," I says.

Well sir, the poor kid, she certainly did look awful' down in the mouth. I didn't know whether she was going to be plucky or whether she'd bawl me out—I got to admit she does, sometimes. But she was game and didn't say anything, and pretty soon, long about fifteen, maybe twenty minutes, I suggested we go out and have a little walk before dinner. Well, meantime, you get me, I'd had the fellow bring this Chevrolet coop around and park it right in front of the house.

"Here's a nice little car," I says. "Wonder how she runs."

And I goes and gets in and starts it!

Well sir— You know how women carry on. She cusses me out, and she beefs, and she gets on a rampage, and she says, "Why, Lowell Schmaltz, what do you mean! What'll the owner say?"

"I'll bet he'll do a lot of saying," I laughs, "if he—or she—happens to see me!"

"Why, I never *knew* you to do a thing like that!" she says. "You get right out of that car!"

Say, I had her wild!

"So that's how a fellow gets treated, is it?" I says, and I pretend to look hurt, and I gets out, and then I draws her attention to a little card that I'd had tied on the door handle—'d tied it on myself, matter of fact—and it reads sort of like this: "To Mamie on her birthday from Woofums"—Woofums—nut name, but that's what she calls me sometimes when we're kind of fooling around.

Say, maybe she didn't pretty nearly keel over!

Yes sir, you bet, both of us have our own cars, though mine—

It ain't the fault of the Chrysler itself, I'm certain of that, but the garage got to fooling with it, and my car's got a squeak in it somewhere that I, by golly, simply can *not* locate, and say, if there's anything gets me wild when I'm driving—

I can stand the big gaff— Why say, when I had a Sweeney tire blow out on me after only two thousand miles— Any of you gentlemen ever try the Sweeney? Well don't, that's my advice to you, and believe me I know! I've tried two of 'em, and in my opinion this monkey-business they advertise of wrapping the fabric crosswise or whatever it is is all the bugs; don't get the result they claim at all.

I can stand those big things, but say, even the littlest squeak, it simply drives me crazy when I'm driving.

Why, here just last Sunday I was driving the family out to a cousin of ours that lives in Elmwood for Sunday dinner, and it was as fine a day as you ever saw, but just about the time I began to enjoy myself, and I was going past the Seven Corners and looking at the new filling-station they got there— Say, man, I'll bet that's one of the finest filling-stations in the United States: twelve pumps they got, and a comfort-station fixed up to look like an old-fashioned log cabin, and a supply store with a great big huge enormous fish-aquarium simply chucked full of goldfish right in the window. And geraniums!

And just when I was calling it to Mame's attention—by golly, all of a sudden that squeak started again.

Well say, I couldn't enjoy anything all day. After dinner, I took Cousin Ed out for a drive, to see if he could locate the squeak, and we drove right down through a woods, a park they got there, mighty

pretty and I'd of enjoyed it like the dickens —I always was a great believer in Nature— but every time I looked at a tree or a nice rustic bench or something, that darn' squeak would start in again, and Cousin Ed—he thinks he's such a wiz at cars, but Lord love you, he couldn't locate that squeak any more 'n I could!

V

But 's I say: I guess we're about as well fixed as most folks, and don't have to get away from home to enjoy ourselves, but when I said to my wife, "I kind of got an idea you and Almerine might come along with me and give New York the once-over," why she looked like somebody'd left her a million dollars.

And Almerine, she just hollers, "Oh boy! I'll give those Manhattan cabarets a look at a live one for once!"

"And we might stop at Cousin Walter's, in Troy, on the way," I says.

"Oh no, let's not," says my wife.

"But we *got* to go there! Ain't Cousin Walter living there?" I says.

"Well, what of that?" she says. "Haven't you and he always hated each other?"

"Well, maybe we have," I says, "but he's a *relative*, ain't he? And when you travel you got to look up your relatives, ain't you?"

Well, make a long story short, we decided to stop at Cousin Walter's for a few days—and then—man!—then I springs the BIG surprise!

"And after New York," I says, "we'll come home by way of Washington, and we'll stop in and call on the President!"

"Oh papa, we couldn't do *that!*" Almerine hollers.

"I'd like to know why not!" I says. "Ain't he and I classmates?"

"Yes, but maybe he wouldn't remember you," she says.

"Now you look here!" I says. "If you think for one moment that I wasn't just as important in college as he was, and maybe then some—they told me if I could of stayed till Spring I'd of been on the track team—

"But that isn't the point! Let me tell you right now that words like that are a direct insult not to me, my fine young lady, but to the Great Executive himself! What is it that more than any other one quality distinguishes leaders of men like Cal? It isn't merely his profound thought, his immovable courage, his genial and democratic manners, but it's the fact that he's so close a student of human nature that he quickly but thoroughly studies each man as he meets him, and so never *can* forget him!

"Understand now," I says to them, "I understand that the President is one of the busiest men in the United States what with having to sign documents and shake hands with delegations and so on, and I certainly don't intend to intrude, but we'll just drop in and give him a pleasant surprise—think how many years it is since we've seen each other!—and just shake hands and pass on. And you, Almerine, you'll be able to tell your grandchildren that once you heard the voice of Calvin Coolidge!"

Well, of course when I made it all clear like that they were tickled to death at the prospect, and so we started making plans. Personally I was for just taking some suitcases, but my wife held out for the black trunk, and I must say—I'm always the first one to admit it when I'm licked, and Mamie certainly won that time—she pointed out I'd have to have my dress-suit in New York, and it wouldn't get wrinkled in a wardrobe trunk—and now say, while we're speaking of that, I'll bet it's struck you gentlemen as it has me: there's one of the highest class and most significant of modern inventions that do so much to make life happy, the wardrobe trunk, and what a lot it adds to ease of travel and seeing the world, yes sir, she sure won that time and—

And just then—

Say, isn't it funny how a fellow will remember comparatively unimportant de-

tails even regarding a critical moment? Happened just then that Robby—that's my son, he's only fifteen, and the little cuss had started smoking. Seems like I'd done everything I could to make him stop, but he's such a cute little beggar the way he comes back at you when you try to bawl him out that I never could get much more than a word in edgeways. Well, he comes in—

And besides, I must say I still ain't sold on the idea of cigarettes.

I think I can with justification call myself what you might call a modern, up-to-date, liberal man. I was the first fellow in my neighborhood to put in a radio, and I never did believe they ought to have hung Sacco and Vanzetti if they were innocent. But when it comes to smoking, I still prefer a pipe or a good cigar.

But 's I was saying, he comes in smoking a cigarette, and Almerine—that's my daughter, a girl that I want to tell you gentlemen can in my judgment sing just as good right this minute as Schumann-Heink or Sophie Tucker or any of these famous prima donnas—and she hollers at him, "Say, Dad's going to take us to see President Coolidge!"

Well Robby gets fresh, and he says, "Are you going to give him enough warning so he can get away?"

Well say, maybe I didn't light into him! I believe in giving kids their freedom, but I've told Robby time and time again that it's nice language and nice manners that enable a fellow to get along in this world, and if he'd study his mother and me a little more instead of a lot of these smart-aleck cigarette-sucking high-school fraternity yahoos, he'd be a lot better off! You bet! Every time!

Well, so we decided and got started. I don't want to bore you gentlemen with a lot of details of our trip. Of course what you want to hear about is the inside glimpse of Coolidge and the White House that I was privileged to have. So I'll cut it short and come right down to the real meat of the story.

VI

We got off on the noon train in about a week and— Say, it certainly is remarkable, ain't it, the conveniences of railroad travel today? In America, I mean. A fellow that knows every inch of Europe was telling me there ain't a what you might call really comfortable train in the whole length and breadth of the Old Country. But—there I sit in the club car, with every convenience and luxury—soft drinks (personally I always find the Loganberry highball the best drink on a Pullman)—soft drinks to be had just by touching a button, and a regular library of free magazines and everything, especially the *Saturday Evening Post*, which is, taking it by and large, my favorite magazine, especially the advertisements, now that they've taken to printing 'em in colors.

Say! they can keep their old masters; give me some of these advertisements!

Yes sir, it's wonderful what strides advertising has made these last few years. Of course I admire the really great and leading American authors—Mrs. Rinehart and Peter B. Kyne and Arthur Brisbane—but I doubt if even they can touch the fellows that get up these advertisements nowadays. And it was a mighty bright idea—I don't know who started it, but this idea of working in a girl with pretty legs in all sorts of ads; not only stocking ads, but auto ads, showing her climbing into a car; and machinery, showing her giving it the North and South, and so on. Yes sir, a fellow that wants to understand the United States, all he has to do is study the *Saturday Evening Post* ads, and he'll see why we're the most advanced nation in the world, and the most individual.

There's a lot of sorehead critics of America that claim we're standardized, but—

Well, to take an example, let me take the fellow that I happened to be lunching with just before I caught this train—just take the differences between him and me. We both belong to the Athletic Club, we both belong to service clubs, we have our

offices in the same block, we live within a quarter of a mile of each other, we both like golf and a good lively jazz on the radio. And yet this fellow and me—his name is Babbitt, G. F. Babbitt, fellow in the real estate game—we're as different as Moses and Gene Tunney.

Where these poor devils of Europeans are crushed down and prevented from having their characters developed by the wide and free initiative so characteristic of American life, him and me can be friendly yet as different—

Well, like this, for instance: I drive a Chrysler, and Babbitt doesn't. I'm a Congregationalist, and Babbitt has no use whatsomever for anything but his old Presbyterian church. He wears these big round spectacles, and you couldn't hire me to wear anything but eyeglasses—much more dignified, *I* think. He's got so he likes golf for its own sake, and I'd rather go fishing, any day. And so on and so on. Yes sir, it's a wonderful thing how American civilization, as represented, you might say, by modern advertising, has encouraged the—as a speaker at the Kiwanis recently called it—the free play of individualism.

But as I say—

Make a long story short, we got to Cousin Walter's at Troy all right, and on to New York—

But say, Walt certainly did entertain us in fine style. I got to thinking he wasn't such a bad cuss after all. And he's got a new house that, and I'm the first to admit it, is just as modern as mine is. A modern homey home! Vacuum cleaner and gas clothes-dryer and one of these new noiseless electric refrigerators!

Man, what a convenience that is! I never could understand why they make so much fuss over Babe Ruth or even a real scientific pioneer like Lindbergh, when we haven't yet done anything to boost the honest-to-God master genius that invented the electric refrigerator!

Think of what it'll do! Give you every sort of frozen dessert! Get rid of the iceman that tracks mud on the back porch! What I always say is: these fellows can have their big libraries, their blinking art galleries, their private pipe organs, their rose gardens, but give me the *practical* things that make a home an inspiration and a solid comfort to a real family!

And I got to admit that Walt's radio shades mine just the least little bit. And there's mighty few things that indicate a fellow's social rank and progress better than his radio.

And what an invention *that* is! *What* an invention! Talk about miracles—

Just think of it! Here you sit at home in the ole over-stuffed chair, happy as a clam at low tide (or is it high tide—whichever it is). You sit there and smoke your pipe and twiddle the knob and what do you get? *Think* of it! Right there at home you hear the best jazz bands in the country, bands in the best hotels in Chicago, and that wonderful orchestra at Zion City! All the banquets to aviators right while they're going on! Jokes by the best comedians in the country—

Say, I heard a crackajack over the radio the other day. Seems there was a couple of fellows sitting chinning in a Pullman, just like we are. "Haven't I met you in Buffalo?" one fellow says to the other, and the other says, "I've never been in Buffalo," and the first fellow says, "Neither have I—must o' been a couple o' other fellows!"

Yes sir! and then think of the instructive lectures you get on the radio—why say, just the other night I heard that in the eye of the ordinary house-fly there are several thousand, I think it was, separate lenses. Ever know that?

And then the sermons on Sunday morning. Why, that alone would make the radio one of the most world-revolutionizing inventions the world has ever known.

I tell you, it gives a real spiritual uplift to a poor devil that all week, excepting maybe at the Kiwanis lunch, he's had to toil and moil amid the dust of busy affairs and forget higher things. You bet! I'll

never forget one sermon that I wouldn't ever've heard, if I hadn't had the radio, being way off in Youngstown, Ohio—Reverend Wayo on how he didn't want to say that every atheist was a bootlegger, but you could bet your sweet life every bootlegger was an atheist!

Cute idea for a sermon, eh? and—

But as I say, Walt's radio was every bit as good as mine, and we had some dandy drives around Troy and a big beer party Sunday evening—the only evening we stayed up late—I was mighty glad to find that Walt still kept regular hours and turned in about ten.

I tell you there never was a truer saying than "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." I've certainly found it true in my own case—and we drove out for a few rounds of golf—

Now you take golf. By golly, if anybody'd told me fifteen years ago that I'd ever be out on the links chasing a little white pill around, I'd 've told 'em they were crazy, but let me tell you, I've found one of the best ways to get acquainted with customers is to play 'round with 'em, and I've got so I like the game itself a good deal—take like my playing there at Troy, even when I wasn't making any contacts—and even though the weather was pretty chilly and—

Seems to me that on the whole the weather has gotten warmer than it used to be when we were kids. You read in the papers how it hasn't changed materially, but they can say what they want to, don't you remember how doggone cold it used to be mornings when we had to get up and chase off to school, and now it seems like we don't have any more old-fashioned Winters? Maybe that's one reason why the kids today aren't as self-reliant as we were—

But to get back to my subject: As I say, I certainly did enjoy my stay with Walt, especially his stories and inside information about the war—he was a lieutenant in the quartermasters' corps at Camp Devon—

You know, there's a lot of false ideas about the war. I don't want to criticize General Pershing—I know he ranks among the greatest generals we've ever had, right along with Grant and Lee and Israel Putnam, but same time, what we ought to 've done, what I'd 've done if I'd been running things, was to march right straight through to Berlin, and make them Germans suffer *good*—suffer like we did.

I was explaining this to my wife, and she says, "Why, Lowell T. Schmaltz," she says, "I'm ashamed of you! Don't we know some Germans that are awful' nice folks?"

"You don't know the Germans like I do," I says to her. "They haven't got any forward-looking ideas. They believe in rule by tyranny and despotism and compulsion and all that, and if they haven't understood our democratic ideas, they ought to of been *forced* to, that's what they ought to of been!" I told her. "But same time, you got to hand it to 'em—they certainly have buckled down to work ever since the war," I said. "Be a good thing if *our* workmen worked like that, 'stead of watching the clock and thinking about a raise all the time!"

But make a long story short, we certainly enjoyed our stay, and we went on to New York.

I was kind of sore all the time I was in New York though. These damn' New Yorkers—I hope none of you gentlemen come from New York—they seem to think they run the nation, and what I always say is, as a matter of fact New York is the most provincial town in the country! Give me Chicago every time!

You see, when I go to Chicago, in the first place I always stay at the Hotel Grand Imperial Palace, it's a nice quiet little place and the clerks *know* me and try to give me a little service; but in those big New York hotels, they're so darn' independent, you'd think they were doing you a **favor.**

Then when it comes to business—

In Chicago I usually do the bulk of my business, you might say, with Starbright,

Horner, and Dodd; and Billy Dodd himself looks after me, and say, there's a man that it's a pleasure to do business with, a square-shooter if ever there was one, and always got a good story and a good cigar for you, and acts like he was glad to see you, and he isn't one of these fellows that throw seven kinds of cat-fits if maybe a fellow is temporarily a little short and wants an extension of a couple of days or a month or so. Yes sir, and many's the good lunch I've had with Billy in the old Palmer House before they tore it down, and though of course this new Palmer House is you might say a regular palace, still, there was a kind of an atmosphere about the old place, and say, they certainly did know how to cook a steak and fried onions to a turn. But in New York—

All this darn' fancy French food, and the prices—

"My God," I says to one of these smart-aleck headwaiters, or maybe he was what they call a captain—anyway he was the fellow that takes the order and then hands it on to the regular waiter—"My God," I said to him, when I looked at the prices on the bill of fare, "I just come in here to eat," I says. "I don't want to buy the hotel!"

And just the same way in the business world.

Why say, the firm that was handling these new mimeograph machines, they said they were behind on their orders and they couldn't make a delivery right away. Oh, that's all right, I told 'em—why couldn't they fill my order and keep some other fellow waiting?

No sir, they said, they wouldn't do it. They were just naturally arbitrary, and when I tried to make 'em understand that with the class and volume of business that *I* do, they ought to be willing to make some concessions, they acted like a bunch of human icicles. Some day I'm going to write a letter to the New York papers and tell 'em what a real he-American from the Middle West thinks about their town.

The noise, and traffic so thick you can't get anywhere, and the outrageous prices and—

And no home-life. Folks all out in the evening, hitting it up at these night clubs and everything. But back home— Now you take us, for instance. Evenings, except maybe when I have to be at the lodge or some Kiwanis committee meeting, or maybe Almerine or Robby are at the movies or a party or something, we all just settle down around the radio and have a real old-fashioned homey time together. But not in New York! No sir! I swear, I don't know what the nation's coming to—

And too many foreigners—fellows with wop names and hunky names and Lord knows what all—and all this corrupt politics—

Oh say, speaking of politics, if I may interrupt myself a moment and take the risk of straying from my story, I got to tell you what I heard at the Kiwanis luncheon just this past week. Our congressman, and I think it's pretty generally conceded even right in Washington that he's got one of the ablest minds in the entire House of Representatives, he got back from an extensive investigation of the European status—spent six weeks in Germany, France, and Italy, and he gave it as his measured opinion that all these countries are so prosperous now that we certainly ought to press for the payment of our debt in full! Why, he said that in the better class of hotels in those countries, you could get just as good food and nearly as expensive as in New York itself! And them complaining about being poor!

VII

But to get back to my story, I didn't think so much of New York, though we did have one dandy evening—we ran into some folks from home in the hotel lobby, and we all went to a Chink restaurant and got outside of some of the best chicken chow mein that I ever ate in my life, and then we went to a movie that I knew was good

because I'd seen it in Zenith—Hoot Gibson in a crackajack Western film.

But Almerine, she liked New York, and my Lord, how that girl did keep nagging and teasing and complaining!

She wanted to go to one of these night clubs. I pointed out to her that while I had to work all day, talking to a lot of different firms, she and her mother were free to enjoy themselves all day—go to a matinée or look over the stores and shop a little (though I didn't encourage 'em to buy too much; "why not wait till you get back home—the stores there are just as up-to-date as New York, far's I can see," I pointed out to 'em). But she kept insisting, and her mother more or less agreed with her, and so one night I took 'em to a swell night club that was recommended to me by one of the bell-boys at the hotel, cute little lad, knew the town like a book.

Well, thinks I, here's where I have a punk evening, but I want to admit that I was wrong. Not but what it was expensive, and I certainly wouldn't want to go to one of those places more'n once or twice a year, but say, that was some place!

First, we was all kind of disappointed. We drives up to a house in the Fifties, just an ordinary-looking place, and all dark.

"This can't be the place," I says to the taxi driver.

"Sure, this is the joint all right," he says.

"Are you sure?" I says.

"Sure, you bet," he says. "I've driven lots of folks here. You just ring that basement bell and they'll let you in," he says.

Well, I figured he probably knew his business, so my wife and Almerine and I, we all piled out of the taxi, and I went and rang the bell at the basement door—well, they call it the basement; it was really practically the ground floor, but this was one of those houses that they got so many of in New York, or used to have anyway, though now a lot of 'em are being torn down to make way for modern apartment houses—graystone houses they call 'em, and you go up a flight of steps from the street to the parlor floor, so the door to this basement floor, as they call it, was really kind of under these steps practically on the ground level, only of course you go down into a kind of areaway that's a step or maybe it might have been two steps below the pavement level, but not more than that if I remember rightly, and there was a kind of iron grilled door but, 's I said, there weren't any lights or anything that *we* could see, and I wondered if the taxi-driver could of been right and—

But I rung the bell and pretty soon, sure enough, the door opened, and by golly, there was a fellow in one of these funny Lord High Admiral uniforms, and I says to him, "Is this the Nouvelle Desire?" That was the name of the joint I was looking for. "Is this the Nouvelle Desire?" I says.

"Yes, but I haven't the pleasure of knowing your face," he says—you know, some highfalutin comeback like that.

Well, I kidded him along—I told him it wasn't such a hard face to know when you put your mind to it. Almerine—she stood right back of me, and I must say, maybe it was just because she was my girl, but she wore a kind of light violet dress and shiny spangles and gold slippers and say, she certainly looked as elegant as anybody there that night, and my wife wasn't such a slouch herself, for a mid-Western girl and—

But as I was saying, Almerine was standing right near me, and she kind of whispers to me, "Say, you hadn't ought to kid the servants like that."

But I knew this guy in the uniform wasn't any ordinary servant and I wanted to show him I was just as used to the Gay Life as anybody (of course I was wearing my dress suit), and—

But anyway, he calls what I figured out to be the assistant manager—nice-looking fellow in a dress suit, kind of dark-complected, Italian I guess, but a nice-spoken fellow.

He explained that this Nouvelle Desire was a club and they couldn't let in nobody

that didn't belong, but I introduced him to the wife and Almerine, and I explained we come from Zenith and was only in town for about a week, and I showed him my Elks card, and he looked us over good, and he said maybe he could fix it. The regular membership cost two hundred bucks a head a year, but finally he let me have a temporary membership for that week for only five bucks a head.

So we got in all safe and—

Maybe you couldn't see any lights outside, but inside, oh boy! It was fixed up as elegant as if it was the Vanderbilts' ballroom. They'd turned the whole parlor floor—that is, the floor above the basement—I guess they had the kitchen and all like that on the basement floor—

And here was a funny thing: this assistant manager—he and I got to be quite chummy; he told me to call him Nick, and I said he was to call me Low, but he said that was against the rules—and Nick told me something that may surprise you gentlemen as it certainly surprised me at the time: he told me that they did all their cooking by electricity!

Then, as I say, there was this kind of ballroom. Halfway up, the walls was all red satin or silk or something, with a lot of what they call Modern Art decoration, or that's what Nick called it—all kinds of zigzags and big flowers and everything in gold; and then above that the walls was all hung with flowers. I found they was artificial flowers, but they looked so real you had to touch 'em before you'd believe it.

And some of the tables was in kind of booths fixed up so they looked like grape arbors and all like that. And at the end of the room there was some great big yellow marble columns—it looked like real genuine marble, though it may not have been—in front of where the orchestra played—and say, the boys in that orchestra certainly were some jazz babies, all coons but they had a regular high-class musical education, Nick told me later; and the fellow that played the saxophone—say, if they got anybody better'n him in Paul Whiteman's band, I want to hear him, that's all— Why say, he could make that ole saxophone sound like a fog horn or a sick cow or anything he wanted.

Well, before we got settled down—there weren't many folks there yet—Nick took me aside and said they had a regular sure-enough old-fashioned bar on the floor above, and he thought he could fix it so that I could go up and throw in a little real liquor. The rules of the club, or so he said anyway, the rules of the club made every fellow buy wine at his table, and when it comes to fizz, of course it's a grand high-class wine, but it ain't got the authority like hootch, like the fellow says.

Well, make a long story short, he went away and he fixed it so we could go up to the bar.

I'd just intended to let Almerine and her mother have some ginger ale up there, but seems they didn't stock any soft drinks, and anyway, Almerine put up a holler.

"I want a cocktail," she says, "and I'll bet so does Mama, if she tells the truth. Maybe we'll never get to another night club again," she says. "And besides," she says, "you've let me taste a sip of your cocktail when you've had 'em at home. And think of what my bunch will say if I go back home and tell 'em we went to a night club and I couldn't have a cocktail. I'm not a kid," she says.

Well, anyway, I kicked, and I pointed out her mother didn't want any—my wife's a great believer in Prohibition—but her mother, doggone her, she went and laid right down on me and didn't back me up—just kind of giggled, and said she wouldn't mind one herself, just this once. So, make a long story short, we all had a cocktail—Mame took a Bronx, and Almerine took a side-car, if I remember rightly, and I ordered a Martini and then I said, "No sir, by golly, I believe I'll have a Manhattan. Must be five years since I've had a Manhattan cocktail." And so I had a Manhattan. And then I sneaked in a coupla highballs while Mame and the girl was in

the ladies' dressing-room, and say, by that time I certainly did feel primed for one high, wide and fancy evening.

And I want to say that, think what you may of New York, we certainly had said evening.

Nick had fixed us up a nice little table almost right next to where they danced.

We looked around and there was a nice-looking lot of people there—they was just coming in. Almerine was just saying, "Oh, I wish we knew somebody here—I won't have anybody to dance with except you, Papa," and I was informing her that I was regarded as by golly just as good a dancer as anybody at the Country Club when—Say, you could've knocked me down with a feather! Yes sir, by golly I hears a familiar voice, and there stands Sam Geierstein, of the Mammoth Clothing Company of Zenith—fellow I'd often met at the Athletic Club.

Now, there's a whole lot of fellows I'd rather seen than Sam. To tell the truth, just between ourselves, he hasn't got any too good a reputation for square dealing, and I've heard some mighty queer rumors about the way him and his lady secretary carry on. But same time—you know how it is when you're away from home—especially in a city like New York where they're such a chilly lot of stiffs: familiar face sure does look good to you.

So we invites Sam to sit down, and say, I will say one thing for him, he certainly did insist on buying his share of wine and then some. And he sure could dance. I never did like his looks—kind of too dark and good-looking, and big black eyes like you don't really like to see in a real he-male, but he certainly did spin Almerine and even the wife around that ole floor all right. And me, after I'd got a little champagne into my system, I guess I wouldn't 've hardly beefed much even if he'd kissed Almerine—

Not that he did anything like that, you understand; he acted like a perfect gentleman, you understand; and once when I was dancing with Mame and I kind of slipped and almost fell down—they had that floor altogether too slippery for any use—why, it was Sam that grabbed me and kept me from falling.

Though I don't like the way he's been hanging around the house since we been back in Zenith—seems he's got a wife somewhere, only they're separated. Almerine, she says I'm crazy. She says she just discusses music with Sam—seems he knows a lot about it. But I don't like her being out late—

Oh, I guess I'm an old crank. But Al is so young, and she thinks she knows everything, but she's innocent as a baby but—Oh, I'm a regular fusser, I guess. But anyway, we certainly did have one large round time that evening—evening, huh! Say, we certainly were high-rollers for once! I'll bet it was three o'clock before we hit the hay. I remember—

It was comic! Here was Mame—that's my wife—supposed to be a good respectable dame, and me, a deacon in the church, and us coming down Broadway at three G.M., singing "We Won't Go Home Until Morning!"

You see Sam—he's got the nerve of the Devil—he picked up a couple from Fort Worth, Texas (and maybe she wasn't some baby; say, she had all the regular New York dames there beat a mile!), and somehow, I don't exactly remember how, we got acquainted with another couple from San José, California, a gentleman that was in the fruit-ranching business, and his wife and son; he took a shine to Almerine; up in the bar I got to talking to a gentleman and lady from Kansas City, Missouri—or it may have been Kansas City, Kansas, I can't exactly remember, at this late date—and the whole lot of us carried on like we'd always known each other, dancing and laughing and drinking toasts and singing and drinking and cutting up—Say! But I hate to think of what it cost me. But as I told my wife, that's the way of it, in New York.

But I don't need to tell you gentlemen about New York. Probably you know it

better'n I do, and you want me to sing my little song and get it finished and get on to Washington and my experiences at the White House. Yes sir, the less said about New York the better. Money-mad, that's what the New Yorkers are.

If I wanted to sacrifice other more worthwhile things, like our home life and friendships and reading worth-while literature, and getting in a good fish every Summer—And let me tell you that they can talk about Canada all they went to, but if they can show me any better fishing than I get up in Northern Michigan, right within you'd hardly call it more'n an overnight ride from Zenith, why just let 'em show it to me, that's all!

But the way I look at it, a fellow ought to be prosperous for his family's sake and that of his own position in the community, but money-making can be overdone, and what I always say is, Ideals before Dollars every time.

VIII

So that's what I think of New York and we packed up and went on to Washington, and say, Almerine pretended she didn't care, but she was so excited over the prospect of having a chat with the President that she couldn't hardly sit still. Well, so was I—hadn't seen Cal for so many years. I got to thinking maybe he might invite us to lunch or supper, but still, I knew that was unreasonable—having to entertain so many people—ambassadors and high officials of the Order of Moose and so on—but I guess I was pretty excited just the same.

I don't know how well you gentlemen know Washington, but the new station there is very handsome and up-to-date in every respect, with a great big open space—the Plaza I believe they call it—in front; and what I'd never known, you can see the dome of the Capitol right from the front of the station. I tell you I got a mighty big thrill out of that.

Well, Mame wanted us to get a room in the hotel first and get washed, but I says, "No sir, we better see the President first and see what his plans are; we'll just keep the taxi waiting and I don't care if it costs a dollar and a half; 'tisn't often in your life that you're going to sit in with a President of these United States!"

So we got into a taxi and we started off all het up and all of a sudden I says to my wife, "Say, do you notice anything funny about this taxi?"

"Why no," she says, "I don't know 's I do; it looks all right to me. Why?"

"Looks all right!" I says, "I should say it does! Do you mean to tell me you don't notice something different about this taxi?"

"Why no," she says.

"Well, what make of car is it?" I says.

Of course Almerine has to horn in. "It's a Studebaker, isn't it?" she says.

"Oh it is, is it, Miss Smarty!" I says. "My God, and me teaching you to drive myself! It is not a Studebaker, and it isn't a Cadillac, no, and it isn't a flivver either! It's a Buick! See the significance?"

Well, they both stared at me—couldn't get the idea at all—just like women, even the brightest of 'em.

"Can't you see?" I says. "Here's the Buick, the biggest-selling six cylinder car in the United States, if not in the world. And yet how often do you see a Buick taxi? Not very often. Ever think of that? Yes sir, it's a mighty peculiar thing, and I'm sure I don't know why it is. At least, I'm practically certain it's a Buick—of course, with a taxi body on it—I didn't happen to notice the hood, but from the looks of the dashboard— Anyway—"

So I tapped on the window, and the driver—he probably thought we were just ordinary tourists that wanted to see the town, and we were passing some building or other and he just hardly turns his head and says, "It's the Pensions Building." (Or it may have been the Patent Building—I didn't pay much attention, I was so worked up and excited about seeing the President, and I can't exactly remember at this late date.)

"No," I hollers at him, "what I want to know is: isn't this a Buick taxi?"

"Yeh," he says.

"There," I says to the girls, "what did I tell you!"

So we came to the White House and—

Now, even you gentlemen that've been to Washington and seen the White House may not know that the offices, including the President's own private office, are in wings stretching out on either side of the old main structure.The wings are new, I should think, and they're so low that you wouldn't hardly notice 'em from the street in front—not hardly know they were there unless you'd happened, like I was, to be privileged to enter 'em.

So we came up the driveway to that famous old place—

I tell you it was a mighty moving thing to think of the famous men that had inhabited that structure. Grant and McKinley and Harding and Garfield and everybody! By golly, as I told the Kiwanis when I addressed them about my trip, it certainly gave a fellow inspiration. For what, after all, is a greater inspiration than the lives of our heroes?

That reminds me that recently—why, in fact, it was just a couple of nights ago, and a neighbor and I were having a little visit, and he says to me, "Lowell, who do you think have been the greatest heroes of the United States since 1900, and the geniuses?"

Well, a question like that certainly makes a fellow think, and him and I, we began making lists, and it just happens I've still got mine in my pocket here, and here's how I figured out our leading intellects: Coolidge, Harding, Wilson (though I'm a Republican), Ford, Lindbergh, Billy Sunday, Pershing, Roosevelt, Judge Gary—

Now here's a couple more names that may surprise you gentlemen. Maybe you never looked at it like this. I figured that what you might call the Arts ought to be represented, and I put in Anne Nichols—say, the author of a play like "Abie's Irish Rose," that can run five years, is in my mind—maybe it's highbrow and impractical to look at it that way, but the way I see it, she's comparable to any business magnate. And besides, they say she's made as much money as Jack Dempsey!

And here's a name that may surprise you still more: Samuel Gompers!

Yes, I knew that would surprise you, my putting in a man that lots of folks think he merely stood for union labor and labor disturbances and all those kind of Bolshevik activities. But it seems that Gompers—a fellow, some kind of professor he was, he was explaining this to us at the Kiwanis Club here just recently—Gompers stood right square against labor disturbances. He thought that laboring men ought to have their rights, and I suppose that's true, but the way he looked at it, he wanted employés and employers and the general public to join hands in one great brotherhood for the glory of the union and the extension of our markets into lands now unfairly monopolized by England and Germany. Yes sir!

So, as I say, we drove up to the White House—

I'd told the chauffeur to go right up to the front door—just like I'd expect Cal Coolidge to come right up to *my* front door, if he came to call on me in Zenith. I didn't understand then about the arrangement of the White House.

But there was some kind of cop at the gate and he says, "What do you want, please?"

"What do I want, officer?" I says. "What do I *want?* Why, I just want to call on the President!" I says. "I'm just an old friend of his, that's all!" I says.

Well, I explains, and he tells me the proper caper is to go round to the office entrance, so I says all right; I'd be the last, I says, as a friend of the President, to want to break any proper regulations.

Well, make a long story short, at last there we were, in one of the waiting-rooms to the President's own offices, and a gentleman came in—fine-looking gentleman he was, all dressed up like Sunday morning,

in a cutaway coat and striped pants, and seems he was practically the President's first main secretary, and I presented my wife and Almerine to him, and I explained about the President and me being classmates.

"I know the President's a busy man, but it'd be nice to have a look at the old kid," I tells him, "and I kind of thought I'd like to have my wife and daughter shake hands with him."

Well sir, he understood perfectly.

He went right in and saw the President —didn't keep me waiting one minute, no sir, not hardly a minute.

He came back and said the President was awful' sorry he couldn't have us come in just that second, but seems he was all tied up with an important international conference about—I think it was about Geneva, he said—and would I wait? This secretary was mighty nice, too; he didn't let us sit there like bumps on a log; he sat and visited with us, and that's how I had the chance to get the real inside low-down on so many of the President's opinions and activities, but I don't want you gentlemen to give any of this stuff to the newspapers.

IX

I asked this secretary, Mr. Jones his name was—I said to him, "What does the President think about disarmament, Mr. Jones?"

"Well, it just happens," he says, "that I can tell you in the President's own words. I heard him talking to the Secretary of State," he says—say, maybe that didn't give me a kick, sitting in as it were on a conference between the President and the Secretary of State! But anyway: "I heard him talking to the Secretary," Mr. Jones told me, "and he said, 'Frank, big navies cost a lot of money, and in my opinion it would be a saving if we could get the different nations to reduce them.'"

"Well, well, I'm mighty glad to find that out, Mr. Jones," I said, "and it confirms my own opinion about disarmament. Say, tell me," I says, "how does the President live, in his personal life? What does he take for breakfast?"

Well, Mr. Jones explained that the President took a simple breakfast just like the rest of us—just some coffee and toast and eggs and porridge and so on. I was mighty proud and glad to hear that Cal was unspoiled by all his fame and was still just the same simple direct fellow he'd been when we were chums.

"What does the President think of the situation in China?" I asked Mr. Jones.

"Well I think I can say without violating any confidence that, in opposition to the opinion of certain Senators, the President feels the situation is serious and in fact almost critical, and that—but this mustn't go any farther," Mr. Jones told me, "he feels decidedly that while the rights and properties of the Great Powers must be safeguarded, yet we must consider patiently and fairly the rights of the Chinese themselves."

"Well, sir, I certainly am interested to hear that," I told him. "There's no question about it. That's exactly how I feel myself."

You see, I'd had a kind of you might say special opportunity of getting the real inside dope about the Chinese situation and the Bolshevik influence there. I heard a missionary just recently back from the scene of disturbance in China, speak at the Wednesday Evening Supper at our church —the Pilgrim Congregational Church of Zenith—Dr. G. Prosper Edwards is the pastor, very famous pulpit orator, you've quite probably heard him on the radio, tunes in on WWWL every second Sunday morning at eleven-fifteen, very eloquent man and a ripsnorting good scholar, too—but very liberal. As he always says, he's more than ready to fellowship with any Christian body, no matter what their differences in theology are, providing they merely accept the fundamental and indisputable elements of Christianity, such as the Virgin Birth and the proven fact of after-life.

I tell you how I feel about religion, anyway.

I'm a Congregationalist myself, and it isn't for one second just because I happened to be born one, as one of these smart-aleck agnostics was trying to prove to me one day, but because of my deep reverence for the great leaders of the church, like Jonathan Edwards and Roger Baldwin—no, come to think of it, he was a Baptist, wasn't he, that Rhode Island guy?

But anyway: Just the same today: fellows like Newell Dwight Hillis and S. Parkes Cadman, that during the World War they did as much to win the struggle for world-wide democracy as any soldier, the way they showed up the secret plans of Germany to dominate the world—and the way Dr. Cadman writes this column in the newspapers; say, he knows just about everything, and he can clear up your troubles about anything, whether it's an incurable sickness or who wrote Shakespeare—yes sir, a real big typical American leader.

But same time, way I look at it, the other denominations—the Methodists and Baptists and Presbyterians and Campbellites—they're all working together to make a greater and purer America.

Our generation, I guess we still got a lot of the Old Harry in us. Me, I admit, I smoke and I sometimes take a little drink—but never to excess; if there's anything I despise it's a man that can't hold his liquor. And I do like a nice drive on Sunday, and sometimes I cuss a little, and I guess I ain't above looking at a pretty ankle even yet. But it's my firm belief—maybe you gentlemen never thought about it this way—if we'll just support the churches and give the preachers a chance, a generation will come which won't even *want* to do those things, and then America will stand forth before the world such a nation as has never been seen, yes sir, and I'm mighty glad to fellowship with Methodists or—

Not that I think so much of these Christian Scientists and Seventh Day Adventists and all them, though. They carry things too far, and I don't believe in going to extremes in anything; and as for the Catholics—I hope none of you gentlemen are Catholics and I wouldn't want this to go any farther, but I've always felt the Catholics were too tolerant toward drinking and smoking, and so they aren't, you might say, really hardly typically American at all.

And as to religion in general, they tell me there's a lot of smart-aleck highbrows today that are calling the truth of Christianity in question. Well, I may not be any theologian, but I wish I could meet one of these fellows, and believe me, I'd settle his hash!

"Look here," I'd tell him; "in the first place it stands to reason, don't it, that fellows specially trained in theology, like the preachers, know more than us laymen, don't it? And in the second, if the Christian religion has lasted two thousand years and is today stronger than ever before—just look, for instance, at that skyscraper church they're building in New York—is it likely that a little handful of you smart galoots are going to be able to change it?"

I guess they never thought of that! Trouble with fellows like agnostics is that you simply can *not* get 'em to stop and think and use their minds!

And what have they got to put in the *place* of religion? Know what the trouble with those fellows is? *They're destructive and not constructive!*

But as I was saying, our church has a regular Wednesday Evening Supper before prayer-meeting, and say, the ladies of the church certainly do serve one of the nicest suppers you ever ate, and for only forty cents—Hamburg steak with Spanish sauce, or creamed chipped beef, or corn beef and cabbage, and sometimes ice cream for dessert, all A 1. And they usually have a speaker, and this evening I was speaking of, the speaker that spoke on China was a missionary, and he gave us the real low-down on China, and he told us it was fierce the way the Chinks were carrying on, and

not respecting either their trade treaties—and what a *damn* fool thing *that* was, because here they had a chance to get in contact with America and England and all, and get civilized, and give up worshipping idols— But he showed a real Christian spirit. He said that even though the Chinks had practically kicked him out, he believed they ought to be allowed to have another chance to try to run their own country.

Well, I could see that was fair, and I was real interested to see the President agreed with him, and then I asked Mr. Jones—

"Mr. Jones," I said, "what's the real truth about the President's fishing? Is he a good fisherman?" I said.

"He's one of the best. His catch always compares favorably with that of any other member of the party, when he sets his mind to it, but you must remember that he's constantly weighed down by the cares of the world," Mr. Jones said.

"Yes, I can see that," I told him, "and personally, I think it's a shame for some of these newspapers that haven't got anything better to write to make fun of him. Say, another thing," I asked him, "does the President belong to any of the service clubs—Rotary and Kiwanis and so on?"

"No, in his position," Mr. Jones explained to me, "in his position he couldn't hardly discriminate between them, but I think I'm not betraying any secret when I say that the President has the highest admiration for the great service and ideals of all these organizations."

Well, I was mighty glad to hear that, and I think you gentlemen will be, too, whether you belong to 'em or not. For, after all, what organizations are doing a greater good and providing more real happiness today than the service clubs, all of them, though I myself am a Kiwanian and I can't help feeling that maybe our own organization has got the edge on the other fellows—we aren't as darned snobbish as these Rotarians, and yet we aren't you might say as common as the Civitans and the Lions and— Yes sir!

Think what these clubs provide. A chance for a lot of the most responsible and forward-looking men of the community to get together once a week, and not only have a high old time, with all the dignity of our positions checked at the door, calling each other by our first names — Think of what that means! Say here's some high muckamuck of a judge; for that hour or so I can call him "Pete," and slap him on the back and kid him about his family, and stands to reason that any man enjoys having a chance to let down and be human like that.

And then the good we do! Why say, just this past year our Zenith Kiwanians have put up not less than two hundred and sixty-three highway markers within forty miles of Zenith, and we gave the kids at an orphan asylum a dandy auto ride and free feed. And believe me it was one fine ad for the Kiwanians, because we took the kids out in trucks, and each one had on it a great big red sign: "Free Outing for the Unfortunate Kiddies, Provided Free by Zenith Kiwanis Club."

But be that as it may, I was mighty glad to hear the President speak like that and to get his real inside view, and so I asks Mr. Jones, "What's, uh—what's the President's views on taxation, if it isn't impertinent to ask?"

Now, you gentlemen will be interested to learn what Mr. Jones told me, because of course that's one of the most important topics of the day, and Jones spoke right up, without hesitation:

"I know for a fact," he told me, "that the President feels that the burdens of taxation should be so equably distributed that they shall lay no undue burden on the poor and unfortunate yet at the same time they must in no sense be so prejudicial to honest business interests as to cramp the necessary conduct and expansion of commerce."

And some soreheads claim the President isn't really a deep thinker!

And then—

Almerine had just been on pins and needles at the prospect of talking with the

President; couldn't hardly keep still in her chair. Mr. Jones was real nice to her, and I certainly was proud of the way one of our home girls could answer up to a man in official position like that.

"So you come from Zenith," he says to her. "Do you like it?"

"Oh, you bet," she said. "I just think Zenith is the nicest city in America. Of course I'd rather live in New York, but my, do you know we have the finest park system in the United States?"

"Is that a fact!" he says. "No, I didn't know that. And I guess you like to Charleston," he says. "Or have you gone out for the black bottom? Do you like it?"

"Do I?" she says. "Oh boy! I'd show you, but I guess this isn't hardly the place."

"No, I'm afraid it isn't," he says, and we all four bust right out laughing together—wasn't that a comical idea—to dance the Charleston in the President's office!

X

I was just going to ask Mr. Jones how the President felt about Socialism when there was a messenger boy come out and called Mr. Jones in and he was gone about a couple minutes, it couldn't have been more than that, and he come back, and say, he did look real sorry.

"I've got terrible news," he told me. "The President was just ready to see you when the British ambassador come in with some specially important business, and then he has to hustle down to the *Mayflower*—that's his yacht—and be gone maybe four-five days, on an important secret conference. But he hopes you'll drop in any time you're in Washington."

So you gentlemen can see that it isn't by accident but by real thinking and good fellowship that President Coolidge—yes, or any other President we've had recently—maintains his position, and I hope I haven't bored you, and now I'll dry up and let some other fellow talk and—

But just to speak of Socialism a moment. I'm willing to give every man a fair square deal, but when it comes to supporting a lot of loafers, the way I look at it is that constructive, practical people like ourselves, who control the country, ought, you might say—

A CALIFORNIA HOLIDAY

BY JIM TULLY

San Quentin stretches, drab and sun-scorched, along the blue waters of San Francisco Bay. Majestic clouds seem always to be riding the heavens on the watery horizon. Boats glide, far out on the bay, as if fearful of drawing too near the crowded castle of the doomed.

Originally built for less than two thousand prisoners, it now houses thirty-six hundred, about one hundred of whom are women. The roads are gravelled. There is a detour sign two miles from the prison upon which is printed in large black letters, beneath a hand pointing prisonward:

THIS IS THE RIGHT ROAD

The front of the prison is grass and flower bedecked. A horseshoe, token of good luck, is over the main gate. In spite of its beautiful setting, it is, to me, the dreariest of American prisons—a place where the music of the spheres is ragtime.

About twenty miles from San Francisco, the most charming of American cities, San Quentin is often bathed in fogs and lacerated with cold winds. The very sea-gulls seem to fly over it with the monotony of despair. The guards live and bring up their children in the fear of God and the law within a few hundred yards of where men are hanged with sanctimonious gesture.

I had called to visit several prisoners. A reporter for the San Francisco *Examiner* accompanied me. The city editor had telephoned the warden of our arrival. Less than a month on the job, the new warden, a man-hunter all his life, was unusual in that he had none of the illiterate man's blind acceptance of life.

A very quiet man, between fifty and sixty, slightly stooped, with most of his upper teeth missing, he might have been the leader of a Salvation Army band, instead of one who had long been known as quick on the trigger. A Hindoo had once run amuck in a crowded court-room. The new warden had drilled him dead with a bullet. That was his claim to fame in California.

He took us to the office of the captain of the guard. We walked through three iron gates before reaching the interior yard. Save for the small walks, this yard was literally covered with blooming flowers of many sizes and colors. After the drab cement and iron bars, and the stern dull faces of the guards, the contrast was startling.

We waited in this room until my friends arrived. They were Kid McCoy, Robert Joyce Tasker, Joe Mackin and Paul Kelly.

Mackin, a shriveled little ex-jockey, perhaps with the seeds of a writer about to germinate in his head, doing a fifteen year jolt for highway robbery. Tasker, twenty-four, tall, good looking, a sheik type for society girls and stenographers, with black hair carefully combed, doing five to twenty-five years for holding up a crowded dance-hall. He is now the associate editor of the San Quentin *Bulletin* and a contributor to The American Mercury.

As gruff old Carlyle might have said, "By such incontrovertible ways do men find themselves."

Kelly, accidentally caught up with bootleg gin and a woman, spasmodically married, was now working a loom in the jute-mill, that modern California inferno which drives even dull men mad.

It is a place where a yell subsides to a whisper, so great is the whirring noise. Particles of hemp dust fly all about the mill. Wheels, pulleys and machines roar with deafening noise. A convict must do his task each day—so many sacks, so much twine, or be penalized if he fails.

I had known Kelly in happier days. Generous, a square dealer, with the pride and the laughter of the Gael, life had always been to him a Lambs Club frolic.

And now the crows of trouble were walking around his eyes. The smile on his face was hard pushed to keep back the tears. An actor, Thomas Meighan, had contributed ten thousand dollars for his defense. Other friends had rallied to him.

Sensational newspapers, a corporation lawyer untrained in mob psychology, a shallow judge, and middle-class hatred of Hollywood had done for Kelly.

It was no time now for the imbecilities by which more fortunate men try to placate others in trouble.

The conversation lagged. There was a pause. Kelly's body trembled in its ill-fitting grey and hemp dusty suit.

"Well, Paul—all you can do is take your jolt," I finally said.

"But I didn't kill him—I didn't kill him," and then, "God!—but it's great to get away from that jute-mill—you've got to live it, Jim—to know it—there's no other way."

"I know, Paul—you're right—I'd rather read one page by a man who had been in Hell—than all of Dante."

I watched his face. The deep lines running down from the eyes were those of an emotional man forced by the exigencies of circumstance and environment into a withering restraint. We walked toward Kid McCoy and the warden. The once great pugilist was saying—"I'll tell you, Warden,—Tunney hasn't got a chance—no man has with Dempsey when he's right. There's too many big words in Tunney's head."

Not wishing to rob McCoy of a moment's pleasure, I turned my head.

Through the flowers, followed by a guard, walked a young girl, slim and beautiful. In white blouse and dark skirt, her hair carefully combed, and with blue laughing eyes, she seemed a pretty high-school girl on her way to an easy lesson.

"Who's that?" I asked Paul Kelly.

"It's the jazz murderess," he replied. "The kid who killed her mother." It was as if McCoy had smashed me under the heart. Another prisoner, perhaps seeing my expression, said, "There's all kinds in here, Jim."

II

Tasker and the reporter joined us. Soon we bade the four men goodbye and walked into the garden.

The warden went to his lunch. We walked toward the hospital. The reporter wished to ask the prison physician, Dr. L. L. Stanley, a question. There was a rumor that certain other prisoners had lately tried to kill the Rev. Herbert Wilson, arch-bandit, murderer, informer and one-time Baptist minister, with a poisoned arrow.

We accompanied Dr. Stanley to the dining-room. The man who waited upon our table was Tom Mooney, whose conviction as a dynamiter stirred the nations of the world. Still in middle life, the years are nevertheless crawling heavily across Mooney. Though even the intercession of Woodrow Wilson failed to get him a new trial, he still hopes for a pardon. A naïve man, he dreams of justice.

Allowed to languish in prison the past dozen years, he is neglected by the parlor radicals, now grazing in more luscious publicity fields. Men high in financial power have said of Mooney, "Well, if he's not guilty of the Preparedness Day bombing, he's guilty of something else. He belongs in San Quentin." Mooney's enemies are unlike his friends: they know exactly what they want.

Mooney, now phonographic, talked for an hour, detailing his acquittals and convictions. If he is innocent, it seems incom-

prehensible that semi-civilized men should be guilty of such a crime. But even Sinclair Lewis suppressed the hardness of a Babbitt to gain his end.

"Well, Tom," said the reporter, "if they let you out tomorrow, what would you do?"

Mooney stood erect, the picture of subdued virility, "I'll tell you what I'd do—I'd look after my health right away."

All of us glanced at the physician. No man spoke for a minute.

"What's the matter with your health, Tom?" the doctor finally asked.

"No reflections on you, Doctor," returned Mooney, "but you know how it is," and then further explanations, which wended back to the injustice of twelve years' imprisonment.

Those years have eaten at the mind of Mooney, stooping his shoulders. They have carved hollow places beneath his eyes.

As he went to the kitchen the doctor said, "It's the first time I've ever heard his story—you know there's thirty-six hundred of them here."

The reporter asked if the newspaper report of Clara Phillips' attempted suicide were true. "No, it wasn't," he replied, "but it's a wonder all the women don't go mad—cooped up the way they are." The corners of his mouth twitched with pity.

Dr. Stanley listens to the last heartbeats of gallows-hung men. He remains kindly, even sentimental over the most atrocious of his charges.

He talked of Bluebeard Watson, said to be a hermaphrodite, convicted of having married and killed many women.

"It will be centuries before anyone is able to give Watson's case justice. He's my head nurse over in the hospital. He makes pets out of birds. There's nothing he won't do for a sick man. He nurses them as tenderly as a woman. I wish you'd say something about him. He's in here forever—he'll never get out—so all you can get him is a little understanding."

Eager to change the subject, I said, "You've been here a great many years, haven't you, Doctor?"

"Yes, yes," he half drawled, "a good many years. I went into private practice a short time but I gave it up and came back. Got homesick, I guess."

Someone told the story of a ball-throwing contest in which a condemned young dope fiend had participated. He was soon to dangle in a noose.

Three thousand prisoners cheered the lad who was soon to leave for another country. Strangely enough, no contestant was in good form that day. Even the champion ball-thrower, a giant Negro, was off. The youth won, amid cheers.

He died in the belief that he could throw a ball further than any man in prison. Ego attends us all.

As we talked to the doctor there appeared James McNamara, the labor agitator, convicted of blowing up the Los Angeles *Times* Building and killing twenty-one people, and now serving his fifteenth year of a life sentence.

Steel grey eyes, perfect features, about forty-five years of age. McNamara smiled when asked if he were on the Los Angeles *Times* mailing list. Five years before, I had said to him, "You'll soon get out."

His reply was, "What an optimist you are, Jim! Did you make four-minute speeches during the war? Tom Mooney's innocent and *he* can't get out. How long do you think they'll keep *me*?" Then with emphasis, "I'm supposed to have killed twenty-one men."

McNamara was then in charge of the condemned row. I had told him the outline of a novel in which a youthful radical was to be hanged. He was much interested in the plan.

He was eager to help me get the correct details and atmosphere. He talked of my embryonic leading character as though he were a reality.

"You want to get it right," he then said, "it'll help the cause."

He had followed my career and always asked me, "Are you still going to do the story of the boy?"

And now, in leaving me, he said, "You

ought to come over Friday, Jim, they'll top a guy here then. It'll be what you want for your book."

Topping is the prison term for hanging.

III

On Friday morning at six o'clock I started again for San Quentin with Raymond Griffith, the actor, and Malcolm Waldron, a reporter for the San Francisco *Call*. Fremont Older, that most humane of editors, had asked me to write a description of the execution.

The man was to mount the thirteen steps which lead to the gallows at ten o'clock. The newspapers wanted a preliminary story. A morbid public was interested in how he had passed the night, and even what he had eaten for breakfast. Hence the early start.

As we huddled back from the foggy wind on the bay, Griffith said, "They talk of Nietzsche and all that gang—why, those birds were soft! The real hard people are the Baptists, the Methodists, the Puritans. Nietzsche couldn't hang a man like this."

"Cromwell, for instance," I suggested.

"Yes—that's the guy—now, he *was* hard."

Said Waldron: "I covered a hanging in the East, and we were all given black coffee before we went to the death-room. I wonder if they'll do that here?"

While Griffith tried to see Paul Kelly, I went with Waldron. At the door of the warden's office was a plaster bust of Senator Hiram Johnson. Spectacles were upon it to accentuate the likeness. The artist seemed to have difficulty in adjusting the Senator's scarf. He compromised by allowing it to hang under his collar.

We met two other reporters in the office.

"Now listen, fellows," said Waldron, "we'll make a gentleman's agreement. There's only two 'phones here—so let's all 'phone our stories in together."

"All right," they agreed.

That weighty matter settled, we greeted the warden's clerk. He was frozen indifference. The clerk of the Prison Board, a two-hundred-pound porpoise of a man, with a neck bulging over his collar, entered the room.

"Meet the newspaper boys here," suggested the warden's clerk.

"I'll meet 'em later," was the terse reply.

"It's mutual," returned a reporter, as the clerk of the board passed into another room. From another reporter:

"That guy hates us—God, I'm glad! You know it's funny about these hangings. I knew a fellow who covered thirty of them. He fainted at the last one."

It was not eight thirty.

"Damn this waiting around," blurted a reporter whose eyes were swollen from a night's debauch. "The time sure drags."

"It may for us," put in Waldron, "but I'll bet it flies for *him*."

We remained silent for some time. "That's right—the poor devil," at last came from the reporter with the swollen eyes—then, smiling, "It won't be long now."

"Is it true they give them a shot of booze or dope before they bump them?" The remark was delivered to the warden's clerk.

He answered, "This guy says, 'A glass o' whisky.' Send up a barrel of it!" The clerk left.

"Well, it won't be long now," said the blear-eyed reporter for a second time, in the midst of a news competitor's words:

"I think it was here that they used to grant a fellow's dying request before they strung him up." He smiled. "A Negro asked the warden if he couldn't dance a jig on the gallows. That was a hard one for the warden, but he finally consented. The chaplain objected strenuously, though, in the name of dignity and religion, so the poor shine had to keep his feet still."

I watched a pelican sailing beautifully toward the sun. Waldron touched my arm. "A miserable business for 1927—eh?"

"You've just got the fidgets, Waldron," I bantered as the warden entered the room.

His face sagged as if weights were on his chin. The warden of a California prison is forced to see all executions. His raised hand sends the doomed man downward. It was this warden's first.

"How do you feel?" a reporter asked.

"All right," he answered slowly, removing the pipe from his half toothless mouth. "It's not pleasant to jerk a man into the great beyond."

We agreed with silence and said no more while the warden remained in the room.

Waldron, looking toward the Bay, said nervously, "Gee—the grass is nice and green—the sun's warm—even the sea-gulls are more beautiful than I've ever seen them before."

We all knew his drift. Our minds were with him.

"Be a realist, Waldron," I jerked at him, "You mean it's hell to die on a morning like this."

He murmured weakly, "Yes."

"Well, it surely is hell," I half laughed, with the hope of lifting Waldron's mood, when my own was no higher. "But this fellow, Earl Clark, certainly got a tough break. If a fellow read about it in a book he wouldn't believe it. He escaped from the county jail in Los Angeles after he was convicted, and he beat it to this little town in South Dakota—married a girl who didn't know a thing about his record and went into the painting business. He was getting along fine when a young kid who'd taken a mail-order course to become a detective turned him in. He was really making good, you know. Clark was supposed to have carried poison to bump himself off if they caught him, but he was too slow. I see where Frank Dewar, the jailer down in Los Angeles, wired the Governor that there was even a chance that he wasn't guilty."

"He was guilty all right," from a voice behind a desk.

"You'd think they'd give a fellow at least a life term after that," said Waldron.

"But there's six feet of grass over the other guy—remember that," threw in the warden's clerk. No man answered.

"The guy was sentimental, that's all," said the reporter with the bleared eyes. "He killed a sailor because he brought a red rose to his girl every night. Why didn't he wait a while—the sailor would have gone to sea—they all do—don't they?" looking at me as if I knew.

"Yes—I guess so—I think that's their job."

"But who was the dame?" the reporter asked.

"Just a broad," was the reply from somewhere.

"Just a broad," two voices took up.

"A million dollar price for a ten cent woman," said the reporter with the swollen eyes, as we walked toward the main entrance.

IV

At least seventy men in citizens' clothes stood in groups. I could tell by their faces that many were guards and detectives.

It was now twenty minutes of ten.

We marched one by one through the flower garden. A guard, laughing outright, pointed his club at a marching gentleman, and said, "He's turnin' pale already." Several of the marchers laughed.

Prisoners looked out of the hospital windows at life marching to see death. The subserviency of iron bars could not obliterate their contempt of us from their faces.

This section of the prison had the appearance of an abandoned saw-mill. The accumulated débris of generations was about us.

To the left of the hospital was the condemned row where other cattle, in prison vernacular, awaited their chance to meet the Christians' God. Down a little hill we walked, passing on our left a heavy iron door with a large padlock upon it. It was the entrance to the cooler, where all was pitch darkness—eighteen stone cages of icy torture and Zolaesque despair.

The authorities often place men there for infractions of prison rules. They are given a diet of bread and water and their own thoughts, if any, on the mercy of mankind.

Further on was the butcher shop—the morgue. Above us was a herder with a loaded rifle. I noted that the guards did not carry guns inside the prison. The reason seemed obvious. In a wild scramble of mutiny or for freedom, the convicts might disarm them.

We reached the rear of the prison and walked down a less pretentious alley. We stopped at the foot of aged stairs which projected about five feet from the wall. They reached three flights. Fearful of the rickety steps, about twenty men were allowed upon them at a time. We now went two by two. Waldron walked with me.

A fat man grumbled at the long flight of steps. "They do hangin's better in Folsom," he panted.

A guard near the railing commanded, "Step lively there!" I recognized his face. He was the Irish gentleman who had long before commented, "It used to be a good graft—sellin' the rope—a dollar an inch—now the board makes us burn it."

And then—at the foot of the gallows, in showing me a leather contraption, he elucidated, "We put 'em in here if they wriggle." My mind on the Irish boy I was to hang in a book, I remembered.

As I counted the seventy-five decrepit steps, I had the diabolical wish that they would crumple beneath us. "Wouldn't it be funny," I said to Waldron, "if all of us croaked before Clark?"

He made no answer. His mouth was tight shut. His eyes betrayed the life hurt dreamer.

The debonair Griffith walked behind me. His face was more impassive than a Chinaman's at a lottery. I stumbled as I watched it. "Careful," he said, as we turned in on the third floor.

We passed through the print-shop. Four prisoners sat at desks, editing the prison paper. Tacked to the walls were the pictures of actresses of a long ago period. They looked smilingly grotesque in the abominable costumes and hats which were then in style.

"Convicts, forever free, must have tacked them there," I thought. Musing on the sex agonies of men in prison, I became more tolerant of the fatuous faces which stared from the lithographs.

Inside a small room were three prisoners. Thin, with suppressed leers, and furtive eyes, they lolled about in the manner of laborers before the day's work begins. They were the scavenger crew. It was their job to take the dead man from the rope, place him in a pine coffin made by other convicts, and hurry him to the little cemetery on the hill where rest the men with broken necks.

We now halted in front of a large door opening into a room which contained the gallows.

It was ten minutes of ten.

I stood within a half dozen feet of the coffin. A guard with a hard, flat face, not over thirty, leaned upon it. Another guard approached. "Here's his overcoat," smiled the first guard.

I touched Waldron's arm. His body trembled.

The shuffling of feet stopped. One could literally hear hearts beat. A sinuous three-quarter length picture of Lillian Russell smiled above the coffin at the nonchalant legality of murder. I started to say some words to Griffith. They rattled in my throat.

The door opened. We marched into the room of death.

It must have been sixty feet long and thirty wide. Save for the gallows, it was bare. It was painted a sickly blue, like a Kansas sky after a tornado. The death-cell was about thirty feet from the gallows. It was also painted blue. It was quite large, the ceiling very high. A gas-jet, about three feet long, hung from the center.

One rope, already knotted, hung from the gallows. Above were three small ropes,

one of which held the trap. In seven minutes they were to be cut by three guards. In this way, no man knew which one had sent the body to dangling in the air. There was a small platform at the bottom. Thirteen steps led to the gallows. They were worn with the feet of many men who never came down alive.

Other lines of rope stretched from the ceiling. They were in different stages of the testing process through which each rope must pass before its last service. The ropes were all new; they are used but once. To each was attached a tag bearing the name and execution date of the next man to die.

After a man is hanged his picture is placed, along with many others, behind a large glass in an adjustable frame. It stands in the Bertillon room. No face seems natural. By, perhaps, some thought transformation which takes place in each brain at the time the picture is taken, each mouth seems puckered as though the rope were quicker than the lens.

It was two minutes to ten.

The room was closed tightly. Not a rift of air entered. We were aware that a man must be pronounced dead before any of us could leave the room. Each one of us looked toward the raised gallows.

The warden and two doctors faced the gallows.

An oppressive silence rolled in waves through the room. The hinges of a door creaked.

The doomed man entered. The chaplain preceded him.

V

His neck was bare. His eyes were wide open, glassy. His mouth sagged, as if too tired to appeal to ears that could not hear. His knees bent. All power of locomotion had gone from his legs. The eyes seemed to see nothing. His arms were strapped to his sides. Under each armpit was the hand of a heavy guard. Their iron arms did not bend. The man was literally carried to the trap. His legs were strapped together. The hood was pulled over his head. He turned slightly, as if to say a word. The rope was adjusted. The chaplain read from his book in a dreadful monotone. I recall the words, "Confide his soul to the mercy of God." The warden's hand raised. The trap sprang with an awful noise. The man's body dropped ten feet. It did not move.

A small step-ladder was placed in front of the body. The sometime sentimental doctor stood upon it, ripped the dying man's shirt down to his heart, and applied a stethoscope. A convict, in the rear, held the body firm. An assistant physician held the victim's hand. Every now and then he would feel the pulse. I watched the hand become stiff and turn blue.

Griffith, the comedy actor, had turned his face to the wall. There were tears in his eyes. Waldron gulped. The warden stood, eyeing the fast becoming corpse. He might have been posing for the tragedy of mankind. He swallowed often. His hands opened and closed.

The minutes dragged, like horrible wounded soldiers, into eternity. A man held a watch near me.

A crash came at six minutes after ten. A two-hundred-pound railroad detective fainted to the floor. Men scrambled to carry him away. "It had to be a fellow that size," murmured someone. I thought it was Griffith. I smiled grimly. Suddenly, in a far corner, another form crashed to the floor. It was a very large policeman. "Another two-hundred-pounder," whispered the same voice. It was now eight minutes after ten.

The doctor listened patiently, even tenderly, with his stethoscope. The warden still watched. Vengeance seemed to have fled temporarily from the hearts of all in the room.

Life was pumped from the powerful chest slowly. It was thirteen minutes after ten before the man was pronounced dead. The rope was cut. The scavenger crew came.

I hurried with Waldron to get a statement from the warden. As if fearful of comment, he eluded the writing craft.

The other reporters had vanished. "Gosh, I hope they don't double-cross me," was Waldron's comment, as we rushed down the rickety stairs.

A guard yelled, "Hey there, you paddocks." We stopped. "You guys wait for the rest of the gang." When the other men joined us, we marched out.

Once released from the curiosity brigade, we dashed into a telephone-booth in the front office of the penitentiary. Waldron telephoned his story and my impressions to the *Call*. Mistrusting our fellow writers, we scooped them by accident.

We found them in the warden's office, busily telephoning their papers. Something else had happened. The doomed man, who, in bidding farewell to the warden in the death-cell had said to him, "I'll see you again if I'm lucky," had also left him a letter.

The reporters scrambled over the letter. Then two men copied it as another reporter read it aloud over the telephone.

The Governor had refused to commute the dead man's sentence on account of his prison record. The letter, scribbled on coarse paper with a soft lead pencil read:

> Dear Warden: Many thanks for the kind treatment. I know how you feel, Sir, and believe me, I can sympathize with you—it's your first and I hope your last. I have only a few minutes and I want to say now with my last breath that I had no more to do with de Silve's death than you did.
>
> I don't blame the jury—how can I when the State's witness lied?—yes, two of them. The rest told the truth. But with a poor lawyer and a record the verdict would have been the same had I been charged with the death of Abe Lincoln.
>
> Yes, I have one prison record and two $50 fines against me. The rest is just arrests—no charge, or just "vag"—not even a jail term. My prison term was for a $14 check—for which I was pardoned.
>
> Thank you again. Goodbye, Warden.
>
> *Sincerely yours,*
> E. J. Clark.

On the margin was scrawled,

This is true, so help me God. Just a few minutes to go.

TRIAL BY JURY

BY JAMES M. CAIN

CHARACTERS:

MR. GAIL, *foreman.*

MESSRS. HAGAR, BASSETT, ZIEGLER, FUNK, REDDICK, PETRY, LEE, DYER, PENNELL, MOON, *and* WEMPLE, *members of the jury empaneled to hear the case of the State vs. Summers.*

The scene is a jury room, late in the afternoon. The jurors have just filed in. They break ranks and take to the chairs with which the place is provided, some sitting solemnly apart, others hooking their heels on the edge of the table which stands in the middle of the room, and still others camping within range of the cuspidor.

MR. GAIL—Well men, le's git at it. What I mean, le's git a verdick quick, so's we can git out in time for supper.

MR. DYER } You said it!
MR. LEE } That suits me!
MR. REDDICK } You're tooting!

MR. BASSETT—'Cepting only that State's attorney tooken away all my appetite for supper.

MR. REDDICK—Me too. I never seen such a looking sight in my life.

MR. BASSETT—"For the honor of our fair State, gentlemen, for the honor of your State and my State, I ask you to return a verdict of murder in the first degre-e-e-e-e!" And then all that whooping and hollering wasn't enough for him. Oh, no! He had to spit all over you.

MR. GAIL—The spit, it wasn't so good, but what we got to talk about now is the verdick.

MR. WEMPLE—Yeah, the verdict.

MR. GAIL—What we going to do?

MR. PENNELL—I kind of feel like we ought to hear what Mr. Petry thinks about it.

MR. PETRY—This is a hard case. This is an exceptional hard case.

MR. WEMPLE—This is the balled-uppest case I ever hear tell of in my life.

MR. MOON—How come that fellow to git killt?

MR. WEMPLE—What's the matter? Was you deef you couldn't hear what them people was saying out there?

MR. MOON—I heared what they said, but seems like I can't quite git the hang of it.

MR. WEMPLE—Hunh!

MR. MOON—Yes sir. Scuse me, sir.

MR. WEMPLE—Scuse you? Say, fellow, what ails you, anyhow?

MR. MOON—Yes sir. I ain't quite got it straight yet, like of that.

MR. WEMPLE—Well, for the love of Mike quit looking like the police was after you every time I look at you. . . . Which is the part you don't understand?

MR. MOON—About the singing.

MR. WEMPLE—Why, there wasn't nothing to that. That there was to fill him with the holy fire.

MR. MOON—Oh yeah. Thank you, sir, Mr. Wemple. Oh yeah. The holy fire.

MR. PETRY—I expect you better explain how it was, Mr. Wemple. Anyway, as good as you can. 'Cause this man don't act like he was so bright nohow, and maybe it wouldn't hurt the rest of us none if we was to kind of go over it once more, just to git it all straight.

MR. PENNELL—If Mr. Petry, he feels like he's got to hear it oncet more, then I reckon we all better hear it.

MR. WEMPLE—Well, the way I git it, this here Summers, what they gót on

trial, he wouldn't never go to church.

MR. FUNK—'Cepting only he's a Disciples of Christ and there ain't no Disciples church nowhere around here.

MR. WEMPLE—Well, one thing at a time. Whatever the hell he's a Disciples of, he wouldn't never go to church. So the Ku Klux got it in their head to go out to his place and try to bring him around.

MR. FUNK—It wasn't no such thing. They was sore at him 'cause he went to work and boughten hisself a disc harrow offen the mail-order house 'stead of down at the store.

MR. WEMPLE—Well then, damn it to hell, you know so much about it, suppose *you* tell it!

MR. REDDICK
MR. BASSETT } Let the man talk!
MR. ZIEGLER

MR. FUNK—All right. But why don't he tell it right?

MR. WEMPLE—I'm trying to tell what them witnesses said. After we git that all straight, why then maybe we can figure the fine points on how much they was lying.

MR. PETRY—I think Mr. Wemple's telling it the way most of us heard it.

MR. WEMPLE—So they went out to his place, this here Beekman what got killt and five other of them, all dressed up in them nightgowns.

MR. ZIEGLER—And got it in the neck.

MR. WEMPLE—In the neck and the funny-bone and the seat of the pants and a couple of other places where maybe they're picking the shot out yet. 'Cause this here Summers, he ain't only boughten hisself a disc harrow offen the mail-order house, but a 12-gauge, single-barrel, six-shot pump-gun too. And when they commence bearing down on the close harmony, what he done to them was a plenty.

MR. LEE—I swear I never heared the beat of that in all my life. Idea of going to a man's house three o'clock in the morning and commence singing right on his front stoop!

MR. DYER—And "Nearer My God to Thee"!

MR. REDDICK—They was a hell of a sight nearer than they figured on.

MR. WEMPLE—And Beekman, he got it in about all the places there was, and in the middle of the stummick too, and he bled to death. So he come about as near as he's going to git. So that's how come he got killt.

MR. PETRY (*To* MR. MOON)—Do you understand now?

MR. MOON—Oh yeah, oh yeah. Anyways, a whole lot better. Thank you sir. Thank you, Mr. Wemple.

MR. GAIL—Well men, what are we going to do?

MR. WEMPLE—That there is a question. . . . Mind, I ain't afraid of the Ku Klux. If this here Beekman was in it, and this here Summers what killed him had the right on his side, I'd turn Summers loose just as quick as I would anybody.

MR. GAIL
MR. HAGAR
MR. LEE
MR. DYER
MR. ZIEGLER
MR. REDDICK
MR. FUNK
MR. PENNELL } Me too! I ain't afraid of no Ku Klux!

MR. PETRY—Mr. Wemple, I don't believe there's a man in this room that's afraid to do his duty on account of the Ku Klux. Unless—

MR. MOON—I ain't afraid of the Ku Klux. Not me.

MR. PETRY—Then I think that's one thing we don't have to worry about. All the same, I think it wouldn't hurt none if all of us was to remember that what goes on in this room ain't to be told outside.

MR. WEMPLE—That's understood. Or dam' sight better had be. But what I started to say, we got to be sure this here Summers had the right on his side.

MR. HAGAR—Look to me like he did all right.

MR. FUNK—What I say, when them Ku

Klux goes to take a fellow out, why don't they take him out or else stay home?

MR. BASSETT—That's me. I never seen such a mess-around-all-the-time-and-then-never-do-nothing bunch in all my life.

MR. ZIEGLER—And all this "Come to Jesus."

MR. HAGAR—And "Sweet Adeline."

MR. REDDICK—What's the good of that? Everybody knows what they was there for. Then why the hell don't they up and do it thouten all this fooling around?

MR. FUNK—All the time making out they don't never do nothing 'cepting the preacher told them to do it.

MR. DYER—And then come to find out, when they pick up Beekman he had a strap on him looked like a trace off a six-horse harness.

MR. ZIEGLER—I reckon the preacher give them that for to beat time to the singing.

MR. MOON—That was to scare him.

MR. HAGAR—Yeah?

MR. MOON—Anyway, so I hear tell. That's what them Ku Klux said.

MR. HAGAR—Them Ku Klux sure can tell it their own way.

MR. WEMPLE—Wait a minute, wait a minute. . . . Moon, how come you heared all this what the Ku Klux said?

MR. MOON—They was just talking around.

MR. WEMPLE—I ain't asking you was they talking around. I ask you what the hell you was doing around them?

MR. MOON *makes no reply. There is a general stir.*

MR. FUNK—What the hell? . . .

MR. WEMPLE—Come on, Moon. Why don't you say something?

MR. PETRY—Why, what's the matter, Mr. Wemple?

MR. WEMPLE—Why that simple-looking nut, *he's in the Ku Klux!*

SEVERAL—What!

MR. WEMPLE—Look at him, the lying look he's got on his face! Hell, no wonder he acted like the police was after him! No, he couldn't git it straight about the singing, 'cause they done filled him up with so much talk he don't know is he going or coming! No, he ain't afraid of no Ku Klux, 'cause he's got a nightgown hisself already.

MR. ZIEGLER—But how about them questions?

MR. WEMPLE—I'm coming to that. Hey you, why ain't you said something about this when they ask you them questions? When they ask you was you in the Ku Klux, how come you said you wasn't?

MR. MOON—Lemme alone! Lemme alone!

MR. WEMPLE—Quit that crying or I'll bust you one in the jaw. Now answer me what I just now ask you.

MR. PETRY—Let me talk to him, Mr. Wemple. Now Mr. Moon, when them lawyers ask you was you in the Ku Klux, what made you answer no?

MR. MOON—I tried to tell them how it was, but they wouldn't let me say nothing. . . . That there man, he kept a-saying, "Answer yes or no." . . . I tried to explain it to them, but they wouldn't never give me no chance.

MR. WEMPLE—Chance? What the hell! Couldn't you say yes?

MR. MOON—They ain't tooken me in yet. I ain't never had the money. They won't take me in lessen I give them the ten dollars.

MR. WEMPLE—Well, I'll be damned!

MR. PETRY—I *never* hear tell of nothing like this in all my life. Why Mr. Moon, don't you know that was perjury?

MR. MOON—I tried to tell them, but they wouldn't lemme say nothing.

MR. PETRY—Don't you know that when you take oath before the judge to tell the truth you got to tell the truth else it's against the law? Ain't nobody ever told you that before?

MR. MOON—Lemme alone! Lemme alone! *There ensues an ominous silence, punctuated occasionally by* MR. MOON'S *sobbing.*

MR. BASSETT—So now, every word what's been said in here, the Ku Klux knows it five minutes after we got out.

MR. ZIEGLER—This sure is bad.

MR. HAGAR—Moon, effen a juryman tells what he heared in the jury room, they put him in jail for five year.

MR. LEE—Ten year.

MR. DYER—And the penitentiary, not the jail.

MR. HAGAR—In the penitentiary for ten year. And he don't hardly ever come out. 'Cause before the time comes for him to git out, something generally always happens to him.

MR. MOON—Lemme alone! Lemme alone!

MR. FUNK—Aw hell, what's the use of talking to him? 'Cause that dumb coot, even if you could scare him deef, dumb and blind, why he'd blab it all around anyhow and never know he done it.

MR. BASSETT—That's the hell of it. And never know he done it.

MR. WEMPLE—What do you think about this, Mr. Petry? Do you think we better report this fellow to the judge?

MR. PETRY—I'm just a-thinking. I'm just a-thinking.

MR. WEMPLE—Well, while we're figuring on that, I reckon we better git up a verdict. This here look like second degree to me.

MR. FUNK—First degree, I say.

MR. REDDICK
MR. DYER
MR. ZIEGLER
MR. GAIL
MR. HAGAR
MR. BASSETT } First degree, I say. Me too. This here is murder.

MR. WEMPLE—Well, I was thinking about first degree myself. 'Cause a Klansman, it stands to reason, he's as good as anybody else.

MR. LEE—He is that. When a man gits killt, something had ought to be done about it and that goes for a Klansman same as anybody else.

MR. HAGAR—Everybody alike, I say.

MR. BASSETT—And another thing, men, what we hadn't ought to forget. Ku Klux is a fine order, when you come right down to it.

MR. FUNK—I know a fellow what he's a kind of a travelling agent for the Red Men. He got something to do with the insurance, I think it is, and believe me he's got it down pat about every kind of a order they is going. And he says to me one time, he says, "Funk," he says, "you can put it right down if they'd run it right the Ku Klux is the best order what they is going. They ain't none of them," he says, "what's got the charter and the constitution and all like of that what the Ku Klux has. Now you'll hear a lot of talk," he says to me, "and I ain't saying the Ku Klux ain't made mistakes and is going to make a whole hell of a lot more of them. But when you come right down to what you call citizenship and all like of that, don't let nobody tell you the Ku Klux ain't there."

MR. DYER—Why ain't no better order in the world than the Ku Klux—if they run it right.

MR. REDDICK—That's it. If they run it right.

MR. LEE—I swear, it makes me sick to see how they run a fine order in the ground the way they do around here.

MR. PENNELL—Well men, I tell you. It's easy enough for us to set here and belly-ache like we're doing about how they run it. But just jump in and try to run it oncet. Just try to run it oncet.

MR. FUNK—And specially a order what's trying to pull off something big, like the Ku Klux is. It's just like this fellow says to me, the one I was just now telling you about. "Funk," he says to me, "there's one thing they can't take away from the Ku Klux. It ain't no steamboat-picnic order. No sir. When the Ku Klux holds a picnic, they don't sell no round-trip excursion tickets. That they don't."

MR. BASSETT—And another thing: That there singing. You ask me, I say that was a pretty doggone nice way to invite a fellow to church. I hope to git invited that way oncet. I'm here to say I do.

MR. LEE—And this here dirty whelp ain't got no more appreciation than to sock

it to them with a pump-gun. Six shots, men. Think of that. Them poor guys didn't have no more chance than a snowball in Hell.

MR. HAGAR—Yep. Ku Klux is all right. It sure is.

MR. WEMPLE—You hear that, don't you, Moon?

MR. MOON—Lemme alone. I ain't heared nothing.

MR. WEMPLE—Listen at that! Listen at that! I swear, people that dumb, I don't see how they git put on a jury.

MR. LEE—Why hell, Wemple, that's *why* they git put on a jury. Them lawyers figures the less sense they got the more lies they believe.

MR. WEMPLE—Now listen at me, Moon. Cause if you don't git this straight you're libel to git Ku Kluxed before you ever git outen this room. Now first off, *effen* you git it straight, we ain't going to tell the judge what you done. Then maybe you won't have to go to jail.

MR. MOON—Oh thank you. Thank you, Mr. Wemple.

MR. WEMPLE—But that ain't all of it. When you go out of here, if you got to do any talking about what you heared in here, we want you to tell what you heared and not no dam lies like some of them does.

MR. MOON—I won't say ary word, Mr. Wemple. I hope my die I won't.

MR. WEMPLE—Well you might. Now you heared these gentlemen say, didn't you, that the Ku Klux is a fine order, one of the finest orders in the United States?

MR. MOON—I sure did, Mr. Wemple. Ku Klux is a fine order. Yes, Mr. Wemple, I heared them say that. All of them.

MR. WEMPLE—Now—

MR. HAGAR—Wait a minute Wemple. . . . You got that all straight, Moon?

MR. MOON—Yep. Ku Klux is a fine order.

MR. HAGAR—Then, Wemple, if he done learned that, why look's like to me like he ain't going to learn no more. Not today. Just better let him hang on to that and call it a day.

MR. WEMPLE—I expect you're right at that. Now, Moon, just to show you what a fine order we think the Ku Klux is, we're all going to chip in a dollar so you can git took in. Ain't we men?

ALL—We sure are.

There is a brisk digging into pockets. MR. WEMPLE *collects the money and hands it over to* MR. MOON.

MR. WEMPLE—There you are, Moon. Ten dollars for to git took in the Ku Klux and a dollar to git yourself a pint of corn.

MR. MOON—Thank you, Mr. Wemple. Thank you everybody. Thank you. Thank you.

MR. GAIL—Well, I reckon that's all there is to it. Look to me like we're done.

MR. PETRY—This ain't no first-degree, men. This here is manslaughter. Fact of the matter, it might be self-defense, 'cepting I always say when a man git killt, why the one that done it had ought to be found guilty of something. There's too many people getting killt lately.

MR. WEMPLE—Well, Mr. Petry, that's all right with me. If it's all right with the rest of them. . . .

There is a moment of mumbling and nodding, which apparently betokens assent.

MR. GAIL—Then it's manslaughter.

He pokes his head out of the door, gives a signal to a bailiff, and in a moment they are filing back to the courtroom.

MR. WEMPLE—And that's something else I want to bring to your attention, Moon, old man. Up to the last minute, they was all for giving him first degree. . . .

ALL—And fact of the matter, I always did say the Ku Klux was all right, if they'd run it right. . . . Why sure, Ku Klux is a fine order. . . . You bet . . . Citizenship. . . . Patriotism. . . . All like of that. . . .

EDITORIAL

The sad thing about lawyers is not that so many of them are stupid, but that so many of them are intelligent. The craft is a great devourer of good men; it sucks in and wastes almost as many as the monastic life consumed in the Middle Ages. There is something about it that is extraordinarily attractive to bright youngsters, at all events in the United States. It not only offers the chance of very substantial rewards in money; it also holds out the temptation of a sort of public dignity, with political preferment thrown in for good measure. Most of our politicians are lawyers, and hence most of our statesmen. They swarm in the Senate and have almost a monopoly of the White House.

Nevertheless, it must be plain that the law, *as* the law, has few rewards for a man of genuine ambition, with a yearning to leave his mark upon his time. How many American lawyers are remembered, as lawyers? I can think of a few: John Marshall, Daniel Webster, Joseph H. Choate. But the list soon runs out. Even so powerful and successful an advocate as William M. Evarts is already forgotten, scarcely a quarter century after his death. In his day he was in all the big cases, from the Beecher-Tilden business to the hearing of the *Alabama* claims, but if he is remembered today—that is, by the everyday well-informed man—it is only vaguely, and as a politician. For the rest he survives in a few stiff portraits on steel in the offices of old-fashioned lawyers, themselves doomed to the same swift oblivion that has swallowed him. His associates in the *Alabama* case were Caleb Cushing and Morrison R. Waite. Who remembers them today, even as names? Cushing, according to the New International Encyclopedia, was "a man of unusual erudition and of rare ability, imposing in person and forcible in argument." More, he was Attorney-General of the United States, Minister to China and Spain, and a brigadier-general in the Civil War, and in 1873 he came very near being Chief Justice. But mainly he was a lawyer, and as a lawyer his name was writ in water. Waite was actually Chief Justice, from 1874 to 1888. Today he lies forever forgotten among the innumerable John Smiths.

If lawyers were generally dull men, like the overwhelming majority of the rev. clergy, or simply glorified bookkeepers and shopkeepers, like most bankers and business men, it would not be hard to understand their humble station in history, but I don't think it would be fair to put them into any of those categories. On the contrary, it must be manifest that their daily work, however useless it may be, demands intelligence of a high order, and that a numskull seldom if ever achieves any success at the bar, even of a police court. I speak, of course, of trial lawyers—of what the English call barristers. It may take only the talents of a clerk in a lime and cement warehouse to draw up mortgages and insert jokers into leases, but once a cause in law or equity comes to bar it calls for every resource of the human cerebrum. The lawyer standing there is exposed to a singularly searching and bitter whirlwind. He must know his facts, and he must think quickly and accurately. Those facts, perhaps, are quite new to him; he has engulfed them so recently as last night. But he must have them in order and at his command; he must be able to detect and make use of all the complicated relations between them; he must employ them as fluently as if they were ancient friends.

And he must fit them, furthermore, into the complex meshes of the law itself—an inordinately intricate fabric of false assumptions and irrational deductions, most of them having no sort of kinship with fact at all, and many of them deliberately designed to flout it and get rid of it. This double job of intellectual tight-rope walking the lawyer must undertake. More, he must do it in the presence of an opponent who jogs and wiggles the rope, and to the satisfaction of an audience that is bored, hostile, and worse still, disunited. If, marshalling the facts adeptly, he attempts a logical conquest of the jury, and if, while he is attempting it, he manages to avoid offending the jurymen with a voice that grates upon them, or a bald head that excites their risibilities, or a necktie that violates their *pudeurs*—if, by the lavish flogging of his cortex he accomplishes all this, then he is almost certain to grieve and antagonize the judge, to whom facts are loathsome and only the ultra-violet rays of the law are real. And if, wallowing in those rays, he arouses the professional interest and libido of the judge, then he is pretty sure to convince the jury that he is a sciolist and a scoundrel.

II

More than once, serving as a reporter for the press, I have lolled humbly in the bull-ring of jurisprudence, marvelling at the amazing dexterity and resilience of the embattled jurisconsults. What goes on there every day, year in and year out, far surpasses anything ever heard in any other arena. Compared to the jousting of lawyers, even of middling bad lawyers, the best that such theologians as the nation tolerates ever emit from their pulpits is as a cross-word puzzle to a problem in the differential calculus. Even in the halls of legislation nothing so apt, ingenious and persuasive is on tap, for though most legislators are lawyers they are all well aware that, as legislators, it would be fatal to them to talk sense. But in their strictly legal character, performing on the stage assigned to them, they let themselves go, and the result is often a series of intellectual exercises of the first chop. One may think of the courtroom of the Supreme Court of the United States as a theatre of dullness so heavy that the very catchpolls drowse, and of imbecility so vast that even Congress is shamed and made to hang its head; nevertheless, I have heard in my time, in that very chamber, arguments that stimulated me like the bouquet of a fine Moselle, or the smile of a princess of the blood, or an unexpected kick in the pantaloons.

Why, then, are lawyers, in essence, such obscure men? Why do their undoubted talents yield so poor a harvest of immortality? The answer, it seems to me, is not occult. Their first difficulty lies in the fact that at least nine-tenths of their intellectual steam is wasted upon causes and enterprises that live and perish with a day—that have, indeed, no genuine existence at all. And the second lies in the fact that when they engage in matters of more real and permanent importance they almost invariably find themselves doomed to bring to them, not any actual illumination, but only the pale glow of a feeble and preposterous casuistry. Here they are on all fours with the theologians, and stand in the same shadows. It is their professional aim and function, not to get at the truth, but simply to carry on combats between ancient rules. The best courtroom arguments that I have ever heard were not designed to unearth the truth; they were designed to conceal, maul and destroy the truth. I have heard two such arguments opposed to each other, and both driving at the same depressing end. And at their conclusion I have heard the learned judge round up and heave out what remained of the truth in an exposition that surpassed both.

One reads many of the decisions of our higher courts, indeed, with a sort of wonder. It is truly astonishing that so much skill and cunning should be wasted

upon such transparent folly. The thing becomes a mere crazy-quilt of platitude and balderdash—much of it, to be sure, immensely ingenious, but the whole of it of no more dignity, at bottom, than a speech by radio or a college yell. It is as if eminent mathematicians should devote themselves for weeks running to determining the proper odds upon a dark horse at Tia Juana. It is as if a whole herd of gifted surgeons, summoned to cure a corn, should proceed solemnly to cut off the patient's leg at the hip. It is as if Aristotle, come back to earth, should get up at 5 A. M. to see Bobby Jones, Lindbergh or Coolidge.

One admires the logician, but feels an unescapable repugnance to the man. And that feeling, I believe, is general in the world—nay, it increases steadily. In the formative days of the law the human race admired lawyers and judges, and even made heroes of them: the cases of Solon, C. J., Hammurabi, C. J., and John Marshall, C. J., will be recalled. But today the law has lost the blood of life and become a fossil, and its practitioners have petrified with it. Reduced to plain terms, what they engage in for a living is simply nonsense. It is their job, not to dispose of that nonsense, but to preserve it, pump it up, protect it against assault. So consecrated, they spend their lives in futility, and pass into oblivion unregretted and unsung.

III

The situation of the lawyer, I believe, is worse in the United States than elsewhere, and for a plain reason. Our written Constitution, by cutting off legal speculation and experiment in the precise fields wherein such adventuring is most tempting and useful, has reduced the science of jurisprudence to purely historical interest, and made all lawyers the slaves of words. In England a judge may still decide a so-called constitutional question by a rational process; he may bring to its solution, not only the letter of statute and precedent, but also the spirit of justice and reason. But in the United States he is bound by a text, and every year that text grows more rigid and inconvenient. Justice has no place in it, nor reason: it is simply a series of unyielding mandates. Some of those mandates, at an early stage, were found to be unworkable, and so the courts had to find ways to get around them. But it was not possible to get around them by setting the principles of justice and reason against them: the business had to be achieved by the arts of casuistry and obfuscation, of what on other planes would be called hypocrisy and trickery. Black had to be interpreted as meaning white, and no had to be transmogrified into yes. The result was comfort under the collar, but it was also an evil glitter in the judicial eye. A judge became an officer told off to uphold the preposterous so long as it was humanly possible—and then to get rid of it by substituting the fraudulent.

Many masterpieces of that new art and mystery now spread themselves before us, to the consternation of all men who have any respect for intellectual integrity. Having employed their new tricks successfully on necessary occasions, the judges began experimenting with them voluptuously, for the sheer love of it, and the lawyers trailed after them. Thus we have the spectacle of men being jailed without jury trials in the face of the Sixth Amendment to the Constitution, and deprived of their suffrage in the face of the Fourteenth, and invaded in their "persons, houses, papers and effects" in the face of the Fourth. Thus we see the juridic process converted into a sort of obscene parody of itself, with the princes and dukes of the law clowning in sombre black. And thus we behold the profession of the law sliding down the chute, and its old high dignity gone, and its shining stars converted into smoking smudges, soon extinguished and forgotten. The human race, after all, has a certain hard sense. It is lavish with its honors, but it has never wasted them upon the theologians who so brilliantly refuted Galileo. H. L. M.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

BY JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

With the passage of time I am less and less engaged by the purely literary quality not only in men but in books. That is, perhaps, a result of the defects in my education; if it is true the damage has been complete. I am not able even to regret it. I would not, with opportunity, change a conviction that imaginative books are the physiological expressions of the men who write them. The phrase, for example, art for art's sake is so nonsensical that merely to attack it is an act of solemn absurdity. It means . . .

I have only the vaguest idea of its meaning. Something about art as an end rather than a means. Art as art! No one, however, has been thoughtful enough to define art. Just as no one has been able to define poetry. Art, it seems, is the visible fixing of beauty in a form of permanence. Only no one has been so good as to explain beauty. It may be there is no need for such definitions; beauty and art, perhaps, like the blaze of the sun, transcend the literal powers of words; but if that is true it must follow, together with other distressing things, that criticism can never be more than a series of parallels and illustrations.

Criticism, I am informed, has developed an art of its own; an art and a science; but without exact definitions it can have neither form nor any scientific importance. There are, of course, a multitude of terms to express the surfaces and processes of art, all its insignificant and pedantic phases are elaborately provided for; but criticism rests—without a bed—on a nebulous and pretentious confusion. Pretence in place of clarity or honesty. In reality, the act of creating an imaginative book is totally different from the subsequent critical process. It is an act of birth. The forces that go into it are physical; physical in the sense of including all the being of the writer; his heredity and experience and mind and luck. An authentic book, especially a series of authentic books, is a complete record of the writer involved. It may be more but fundamentally it is that. How, in the name of God, could it be anything else? How! Objective creation—

That is simply another and more persuasive form of the phrase art for art. Commonly a man never writes of actual experience; what he writes will be his reactions, his reflections, upon a more useful imagery . . . woven from the materials of his peculiar being. The life of a writer, like the lives of other men, is not close to the reality of his necessity or desire. If it was, naturally, he would not be a writer. If there was no tragic discrepancy between reality and what was within and around him he would be contented simply to live. He might be a gardener or a doctor of history but Heaven knows he would not be an imaginative writer. A novelist! Who would condemn himself to a solitude of pen and ink with a satisfactory world before him? A world, of course, satisfactory to a particular individual.

That is why there are no lyrical novels. Fine novels, rather, are dark with injustice. Or else they are wholly ironical. The finest imaginative beauty is even founded upon an absence of justice. It is as free from bitterness as it is bare of hope. That irony is the highest form of humor—an unclouded sense of values, of the entire unimportance of the important. No one

would elect to spend his life in such a detachment from warm humanity. Least of all a man with imagination; a man, in other words, the reverse of an anchorite; as different as possible from the vicarious pedantries of art.

II

There is another conviction, cherished in the most admirable breasts, that the novel is primarily addressed to the creation of character. Character in the sense of objective and sharply differentiated individuals. A fine novel, it is insisted, is the picture of a living and recognizable being. The finest novels, I hear, are those remembered for definite characters rather than for characteristics. "Vanity Fair," for example, Becky Sharp, is brought forward to support this. Thackeray had given birth to an individual not of his own flesh and blood. Quaint phenomenon. He created Becky complete in her own image. She did not, together with Amelia, represent his feeling toward two fundamental and opposed forces in women. But of course she did. It was precisely his feeling that brought her into being. If that had been different Becky would have been different. In addition to this, in complete support of it, Becky Sharp is nowhere an individual; she has no personal traits at all; every quality is the expression of a principle; she is, as nearly as Thackeray could make her, the inherent prostitute.

That is equally true of the other celebrated characters, the famous individuals, in novels—they are symbols. That is precisely why they are famous—everyone recognizes them as the more or less complete projection of a type. They are never by any chance individual characters in a true sense. There are sharply differentiated imaginative writers, and they have described characters as peculiar as themselves, but they are not famous. An individual couldn't be. Almost no one would understand him. He would have no universality. It is, even, a question if the minute differences between men, the minute actual differences, are of any impressive value. The differences in men may be no more than a question of degree. Men, it is possible, have been shamelessly flattered by art. Love certainly has been flattered by poetry.

The habit of seriously regarding character in imaginative books is recent; it has been the result of what is called the romantic movement; romantic in contradiction to a classic spirit. The classic writers cared little enough for character; an individual to them was no more than a vessel for mean or noble dramatic qualities. They saw men moved by a remarkably scientific sort of fate. The fate of their large ignorance of science was, in reality, far nearer to truth than the sentimentality of later romantic minds. The novel, comparatively, is a late, a new, form; it was developed in a romantic—a sentimental—age; and as a result it, too, shamelessly flattered individual men. It flattered them where it was not saved by irony. Humor, however, corrected imaginative writing; it made apparent the inescapable fact that it did not really matter what happened to the individual.

The finest novels, as I have already said, all agree about that. In them the fate of the individual is directed by the necessity and understanding of the writer; the individual exists to express the writer's purely personal emotions. No immaculate conception takes place. Creation is still an act of natural heat. There is no need for the presence, the operation, of a miracle; it is unnecessary to fall back on a sort of literary theology. An imaginative book, as Mr. Cabell has so often made clear, is a way of escape for its author, a struggle against the fatality of flesh, a rebellion or an anodyne. Its limitations are his limitations, its flaws are his flaws, its physical body is his body. A novel, in short, is as good as the man who writes it. The characters in it are phases of himself—his character reflected in the distorting mirror of his dimly apprehended experiences and deep ignorance. Even the

greatest wisdom is no deeper than a mirror; it shows no more than ironic and courageous images of reality.

There has been, naturally, an improvement in the writing of novels; at least in the direction of an appearance of actuality: the characters in them move about in a closer similitude to life than formerly; they are at least more complicated then the projections of single traits; they serve more than a given dogmatic precept. They express, in short, their authors in place of a morality. To that extent novels have improved. If it is an improvement. The weather has entered into them and backgrounds, nature, have been created; worlds in which it would be possible to exist. Mr. Cabell, more than any other imaginative writer of his age, has created an entire and—for himself—perfectly expressive world. Poictesme. A country and a civilization of medieval France. It was inevitable that he, especially, should do that; for the simple reason that he has no trace of interest in the mechanics of the present. The present is without banners and brilliantly solemn processions. It is not hung with arras. It is without a formal nobility.

III

The necessity for a formal beauty is very acute in Mr. Cabell; it is in his blood and it shaped his temperament. He is not, as a consequence, a very humane man. He is, by old right, a gentleman; but in the sense of Lord Coke's definition; wholly different from the late sentimental meaning attached to that term. His manner is an armor rather than an expression of cordiality. The best manners are, of course, a complete armor—they protect the individual so fortunate as to possess them from the humiliation of sympathetic familiarity. Mr. Cabell is not, in any accepted sense, sympathetic; his attitude toward the common faults of humanity is not reassuring. He makes it plain both that he is not responsible for them and that he has no confidence in anyone's ability to bring them to an end. Either in this world or in purely problematic worlds to come. Superficially he has the air of a man enjoying the mistakes of fellows conspicuously not his.

That, however, is no more than an appearance; it is a part of his armor; since his attitude not only comes from the privilege of birth but from suffering as well. He has, as a result, hardened the naturally tempered metal of his being. He has no intention of making himself into a public show; it would be impossible for him to turn his writing into an indecent cry of sentimental anguish. It takes, then, the direction of medieval processions and banners, entirely deserting the drabness and bad manners of the present. He does that successfully for the simple reason that he is more a part with the past than of the times immediately about him. He belongs to a world uncorrupted by romantic conceptions of humanity; the current doctrine of the supreme value of the individual could not greatly impress him.

All this Mr. Cabell has subjected to an ironic rather than a historical purpose; he has not recreated the past as a lost and shining Eden; he is not interested in antiquities as significant facts. Poictesme is a land wherein men are rather worse than now. They are more conspicuously treacherous, infinitely crueler, wholly devious. They are, as well, no less hypocritical; but he regards their hypocrisy in the light of entertainment rather than as a deprecated ill. He is not appalled by cunning. Nothing, really, appalls him; Mr. Cabell puts the most dreadful things on paper with an entire calm; he writes as tranquilly of inconceivable horrors as he describes a pear tree in blossom. He is—the result of a determination concerning himself—remorseless. He realizes that horrors exist as well as blossoms and he weaves them without particular emphasis into the patterns of his written tapestries. He has no instinct, no need, to mitigate the weight of ultimate disaster pressing upon his head as well as on the heads of all others.

IV

His world, then, offered him a place of existence in every way more satisfactory than the actual present. He has the completest sense of its appearance—the deep green meadows pied with daisies, the highroads with solitary knights and companies, the lords of the church on white asses hung with samite and the lords of battle cased in steel, very beautiful ladies born in a curtained privacy. He sees all the gray machicolated castles rising above the steep red roofs of dependent towns. Towns with narrow cobbled streets and balconies and cool taverns; he sees the weathercocks gold in the sun, the town pump where the women congregate, the starlings in willow cages at the casements. Every detail of the life in the castles is familiar to him—the garden with clipped arbors and a formal pool, the ladies walking with dragging velvets, lords in silks and points of ribbon; he knows the stone courtyard with the guard laced into leather idling on benches at the entrance fortified against the world, the pages and esquires playing at ball, the grooms busy by the stone stables.

Mr. Cabell's vision, however, does not stop there, it includes aspects of medieval existence ignored, for example, by Sir Walter Scott; there is an implication of cesspools, foul humors of the flesh as well as of the spirit. For what, paradoxically, is as clear as anything in Mr. Cabell is his completely modern manner. His meticulous attention to tradition is misleading. His books are not historical romances. He is so entirely familiar with Poictesme that he has no feeling of strangeness in it; he is not conscious of reanimating a past; it is not, for him, a past at all. He has no rigid sense of the passage, the loss, of time; it is all exactly like a tapestry where one scene, one age, changes without vanishing into the next.

I have no interest in accounting for so strange a fact; all facts, closely examined, are strange; their explanations, I am frank to admit, are hidden from me. I am, though, willing to accept what I see, what I can apprehend, and Mr. Cabell's disdainful desertion of the present, his escape, is as plain as the palm of my hand. I see him in clothes like my own, we sit in the same room and talk in contemporary terms; but I recognize that he is only momentarily present. He is present through an effort of the will, whereas other men must will themselves into the past. I write a great deal about an earlier America, I do that because I prefer the relief of its hushed, its quiet, life to the loudness around me; but I have no illusion about my own resemblance to vanished and more admirable men. No one could possibly mistake me for the simple and heroic master of a Salem full ship, or for a bitterly courageous partisan of Henry Clay's. Mr. Cabell, in his appearance and the very color of his spirit is a dignitary of Poictesme. He has all the capabilities of his imagined gentlemen—their slow gaze and brilliant glance, the superfine hands and mocking voice. He is, above all, a man with a dagger. It is in his words, it is in his eyes, it is in his mind.

He belongs to days when gentlemen were excessively perilous . . . and ladies prized in and for their loveliness. He is innocent of democracy; men, for him, are not equal; he has no interest, no confidence, in a last equality of salvation. When a bishop reaches Mr. Cabell's heaven he remains a bishop; the smaller angels are aware of his rank; he retains, together with his honors, his robes. Yes, I see Mr. Cabell in a coat like my own, but I am conscious of velvet and emeralds and scented leather. Happily the dagger is in its sheath.

V

Where women are concerned his attitude is as definite as it is consistent—lovely ladies born in a curtained privacy. Women, with Mr. Cabell, are either charming or they are not; he is only interested—rather than by any individual—in charm. That is why he returns again and again

to the immortal Helen. Every engaging woman he imagines is simply a different presentation, a more particular description, of her. He at once worships her and is deliberate about her faults. Her faults, the truth is, are the sign of her feminine perfection. It is an especial phase of his humor that he is able to create a woman at once supernal, a figure of deathless beauty, and recognizably silly. A woman! He does this with a precision that has the appearance of malice—his flushed lovelinesses are always talking what plainly is profound nonsense; they are always about an immemorial business in a strictly personal way. They exist as interludes and rewards and temptations. Mr. Cabell is cold to their domestic character and indifferent to their economic significance.

He is not persuaded that any new use or importance has taken the place of sheer feminine beauty . . . and foolishness. If a change has occurred, and he is conscious of it, his head is resolutely turned the other way. He has no taste to see Helen, with her robe caught up about her knees, on a golf course. He is deliberately blind to her in legal or commercial or political pursuits. When, against his inclination, she is married, her beauty is lost for a scolding wisdom; she is the mistress of what is best rather than of fatal and eventually tiresome delights. His women really are very singular for—together with their warm splendor and feminine reality—there is a pale unearthly fire about their heads; they are very apt, at moments of great seductiveness, to turn into appalling shapes or vanish, leaving a slight but unmistakable trace of brimstone. If their loveliness reflects the radiance of heaven their painted and tripping feet are set in the paths of hell.

They are, more often than anything else, a reward; but only for a little—soon they talk their seductiveness to death. They go on and on in a sweet complaining manner, letting their hair down, perhaps, or taking a stitch in an azure garment; and, in consequence, it is not beneath Mr. Cabell, in a medieval Poictesme, to have them strangled. He does this calmly, with a lifting of the eyebrows, making plain that all it accomplishes is a temporary relief from an inescapable nuisance. The beauty of women, after the shortest while, is, he reiterates, scarcely more than a burden. The Trojan Helen, Mr. Cabell continues, destroys the men who know her. She destroys them or leaves them dissatisfied with mortal women.

In that way he, especially, is torn in two directions—between the divinity of beauty and a swift satiation: the sense of irony persists in him to the end. For that reason Mr. Cabell, different from others, is safe with his harassing vision—his passion for her is guarded by the realization that possession must drag her down to the level of the street. In his arms the legendary Helen would become a rather solid wench with an annoying habit of ill-timed curiosity. He is, therefore, continually describing her incomparable loveliness—in incomcomparably lovely words—and fetching his vision disastrously to earth. He cannot, however, escape from her; his bitterness is only another sign of her triumph; no lesser divinity will ever satisfy him; and so, by his own philosophy, he is safe between attainment and satiation. He can never reach to Helen and he will never lose her; supremely beautiful—and faintly silly—, she will fill all his world, his pages, with her glamor. He is fortunate: she cannot grow old, time is helpless to cool her bright blood.

VI

It is evident that—at least until now—I have ignored the narrative Mr. Cabell called "The Soul of Melicent." That short book, as well, exists lyrical in the face of my contrary declaration: it is from the first page almost to the last a tender and victorious song, innocent, except at the very end, of irony. Then the irony is carefully detached. Apologetic. Melicent, in the highest traditional sense, has a soul;

she has, inevitably, a beautiful body, a lovely face; but her soul is more important. It is her actual loveliness. In keeping with this there is no cold fire about her head, her feet pass among flowers different from asphodel. Yet "The Soul of Melicent" does not lie outside Mr. Cabell's chosen and appropriate world. There were just such singers, just such songs, in Poictesme.

Everything there, traits as well as leopards, has a visible shape, a tangibility appropriate to the understanding of a simple and pictorial age. Evil has its exact forms, and beauty, in Melicent, is a reality. There is far more present, however, than the simplicity of a medieval lyric; it expresses a profound and moving conviction —the hope, rather, that the soul and not the body holds the finality of love. Not the body but the soul. The soul in the sense of an entity not corruptible like flesh. This is a very different immortality from Helen's; it belongs to a Christian and not to the pagan heaven. More accurately, perhaps, it is a part of Plato's vision; a sudden passionate necessity to transcend death. In it Mr. Cabell, for a little, escapes even from himself.

When Perion, at the last of his suffering and trials, takes Melicent to himself it is not the Melicent of his first passion; it is an older woman, a woman whose body has been possessed by Demetrios of Anatolia; yes, with her youth gone and her face scored by lines; yet he finds the perfection of his love. Nothing has been taken from it. In spite of possession it has not been possessed. Melicent, in the purity of her motive, has given herself to the world, to Demetrios, without loss. What Mr. Cabell has chosen to call her soul is immaculate.

That, I imagine, is a consummation better understood by women—who secretly know the truth about the value of their desires and surrenders—than by men. It is a wisdom men are very diffident to accept. Mr. Cabell, here anyhow, has not been troubled by it. For him, for Perion, the flower of Melicent is flawless. Marvelous comprehension. No measure of Mr. Cabell is complete that ignores it. His irony, then, is nothing more than an armor. It protects his secret aspiration. Yet at the end of "The Soul of Melicent" he interposes at least a shield between his private hope and a different recognition. There is an afterword:

"Thus, rather suddenly, ends our knowledge of the love-business between Perion and Melicent." The love-business is his form of concealment. He continues with his constant grave assumption of authorities and sources. ". . . It seems more profitable in this place to speak very briefly of that fragmentary manuscript, the Roman de Lusignan." He mentions a monograph by M. Verville on Nicholas de Cæn, with a footnote. The histories of Peire de Maënzac, of Guillaume de Caibestaing, of Geoffrey Rudel, of Ulrich von Liechtenstein, of the Monk of Pucibot, of Pons de Capdueilh, of Peire Vidal and Guillaume de Balaun, follow. There is an explanation of the religion of domnei—the worship of God through the symbol of a woman. None of that matters. It is no more than the inescapable and formal reticence in Mr. Cabell's blood. He disclaims a final belief in "The Soul of Melicent;" he is prepared to bow to a loud and skeptical protest; but the narrative exists to refute him. In Perion his hope transcended his experience and his philosophy. It is an escape safe from both.

VII

There is a general and not unnatural misunderstanding concerning the scholarship Mr. Cabell displays in his preoccupation with Poictesme: his narratives all have forewords and afterwords, such names and notes as I have indicated. Superficially they have the appearance of an attempt to persuade the unwary that his books are founded on actuality, that contemporary authorities have supplied him with, at any rate, the personages of his tales. This, to the literal-minded, gives them a greater value than a purely imaginary record could

own. To the literal-minded! The reverse, of course, is true—no mere repetition of romantic legend could have any of the significance, the beauty, created by Mr. Cabell. And—aside from the occasional malice of his humor—it is no part of his intention to divert from his own credit what is inalienably his. He has no interest in a form of inferior trickery. No, his forewords and serious reassurances are simply the evidence of the complete reality, to him, of his created land.

The fact that Poictesme is wholly his own creation—but founded on the manners and appearance of that time—is powerless to detract from his sense of its reality. Mr. Cabell has imagined it so completely that exterior comments, foot notes, are a logical part of its being. At once he exists in Dom Manuel, his contemporary, and he is conscious of the growth of the legends about him. It is clear to Mr. Cabell that he is, after all, alive in the present; yet, at the same time, while he is aware of a contrary pretense he exists in it; and that quality has not only made possible his bibliographical detachment, it has the far greater merit of accounting for his infrequent contemporary books. I am referring, particularly, to "Beyond Life" and "Straws and Prayerbooks."

In them his ironic humor and gravity lie so closely together that one becomes the other in a paragraph, in the same sentence almost. For that reason they are dangerous; they must, like Mr. Cabell, be watched. His lack of responsibility for the universe is inhumanly active. The absence of optimism as an engagement is completely plain. He has no confidence in justice; men are not perfectable now or ultimately; and his perception will not lend itself to the support of a comfortable and in the main ludicrous illusion. He has managed his own temporary escape; anyone who cares to may follow him, in the skin of Jurgen, on an entertaining and reprehensible journey; but that is the end of his undertaking. The shadow of their unavoidable disaster has not endeared his fellow travellers to him: the whole thing has too much the air and confusion, the cheapness, of an excursion. No one since the beginning of civilization could be more foreign to that. He lives in Poictesme; in an excessively quiet house in Richmond; and through the Summer by a lake on an inaccessible mountain.

His contact with the present, with people, he reduces to a degree hardly short of an entire exclusion; with the briefest exceptions he has removed himself bodily from the present. Bodily but not, in his papers of comment, intellectually. His humor is extraordinarily alert. Viewed in a coldness of reason, written in sentences like the glancing light on steel—the glitter of a dagger—the world is exhibited as a desperate absurdity; an excursion of the young and old, the hopeful and the hypocritical, in a precarious train destined for fatality. He is, however, amused as well as appalled; he has, to mitigate the darkness of a perceptive mind, the determination of an intellectual courage. He owns the fortunate ability of giving a visible and permanent form to light moments. His pictures of women are as airy as their hand-spun shifts; his reflections on love and marriage have a perverse grace, a solemn nonsense, that masks their remorseless truth.

VIII

There is still another evidence of the completeness of his retreat into the past—his ability to accept the credulity of earlier ages. The religion of Poictesme is the belief of its time—heaven is flatly above the flat earth and hell below; there are angels and archangels, an enthroned Omnipotence on high, and divertingly practical devils in Hell. Hell is a place of flame where flesh is made eternal for torment. More than that, there are angels as well as fiends abroad on earth. Prelates solidly ascend to their comfortable reward and noblemen sink disastrously into burning lakes. Mr. Cabell is entirely grave about such a pic-

torial theology. He devotes a great many paragraphs to it; he accounts for the extra-terrestrial fate of practically all his characters. They are always dying and coming back from death and returning to its shades. Regrettable ladies reappear in thin air and conduct damning blandishments; they are in every way satisfactory to the senses; but when, as Mr. Cabell continues, they are revealed to be fatal, they vanish in a yellow and evil-smelling flame.

In addition, he is not confined to Christian forms; he is equally open-minded about a darker, a black, magic. Strange and fearful transformations and beasts fill his pages. Nothing is what, at first, it seems—a dragon may change to a silver pear; an old and hideous woman exposes unholy and inappropriate charms. Mr. Cabell can, literally, describe the indescribable. Things encountered in the forests, the quests, of Poictesme are coolly and minutely accounted for; in spite of that they rise in formless horrors from his words. They are, simply, inconceivable. Mr. Cabell, however, does take them placidly, with a contemporary mind. He takes them so easily that his dragons have, like himself, a disturbing sense of humor. His dragons acknowledge, in a weary sophistication, that they exist only to be vanquished by appointed knights. They know before battle, before the business of blowing out flames, that they are doomed. They are the only amusing dragons in existence: interested in the weather, in conditions of travel, and curious about the state of politics outside their woods. They have, I am convinced, an active opinion of the literary foolishness of their time.

They are very civil dragons, but there are depths in Mr. Cabell's imagination infinitely less urban. The blackest magic is more than hinted at; it, too, is minutely described. Few people, I think, know Mr. Cabell better than I do, I see him often, and I am fully aware of the sceptical habit of his mind. I am certain that he has no fundamental belief in magic; it would be impossible for him particularly. Yet in the character of a figure in Poictesme I do not actually know what he believes. It is beyond me to find out. Such things, he suggests, are palpable nonsense; but his face, his manner, his disclaiming words, are enigmas. The difficulty lies in the fact that he is ironic with himself; he is skeptical of his own convictions. His armor wholly conceals him.

There is, I suppose, no absolute reason why he should not believe in dragons, in the potency of peeled willow wands rubbed with butter, against deleterious powers. The beliefs of other men—my own doubtful ideas—are hardly less fantastic. They are, though, the ideas of the present, the results of a limited but positive addition of probability. It is certain, for example, that the world is not flat; there is no above and not any below in the universe; and that disposes of the ancient geography of Heaven and Hell. Mr. Cabell understands this, he too is the heir of a later knowledge than that of Poictesme; yet his attitude is the same toward it all—early and later facts, science and magic, religion and reason. He may believe in none or secretly, equably, accept everything.

IX

Intent upon Mr. Cabell, I have repeatedly made use of the word irony; and that, it now seems to me, is precisely one of the literary terms I was determined to avoid. Perhaps not. It is a word with a highly reputable etymology of its own. It means, I suppose, drawing attention to the absence of a quality by the simple act of dwelling upon it. A statement forced to convey a meaning exactly opposite to its words. A question of tone and inflection. It gains from that an especial force, a melancholy or tonic virtue denied to direct speech.

It is, with Mr. Cabell, both melancholy and tonic. In all his books there is regret and a challenge—a willingness to admit that everything may be for the worst together with a deep regret, a passionate

longing, for human perfectability. For happiness, in short. The longing for happiness is very different from the possession of it: happiness, as I have pointed out, produces no imaginative prose. The longing for it, a sort of nostalgia of the spirit, is, on the other hand, responsible for almost all created and formal beauty.

There is a great dignity in resignation; in, for example, the profound acceptance of reality in Beethoven, the *katharsis* of Greek drama; but the sense of unattainable happiness, of unconquerable isolation, or the memory of earlier felicity, is responsible for the fineness of what I have agreed not to call literature. Mr. Cabell is saturated with it; his humor, in its power of forming just comparisons, only serves to make clear the depth and impossibility of his necessity for at least fairness. And, since he did not demand his perceptions, he is often bitter at the realization exacted in payment for them. The things he desires are, I am convinced, justice and dignity and a passionate beauty. A passionate beauty in its most naked and actual sense. Helen. He has, through his blood and his mind, escaped from all evangelical tradition.

This is very powerful, very general, in the United States; here a remarkable and incurable conviction exists that passion is shamefully wrong. It persists in incredible numbers of women and, if anything, in more men. The damage worked by that single belief is beyond measure. It has, among other things, created an appalling national indecency of mind; totally ruined a sense of proportion in conduct and life. Mr. Cabell, in Poictesme, is safe from it. His pages are singularly candid. They are, too, almost the only satirical pages in North America. Satire needs adequate subjects; love is one and religion is another; and they are both locally forbidden to satirical treatment. But Mr. Cabell blandly ignores this prohibition. He exists in the face of a unanimous contrary spirit—he is merely humorous about nationally sacred things; and his humor is so obviously without prejudice, it is so coldly logical, that an effort to suppress him came at once to nothing. His irony is as clear as a pure and frigid spring of water. His irony—

His perception of beauty, however, is totally different, wholly aristocratic—very beautiful ladies born in a curtained privacy. Ladies rather than a lady; Helen in a hundred forms—young and white-bodied, with red hair and emerald eyes; with blue eyes and gold hair in a band; with chestnut hair and tall, and a slow brown gaze; with grey eyes and black brows. Helen returning again and again to earth and to his delight. The aristocratic habit and attitude of Poictesme . . . flames bright rather than enduring, loveliness rather than the repetitious domestic virtues; faithfulness perhaps, but certainly viewed in the light of a quaint and personal idiosyncrasy. Mr. Cabell's fidelity is to beauty; and, since it is rigidly confined to Poictesme, his pursuit of it cannot be interdicted.

X

Yes, as I grow older I am less and less engaged by literary qualities. The truth is that I have very little veneration for books. And, since I am so positive—but only where I am concerned—it might be wise for me to define more particularly the limitations of my opinion. I cannot, then, read Mr. Dickens or Mr. Thackeray or Sir Walter Scott. I could never endure the novels of Robert Louis Stevenson. I am unable to enjoy Mr. Trollope. I have, somehow, lost the ability to read Mr. Conrad. I do not read Thomas Hardy. Very lately I returned to Henry James, to "Washington Square," and an insuperable weariness came over me. I never could manage Mr. Meredith. The pretty sentiments of Bret Harte unfortunately found me cold. I thought the books of William Dean Howells were the books of a tiresome old man. When I was young I liked Ivan Turgeniev, but now I never go back to him; he is lost to me together with all the other admirable and tragic Russians.

However, I like wholly contemporary novels no better—the exercises in mental and nervous disorders. I do not, it appears, like novels at all. A form of entertainment that takes itself too seriously. The solemnity of youth, of art, has destroyed the fine spirits of an agreeable diversion. I can, as I have made plain, read Mr. Cabell. It is all a question of what irradiates a page, what vitality and what grace and what courage. Books in which I see men I know, qualities I admire; qualities of life and not of letters. I am, too, biased where men I regard affectionately are involved. I am not, I have no particular desire to be, fair. That is to say impersonal. Everyone who knows me realizes that I am devoted to Mr. Cabell; if I were aware of faults in him, of faults in that part of him contained in his books, I would say nothing about them. I would remain wholly quiet. That is possible for the simple reason that I am not a critic. I have no impersonal responsibility to fulfill. No impossibility to attempt. Perhaps, for that reason, nothing I have written is valuable.

I can, however, be honest and admit that any account I wrote of Mr. Cabell would begin and end on a note of admiration; it would of necessity, I can only say again, be spun out of the warmth generated by affection. Perversely I own no inclination to apologize for this, no instinct to hide it. If it is a shortcoming I prefer it to a contrary virtue. If it does make my consideration of him generally unreliable, if not actually worthless, I am still contented. I wrote it in the only way possible for me and here it is. This has nothing to do with Mr. Cabell's books—it is concerned with my attitude toward them. An explanation. His works will be eventually read by all the people for whom they are intended—people who, like Mr. Cabell, worship, very privately, a supreme beauty; men who can imagine and, momentarily, dominate the legendary Helen; men who regard the business of death with equanimity and the spectacle of injustice with disdain. There is additionally, in his books, an endless procession of bright and lovely words, a procession like the knights and prelates and silk-hung litters moving over the highroads of Poictesme. They are everywhere, on every page:

> I think he worshipped where he did not dare to love, as every man cannot but do when starkly fronted by the divine and stupendous unreason of a woman's choice, among so many other men, of him. And yet, I think that Perion recalled what Ayrart de Montors had said of women and their love, so long ago:—"They are more wise than we; and always they make us better by indomitably believing we are better than in reality a man can ever be!"

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

THE work of the Devil among the good Methodists in the swamps along the Yellow river, as set forth by the Opp *Weekly News:*

> It is reported in Opp that an epidemic of witchcraft has broken out here. The witchcraft is said to be carried on by a number of young men. The young man, wishing to have his own way, it is reported, catches a frog and shuts him up in some kind of a box with holes in it and takes it to an ant bed near which he leaves the frog in the box for a couple of weeks. After the ants eat the frog's meat off his bones the boy returns and picks out a certain bone from the frog's skeleton. The particular bone has a hook on one end. The young fellow keeps his frog bone in his pocket until he gets with the girl he wants to hook. It is said that he seeks an opportunity to hook the bone in the girl's clothing. After this the girls go crazy about him, it is said. We haven't seen one, but it is said that one will be found in the pockets of numbers of young men in Opp. According to reports, the girl goes crazy in love for the boy that succeeds in hooking her.

MERIDIAN dispatch to the eminent Sylacauga *Advocate:*

> Mrs. Lamar Bustin, of this city, is confined to her bed suffering from the effects of a most unusual accident, that of being bitten by a catfish, while a member of a fishing party on the Tombigbee river. A 40-pound catfish had been landed by the party and had been placed in a small pool of water until the members were ready to return to their home. In a playful manner Mrs. Bustin's husband picked her up in his arms and threw her into the pool, her foot entering the mouth of the fish. Its sharp teeth badly cut the foot. At first it was feared the bite would result seriously, but reports from the home are that she is improving.

CALIFORNIA

STIRRING and impassioned poem by a gifted Parnassian in the Ceres *Courier*, celebrated for its literary morsels:

A REAL DREAM

I had a dream the other night,
When everything was still;
I with my little grandson,
Gathered nuts upon the hill.

In joy and glee we gathered,
But before our pail was full,

A gruesome noise fell on my ear,
The deep voice of a bull,

I looked across the pasture
To see whence came the fuss,
And there I saw the ugly brute
Stand, looking straight at us.

He gave the grass an angry paw.
He shook his ugly head;
Then started toward us o'er the field
Which filled our souls with dread.

We started with our pail of nuts
To find a safer place.
Our happy time of picking nuts
Had turned into a race.

We ran behind a little house,
In hope he would not find us,
But as we turned the corner there
He was not far behind us.

With deep bass voice he came right on,
I almost felt his goring;
When, with a start, I did awake:
My wife she was a-snoring.

J. M. MORRIS

NOBLE tribute to a worthy lady, in the *Marin County Review:*

> Out of a sea of faces wrought with the vagaries of the human countenance, there arose a billow of light,—it was the illuminating, electrifying, understanding smile of Mrs. William Beckman, the Sunspot of a brilliant audience of mind. Thus I met my lovely friend by brilliant attraction. Tonight, she beams the Sunspot of her Salon des Artistes. I greet her with ecstacy for the part she plays in leading us along the way of Light to a fuller development of our creative genius.
>
> California is the Sunspot of the earth, and will ever remain so, if genius buds anew. May the spirit of Mrs. Beckman suffuse us. Let us go then and find or develop a Whittier or a Lowell to sing enchantingly of our poppy and poinsettia. Give us a Byron who will ring out our Odes of Ocean. Deliver to us the genius of a Walt Whitman—great lover of the natural, that once again the tongues of the grasses may speak in sweetness. Come to us, O John Muir, and through the crystal vision of the glaciers, teach us a poet's appreciation of the grandeur of the West. May our artists brush upon their canvases the flush of a New Dawn in this, our Sunset Land. O musicians, tune your harps to the age old symphony playing through the

swaying boughs of our Giant Sequoias and Semper Virens, that the angels may kneel to hearken. We wait to greet the romancist, whose strand of pearls will unwind the drama enthroned in the heart of California, Old and New. Hark, a Homer winds our way to write the yet unwritten epic of the West. Shine on, O Sunspots of our Genius. Mrs. Beckman, lead us to the Light. The World's Sunspot today is Capt. Lindbergh, that intrepid and dauntless American youth, who as a Mercury of Love and vast Simplicity of Heart has given the Old World a valid introduction to great America. Young Lindbergh rode the waves of air to glory, and he flew the cross currents of rule and curriculum,—stumbling blocks in the path of the Inspired. More power to him, as he vibrantly interprets Democracy. Capt. Lindbergh believed in his inspiration,—monoplaning across the Atlantic with but a single motor, and at last, the Old and the New World have met in a kiss of loving understanding, fanned into being by his "Spirit Of St. Louis." Captain Lindbergh on the wings of a like Inspiration, thus ever to burnish our Golden Gate with the gleams of our Genius—O California, our Sunspot, be praised,—Mrs. Beckman live among us!

By Mrs. Vernille De Witt-Warr

Contribution to anthropological science by the gifted Harry Carr, staff philosopher of the eminent Los Angeles *Times:*

The Indian has no churches and no special day of worship, because his life is one long prayer.

Scientific news on the front page of the Hawthorne *Journal:*

An interesting experience, which bears the earmarks of a revelation, fell to the lot of Mrs. R. C. Fuller of 14425 Second street, Lawndale, last month when, while sitting in her home, there appeared before her on the walls of the room the outlines of a head which remained long enough for her to make a hasty tracing, after which it disappeared.

According to her story, which is borne out by her husband, who was present during the time of the appearance of the head, the two of them were seated in the room talking together, when suddenly she saw outlined upon the wall a golden light, and as she gazed upon it in amazement a head appeared. Thinking it might be a creature of her imagination she glanced at her husband and saw that he was intently gazing at the object. She spoke to him, asking if he saw as she did. He replied in the affirmative, and allowing her gaze to turn back to the wall she was impelled with the thought that she should preserve the image, if it were possible, and involuntarily picked up from a table a sheet of paper and pencil and, approaching the picture, placed the paper over the head and, as she expressed it, in sort of a daze, automatically traced the lines as they appeared. In view of the fact that she professes no knowledge of drawing, the tracing she displays is a remarkable piece of work. After completing the outline, being assisted while doing this by her husband, the head slowly faded and disappeared. And as they gaxed in amazement upon the tracing the realization came to them that they had come in contact with the accepted likeness of the Christ.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Contribution to moral science by the Rev. Arthur James Barton, D.D., general superintendent of the Missouri Baptist General Association and chairman of the executive committee of the Anti-Saloon League of America:

The Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States is the most benevolent, the most beneficent, the most far-reaching reform ever inaugurated by any people anywhere in the history of the world and any man who sneers at it is an enemy of God.

Any man who drinks liquor either in public or in private is an anarchist.

Any man who drinks liquor deserves no more respect than the lowest elements, the very dregs of human society.

Any banker who in the privacy of his home has a social dinner for his friends and serves wine at his table, defying the law, has no right to complain or to ask the protection of society if at the moment he is drinking his wine a burglar breaks into his bank and robs—for he and the burglar are one at heart.

Note upon the glorious state of the newspaper profession in the Republic, from the swell souvenir programme distributed at the opening of the Fox Motion Picture Cathedral in Washington:

The Washington newspaper correspondents, who represent their fraternity throughout the world, feel this night the inspiration of high emotions. Through the courtesy of Mr. William Fox the opening performance is under the auspices of the National Press Club, the builders and owners of the National Press Building, and it is with conscious pride and gratitude that the National Press Club tonight presents to Washington and to the nation one of the largest and most beautiful theatres in the world. To be the medium of this presentation is an honor that will live forever in our memory.

If the scroll of time could be rolled backward three and one-half centuries and the boy Shakespeare could emerge from beneath the horizontal slab at Trinity Cathedral, whose inscription forever forbids meddlesome interference with his bones, how he would be thrilled if he could behold what we see tonight! And what incentive he would find here for the exercise of his incomparable genius! Or, if the Elysian fields could yield back to our presence Lawrence Barrett and Edwin Booth and Sir Henry Irving, how they would revel in

the richness of this playhouse and how they would enjoy its modern offering of the Heaven-born gift of acting—the motion picture drama!

And what would one of those old hen-pecked codgers who side-stepped their Xanthippes and hiked to the stone benches in the open-air theatre of Dionysus at Athens think if he could be here tonight to occupy one of these luxurious chairs, with a real roof over his head and a convenient near-by smoking room where he could enjoy his favorite brand of cigarettes during the intermissions?

We doubt whether even Mr. Fox realizes how well he has builded, or what a signal service he has rendered to the capital and to the nation, by the establishment of this matchless theatre. Every great capital in the world's history has had its outstanding place of amusement, which was the pulse of its very life. It is not too much to say that this theatre will in time become to Washington and to America what the theatre of Dionysus was to Athens, the Coliseum to Rome, the Hippodrome at Constantinople to the Byzantine Empire, and what today the Paris Opera House is to the French nation. Just as the great capital of France is oriented around the Place de l' Opéra, so may we not expect Washington to become oriented, in sentiment at least, around the theatre which tonight it is our privilege to dedicate?

LOUIS LUDLOW,
President of National Press Club

PEARLS of wisdom from the gifted editorial writers of the Washington *Star:*

Easy and accessible forms of communications are always harbingers of better understanding and good will. . . .

The personal element in negotiations, no matter how involved, has its place. . . .

Thoughtfulness is an attribute that should be assiduously cultivated. . . .

Every man and every woman should have a full sense of responsibility, not only to those about him, but to the community as well. . . .

No one can go his own way through life willy nilly, looking neither right nor left. . . .

DISPATCH from Washington to the eminent Pittsburgh *Press:*

Senator Heflin startled disciples of Darwin by pointing out that not a single monkey, gorilla or chimpanzee in zoölogical gardens in hundreds of years has produced an offspring that developed into a human being. He claimed his citation was absolute proof that the theory of evolution is fallacious.

FLORIDA

HE-MAN recreations of the Jacksonville Masonic Club, as recorded by the Florida *Times-Union:*

In a milk-drinking contest, arranged by Charlie Morrison, between Dr. Robert M. Baker, John Wilkes and Dr. George W. Edgar, the prize was awarded to Mr. Wilkes, who finished the contents of his bottle first. The milk was consumed through a nipple.

GEORGIA

INCIDENT of the Christian life in Lumpkin county, as chronicled by Editor Townsend, of the Dahlonega *Nugget:*

We are told that at one church in Lumpkin county, while they were breaking the bread and drinking grape juice, and when the waiter reached one old sister she forgot her chew of tobacco until she took the bread and sipped the juice. The machinery of her throat not being made (nor no one else's) so she could swallow one without the other, so it was three in one, which all had to go together, one way or the other, and being confident that her stomach would not take her Brown Mule and bread and juice all together without making her sick, the poor woman with much embarrassment, opened her mouth and the contents of her mouth dropped to the church floor, with the Brown Mule in the lead. Of course this unusual occurrence attracted the attention of the whole congregation and caused some to laugh, but when the minister started up an old familiar song, things soon became normal for the time being.

ILLINOIS

LETTERHEAD of a new order in Chicago:

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF SOCIAL-SUPERCRATS
(*Associated with the Institute of Supermanity, Manchester, England*)
923 NORTH LA SALLE STREET
CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

AIM OF THE ORDER
Gladness, Wisdom, and Power

MOTTO
To be Rich in Reason; Wealthy with Wisdom, and Opulent with Optimism

OFFICIALS
F. M. Wilkesbarre
President-Founder & Lecturer
F. E. Minkler
Organizer
Malcolm Cole
Treasurer
A. Sage
Secretary
H. Norton
Frank Sullivan
Knights of Knowledge

THE Rev. Dr. John T. Braber Smith, of the World Service Commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with headquarters in Chicago, as reported by the Sioux City, Ia., *Journal:*

The Bible continues to be the only real textbook on advertising.

THE worship of God in the rising town of Alton, seat of Shurtleff Baptist College, the Monticello Female Seminary, the Western Military Academy, the State Hospital for the Insane, and the Chicago and Alton Railway shops:

During the absence of the pastor from the city over Sunday the pulpit of the Spring Street Tabernacle will be filled by his wife, Mrs. A. W. Kortkamp, who will give an illustrated sermon tomorrow night. The pulpit of the church will be the scene of a hospital operating room. Mrs. Kortkamp will be the surgeon on the job, dressed in a surgeon's garb, and there will be two nurses and several other assistants all dressed appropriate to the scene. The nurses will carry in the patient—a little boy—on a stretcher and place him on the operating table. The surgeon will be preaching her sermon all the time as the act progresses and performing the operation at the same time. The patient, Mrs. Kortkamp says, will represent an unsaved person. The operation will be for the removal of the evil heart and replacing it with a pure one, also the head, hands and other parts of the boy being removed and replaced with new ones. The feet are to be taken off and feet that will "bring tidings" will be put on. The pulpit of the church will be decorated for the occasion, and electric lights will be specially arranged for the occasion.

KANSAS

THE Altoona *Tribune* makes an announcement to its readers:

Ten cents straight will be charged for all obituary notices to all business men who do not advertise while living. Delinquent subscribers will be charged fifteen cents per line for an obituary notice. Advertisers and cash subscribers will receive as good a send-off as we are capable of writing, without any charge whatever. Better send in your subscription, as the hog cholera is abroad in the land.

LOUISIANA

FROM the obituary column of the New Orleans *Tribune:*

In memory of our dear son and our loving brother, CHRISTOPHER EARL SCULLY, murdered June 27, 1927.

Months have gone since our last goodbye
To the son and brother we loved so well
Forevermore with tear-stained eyes
Whose story he could never tell
Of the cowardly, pretending friends
Those leeches, that surrounded him
Unmoved, unacting, while his end
Being plotted by assassins.

We know the chance, they gave you none
Their work well planned, was well done,
But if a spirit-world does exist
Our message, dear boy, to you is this:
Your shadow haunt them, night and day,
And try and tell us, in some way
That we on earth can make the fight
Where you left off, the wrong make right.

MARYLAND FREE STATE

WILD life in St. Mary's county, as reported by the celebrated *Enterprise* of Leonardtown:

Mr. Joe Van Wert, of Chaptico, reports rats in his section so large that the boys sell their hides for muskrat hides. Joe says they ate the tires off his truck and would have eaten the chassis, but received a shock from the battery and gave up the job.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE state of theological thought in this great State, the former home of William Ellery Channing and Theodore Parker, as reported by the Boston *Advertiser:*

A dedication service of automobiles to the glory of God was advocated by President E. C. Herrick, of the Newton Theological Institution, at the closing of the Rockland, Me., Summer Conference. "The radio, automobile and all new things must be capitalized to the glory of God," he said.

MICHIGAN

OBITUARY notice in the Kalamazoo *Gazette:*

Bricklayers—As per usual the funeral of Judson Pressley will be held at D. S. Field's Undertaking Parlors, 219 W. Lovell, at 2:30 P.M., Monday. Meet at hall at 2:00 P.M., sharp.
M. T. KEAN, *Sec.*

MINNESOTA

FROM the letterhead of the eminent Northfield *News:*

NORTHFIELD
—Cows—
Colleges
and
—Contentment—
MINNESOTA

MISSOURI

ECCLESIASTICAL notice in the Kansas City *Star:*

Gospel preached; true messages; not a fake; see for yourself. John McLester, minister, 3023 E. 18th, K. C., Mo. Sundays, 8 P.M. Don't be misled by fake advice against us. We welcome your investigation, free.

NEBRASKA

THE Hon. Ed. L. Runyon, editor of the *People's Banner*, of David City, spits on his hands and shows what he can do:

On June 15, 1925, God whispered to his angels and they came to earth and left in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Leeper, two little buds of humanity, two darling baby boys, and bade the parents to love and cherish them till they should call for them again. These little flowers grew in sweetness and stature and entwined themselves around the hearts of their loved ones more and more. But the Dear Heavenly Father saw fit to place a cross upon the parents in that Fred did not thrive as his sturdy brother, Addie, but could only lie on the poor little weak back in bed or carriage. All the loving care and love bestowed upon the wee head was in vain, and on Thursday last the Dear Father let down the beautiful ladder from above and reaching down from Heaven, led the little one up into the Home Eternal, where the little feet can tread the golden streets, and where there can be no pain, but only joy and peace and love. Little Fred leaves to miss his baby presence, a loving mother and father, his twin brother, Addie, also three sisters, Margaret, Eva and Delia. And now at the foot of the ladder they sit looking upward with quiet tears till the fluttering robe and beckoning hand of the child at the top reappears.

THE perils of life on the steppes, as reported by an alert agent of the celebrated Omaha *World-Herald:*

Threshers at the Harry Bennett farm in Bellevue wondered Saturday why the coffee had a peculiar taste. They discovered later. Mrs. Bennett's mother, Mrs. J. E. Kintner, was helping cook for the threshers, who are known to have prodigious appetites. She filled a sugar bowl from a sack of crystalline substance, which she thought was sugar. The "sugar" went into the threshers' coffee cups. Later it was learned that she had filled the sugar bowl with Epsom salts.

SPORTING news from the rising town of Hartington:

A fathers' contest to put babies to sleep was a feature of the Cedar County Fair here. The three winners accomplished the feat in less than ten minutes. Eight men contested. One baby had such a sleepy start he had to be withdrawn, because he refused to wake up and start all over again. Another baby laughed and gurgled to the delight of the spectators but the keen discomfort of the contesting father. The winners stood still or walked very little and lulled the babies to sleep with little coos.

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY dispatch to the New York *Sun:*

At the opening of the New Jersey State Funeral Directors' Association at the Breakers here yesterday the exhibits included coffins lined with gay-colored silks, with corresponding exteriors. The purpose, it was explained to curious reporters, is to "relieve the ghastly and spectral effect of old-fashioned black and white coffins."

NEWS of the learned world from the want ad columns of the Morristown *Record:*

I AM an experienced principal of high-schools. Will teach and run a lawn mower and do other light work. Inquire Lunch Room, 35 Bank street, E. Ballentine. 306-3t

NEW YORK

FROM the announcement of courses for 1927–1928 of the Brooklyn Teachers' Association:

THE CONQUEST OF CONSTIPATION. The five master exercises for the elimination of constipation. The correct diet for the correction of chronic constipation.

Constipation is a bitter enemy and the forerunner of many chronic diseases. Learn how to banish it permanently.

REJUVENATION—YOUTH ALWAYS. How to restore elasticity to the skin. How to correct sagging neck muscles. How to grow hair. How to straighten a bent spine. How to win back a youthful body.

PERSONAL POWER, SUCCESS AND A MAGNETIC PERSONALITY. The science of building a magnetic personality fully explained. The path to personal power. How to develop a pleasing compelling speaking voice. How to use the principles of VITALIC CULTURE in everyday life. Things you should know about yourself. How to live a Creative Life. Laws of Personality Unfoldment and Scientific Life Building.

HOW TO REACH AND UTILIZE THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND. The three planes of mind. The approved method of influencing the subconscious mind. The laws of auto suggestion. Mr. Gaines will demonstrate how to use the subconscious mind for the healing of disease and in solving one's daily problems.

THE Hon. Lew Ney sets the poetical pot to boiling furiously in Greenwich Village:

Any poet anywhere may enter his or her verses in the First National Poetry Exhibition. There is no clique, no committee, no group (a *Times* editorial to the contrary notwithstanding). The editor of the *Times* is in error when he states: "So many are aspiring to honors in the poetry exhibition being held by one of the organized groups that rigid rules have been drawn up controlling their behavior."

We started out two months ago pinning poems on my studio wall in answer to a letter published in the *Times* which said in part: "We might have a room somewhere in Greenwich Village, where, for a few days each month, the poems of young and unknown creators would be displayed, neatly typed, on the wall. The main note emphasized would be freedom from cliques. All poets could exhibit. The poem will stand or fall on its own merits."

My studio became at once the rendezvous for poets from Brooklyn, Mount Vernon, Connecticut, Detroit, Dallas, Englewood and points north, east, south and west. I didn't mind, poets being mild and mostly decent people. But I was away in the wicked City of Boston most of August. A friend of mine gave up a room for a month, free of charge. We have now moved back to my studio for more space, and I have rented an extra floor to hang poetry in and incidentally lodge and feed poets. As one of the permanent guests remarked a moment ago, "These are the slopes of Parnassus." Even Maxwell Bodenheim has had a free bed in my new institution.

Each poem entered in the exhibition hereafter must be accompanied by ten cents. One man tried to leave 3,000 poems. This new rule stops the guinea pig variety and gives mere human beings a chance. When a poem is received it is pasted in a scrap-book. Visitors read these poems and endorse those that they like. Five endorsements give the poem a number and a place in another scrap-book where all the poems are uniformly typed. Twenty-five endorsements in this scrap-book from heterogeneous readers make the poem eligible to be printed in our "primary" anthology.

As soon as enough poems have been endorsed for the publication of 32 tabloid pages of "primary" anthology (a booklet like the New York *Times* Book Review Section) the collection will go to press, perhaps 600 poems. This anthology will be circulated far and wide at a low price and those who read the collection will be entitled to cast a ballot naming the 25 best poems. Our cash prizes will go to the winners in this popular selection and the 100 best poems will be set up by hand in a new face of type especially suited for poetry. This beautiful book will be the "ANTHOLOGY OF LITTLE HOUSE POETRY of the FIRST NATIONAL POETRY EXHIBITION."

LEW NEY.
30 East Twelfth Street.

WANT ad in the eminent *Evening Graphic:*

YOUNG lady who understands theater and professional legitimate stage to type manuscripts; must be experienced; I do not care for deep thinkers. Call between 5–6 P.M., 55 West 42d, Room 559.

THE Rev. William H. Powers, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Ithaca, as reported by the Elmira *Star-Gazette:*

Christ Jesus was the first Unknown Soldier.

OHIO

THE Rev. Amos Oyer, pastor of the Homewood Baptist Church, testifies to the power of prayer:

In 1907 I began labors as a missionary in Africa, where I later contracted spinal trouble necessitating my return from the field. My trouble grew worse continually. I would lay awake all night and suffer tortures. For two years I had to give up the ministry and later took it up again. I got so weak that I had not the strength to pick up my eight-months old baby. There were times when I could not move my head an inch, without crying out for pain. I was unable to get up without help. I took treatments from fourteen doctors and took more than seventy pounds of Epsom salts. After taking electric treatments for eighteen months, the doctors said that I could never be cured. One day I was in such a hopeless condition that I lay for two solid hours and was unable to move a limb or hand and I was tempted to take my life. X-ray pictures showed that my fifth, sixth and seventh vertical vertebrae were grown together. On the twentieth of last month, Evangelist F. F. Bosworth prayed for me, and I felt the power of God through me from the top of my head to the base of my spine. That night I slept like a baby. I can now stand up straight and I can touch the floor with my hands without bending my knee. Before my healing, if I lay for fifteen minutes, it would take me half an hour to straighten up again.

AMOS OYER.

FROM the Washington correspondent of the Editors' Feature Service, with headquarters in the Times Building, Cleveland:

Why have American losses been so small—even in bitter contests, like the Civil War and the War of 1812? The adjutant general's office has no answer to that question, but other military experts have suggested this: American troops always have fought in a clean, sportsmanlike, civilized manner. They have committed no atrocities. Hence the enemy never has been obliged to take reprisals and this has kept down casualties on both sides.

LAW Enforcement note from the wilds of Meigs county:

William Harper, a farmer living on Devil's Hole Creek near Middleport, reports to Prohibition officers that his bees are coming home drunk and that he suspects they get it from moonshine plants back in the hills, where the fermented mash is thrown on the ground after using. He says that many of the stills are being operated by miners who are out on a strike.

OKLAHOMA

ECCLESIASTICAL intelligence in the celebrated *News* of Oklahoma City:

Establishment of a new record for baptisms was made at a revival meeting at Eric this week, according to an announcement published in the *Baptist Messenger*, official publication of the Baptist convention in Oklahoma. In one hour and seven minutes, Pastor B. A. Etheredge and a Fort Worth revival team baptized 190.

"If one man," says the *Messenger*, "can baptize about three a minute, it looks like the force at Pentecost would need only a brief time

to baptize 3000. People who say that 3000 could not have been baptized on the day of Pentecost might do a little figuring."

PENNSYLVANIA

THE state of the public service in this great State, as revealed by communications to two consecutive issues of the Sunbury *Daily:*

We have a man in Snyder county who is a candidate for an office, and I notice on his cards he states we need better Law Enforcement and a more active officer in the particular office he is seeking. Now if such be the case that we need better Law Enforcement, why doesn't this man start Law Enforcement right at his own home instead of allowing his wife to work twelve to thirteen hours per day in a public kitchen, as well as work the day she should be off by law? I believe this candidate would be wise if he and his wife would look up the female labor laws and practice what he preaches. The female labor law says a woman shall only work 10 hours per day, 54 hours per week, and 6 days per week. It does not say 60 to 70 hours per week nor 7 days per week. It means just what it reads.

(*Signed*)
A SNYDER COUNTY VOTER.

In Friday evening's paper a statement was made in regard to my candidacy for constable and what my cards stated in regard to Law Enforcement and I wish to say the following: the statements were made by E. C. Fisher, my brother and were due entirely to jealousy, and besides, he should read the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," and he forgets that when he was arrested for bootlegging it was my wife and I that bailed him out of jail, also his son has repeatedly operated a motor car without a license, and he is continually causing trouble and reporting some one. Last year he reported his mother for working over hours at the Country Club and I immediately wrote a letter to Harrisburg, telling them to ignore his letter, and beside, the State representative told the women at the Country Club that if it was necessary sometimes they could work a little longer than usual, but the more you rub at a black kettle, the blacker you get.

(*Signed*) GEO. V. FISCHER,
Rolling Green, Pa.

TENNESSEE

FROM the proceedings of the Senate of this internationally famous Christian Commonwealth:

SENATE RESOLUTION NO. 11
(By Messrs. Remine, Hensley, Chambers, Overton, Brown of Shelby, and Hallberg.)

Whereas, One of the outstanding stars of the great American game of baseball is now a guest of the Capital City of the State, and,

Whereas, This celebrity of sportsdom enjoys the confidence, respect and esteem of the citizenship of our great State, therefore,

Be it resolved by the Senate of the Sixty-fifth General Assembly, That the Honorable George Herman Ruth, affectionately known to the American people as Babe, be and is hereby invited to visit and address the State Senate in session at his convenience during his stay in the city.

Be it further resolved, That a copy of this resolution be transmitted to Mr. Ruth immediately after its adoption.

Adopted.

HENRY H. HORTON,
Speaker of the Senate.

WISCONSIN

SCIENTIFIC handbill circulated throughout this celebrated State:

AFTER THE DOCTOR
HAS GIVEN A PATIENT UP TO DIE
With Pneumonia and Hemorrhage of the Lungs and hope has left but ere one spark
ALBERT JONES'
Redeemer
Will Cut the Hard Phlegm and Clear Out the Tubes or Air Passages Inside of Thirty Minutes

Then the patient is out of danger. Redeemer's equal and speed is not known to the medical world. This recipe was handed down from Grandmother to Mother and from Mother to Myself. I have had it registered in U. S. Patent Office and it is now for sale at the Jones Hotel, 1309 Banks avenue, Superior, Wis. $50 per bottle or money back, provided there is no other complication of disease, such as heart disease. It will be further understood that even after the patient has gone through convulsions and the eyes have turned in their sockets, when the jaws will have to be pried open and the patient choked until you hear the swallow, it is not too late, so long as the pulse is still beating. Redeemer will triumph today, as well as it did one hundred years ago. REDEEMER means to RESCUE; REDEEMER means to SAVE all persons between infancy and forty.

ALBERT JONES
1309 Banks Ave., Superior, Wis.
AGENT

WYOMING

RECREATIONS of the learned in this cultured State, as reported by the Cheyenne *Tribune:*

Mrs. Robert A. Morton, State superintendent of public instruction, was hostess Monday evening at dinner at the Plains Hotel in honor of the members of the State board of education, many of whom were in the city to attend the annual convention of the Wyoming State Teachers' Association. Following the banquet Mrs. Morton entertained her guests at the Lincoln Theater, where the stock company was presenting "Mamma Loves Papa."

NEW REMEDIES—AND SOME OLD ONES

BY LOGAN CLENDENING

The field of medicine in which the smallest advances are likely to be made hereafter is therapeutics—the science of cure. The reasons for this are many and obvious. It is a commonplace of practice to have a disappointed patient say, "If I take my automobile to a garage, I expect to have the mechanic there fix it." But the body is not an automobile, and the physician has no replaceable parts on his shelves. There is probably no more pathetic human fallacy than the one, widely held, that it is a part of nature's plan for everyone to be healthy all the time; and a companion piece to this delusion is the one to the effect that for every disease nature has provided somewhere a method of cure, and that when one is ill all one has to do to recover is to take something, whether it be a pill or a diet or a surgical operation, provided one can only find the physician, or failing that, the quack or chiropractor who has the secret. The plain and unwelcome truth is that disease is perfectly normal in the world, that the human body tends steadily to degenerate during its lifetime, and that death is an inevitable necessity. With many diseases, therefore, all that can be done is to alleviate the symptoms, and apply rest and time until the processes of nature either heal or kill. In fact, most of its practitioners prefer to call therapeutics "the art of treatment," rather than "the science of cure," as I did above.

Nevertheless, in spite of the inherent difficulties some progress does get made. I have recently been under the necessity of reviewing all the work that has been done in therapeutics in the last five years, in preparation for the new edition of a volume I committed on the subject that long ago, and it has been no light task to wade through all even of the more important advances. These advances have a curiously reminiscent quality to one who is familiar with the history of therapeutics: the methods used in the discovery of new cures or treatments do not differ today from those used by the profession during all the centuries.

The discovery of new drugs still goes on. The latest is ephedrine. It is obtained from a Chinese plant and has been used in Chinese medicine for thousands of years. Its virtues were recognized by some American physicians working in China, and it was introduced by them into western practice. This was exactly the way in which quinine and ipecac and digitalis were introduced—quinine was borrowed from the pharmacopoeia of South American Indians, and digitalis from an old herb-woman in England. Ephedrine is a drug having physiological actions almost exactly identical with those of epinephrin (adrenalin). Epinephrin is obtained from animal tissue, *i.e.*, the adrenal gland; ephedrine comes from a plant. Here it is stimulating to philosophic speculation to observe that we have a chemical substance obtained from a plant which duplicates the action of a chemical substance which is a normal secretion of an animal gland. Ephedrine increases the blood pressure very suddenly, strengthens the heart beat, dilates the pupil, constricts superficial blood vessels, such as those of the nose, when applied directly, and relaxes the constrictor muscles of the bronchial tubes. It is, there-

fore, useful in bronchial asthma, in hay fever, and in nose, throat and eye work. Its great advantage over epinephrine is that it is absorbed by mouth, whereas epinephrine may be effectively given for its systemic effect, as in asthma, only by hypodermic. The hypodermic use of epinephrine is very irritating to the skin, and when it has to be prolonged the patient is made tremendously uncomfortable, so that the introduction of ephedrine constitutes a real addition to the list of useful drugs.

But it is not only by the discovery of new drugs that advances are made in therapeutics. Some of our most valuable researches have concerned themselves with finding new uses for old ones. For instance, sodium chloride or common salt has been used for ages for many different purposes, and yet new ones have lately been found for it. Dr. Wile, of the University of Michigan, has given out a means of clearing up the skin eruptions which follow on the prolonged use of bromides by the administration of sodium chloride. Certain chronic invalids, particularly epileptics, are compelled to use bromides continuously, and when the skin eruptions occur several weeks are ordinarily required before they disappear. Dr. Wile has demonstrated that when chlorine salts are given under these circumstances the body cells tend to take up the chlorine atoms in preference to those of bromine, thus liberating the latter, which are excreted by the kidneys, so that the clearing up of a bromide rash is now a matter of days rather than of weeks.

Salt has also been found to be useful in prolonged vomiting from various causes, and symptomatically in headaches. In my own university, Dr. Orr and Dr. Haden have shown that in intestinal obstruction there is an enormous disappearance of chlorides from the body, and that simply by replacing this loss with salt, animals and patients may be kept alive for incredible periods and life preserved in this very treacherous condition.

II

Ammonium chloride is an old, old drug which has been used in cough mixtures from time immemorial. No one thought very much of it, and it has barely escaped once or twice being ejected from polite society. "I do not believe ammonium chloride has much action," rather pathetically remarked a famous American therapist, "but I would hate to try to get along without it." Now come Drs. Kieth and Rowntree of the Mayo Clinic with a brand new use for it in dropsy. Nothing could be more fascinating than to speculate upon why it makes certain stubborn dropsies which have resisted all other methods of treatment melt away almost over night. The method of its action involves some of the most interesting physiological reactions we know about in the body.

Calcium chloride was first used for the purpose, a pediatrician having found that when it was added to infant's milk the little patients lost weight, due to water excretion. Acting on this hint, Schultz tried it out in the dropsy of war nephritis or trench kidney, and found that the dropsy disappeared even when all other methods had failed. This report caught the eye of the Mayo investigators, who tried it out in the dropsy of ordinary kidney disease, and of cirrhosis of the liver. It works very well, apparently by causing the chlorine atom to unite with sodium in the dropsical fluid; when the sodium is excreted it takes the fluid along with it. Later, ammonium chloride was substituted for the calcium chloride, because it is better tolerated by the stomach. Both salts are acid in reaction, and our present knowledge of those kidney diseases which are accompanied by dropsy indicates that when they are present there is a lack of balance in the normal acid-alkaline reaction in the tissues. Thus a discovery in treatment helps us to understand the physiology of kidney disease.

Another interesting example of replacement therapy concerns the new use for calcium chloride in lead poisoning. Noth-

ing that I have reviewed has seemed to me more fascinating than the discoveries Aub and his associates have made about the old industrial disease of lead poisoning or painter's colic. To summarize them briefly, it was found that when an individual is continuously exposed to lead and begins to absorb it in his body, he does so for a long time before symptoms begin. The reason for this is that the lead, after absorption, is deposited in the bones. Not until the bones are completely saturated and no more lead can be held in them does the lead which is absorbed begin to cause symptoms. Treatment must not only contemplate the stoppage of further exposure to and absorption of lead, but must also get rid of these deposits in the bones. This, Aub found, could be accomplished by giving calcium chloride; the bones, being made up of calcium, take it up readily, releasing the lead. Can anything be more interesting than this research, worked out so completely by a single group of investigators? It reveals the whole mechanism of the commonest of the poisonings to which the body is exposed as a result of our modern industrial organization.

Certain advances in our knowledge of a given treatment come only with time. When insulin, the magical substance given us for the treatment of diabetes, was introduced five years ago, the whole medical world knew instantly, after a few trials, that it would burn starches in the diabetic patient, that it would allow severe diabetics to eat a larger diet, and that it would rapidly bring a patient out of coma, which had hitherto been a fatal state. But no one could answer certain other pressing questions. Would the action of insulin, regularly taken, continue to be effective? Would the patient build up an immunity to its use, so that larger and larger doses would be required? What would be the effect of regular administration on the general health of the patient? How long might life be maintained under its use? Was it useful in all cases of diabetes? Only time can answer such questions. But in the case of insulin, enough time has already elapsed for us to feel that they can all be answered in the way we would like for the patient's sake.

Diets constitute some of the most effective and indispensable methods of treatment. Within two years we have had an entirely new diet, introduced by Minot and Murphy, of Boston, for the treatment of pernicious anemia. It acts almost like a serum or a specific drug. It consists in giving a large quantity of protein or meaty food, especially liver, which contains a great deal of cholesterol. Just how this diet acts is unknown. Some members of the profession have observed that certain patients with pernicious anemia did not eat any meat for twenty years before the disease was recognized. It may be a food-deficiency disease. Nothing final can be said as yet. But it is certain that pernicious anemia cases may be brought out of the most profound states of relapse in a few days simply by feeding the patients plenty of liver, and that they appear to continue in relative good health so long as they use it.

III

Probably the most astounding of all the recent methods of treatment is the one which has deliberately produced one disease in a patient in order to rid him of another—the malaria treatment of paresis. In this the plasmodium of malaria is introduced hypodermically—much as the mosquito introduces it—into the body of a man or woman with paresis, and after there have been six to ten chills, quinine is given to kill off the malaria. In about 65% of the cases the paresis is by that time well on its way to recovery. Paresis is of course always caused by syphilis of the nervous system. The malaria, however, does not act on the principle of one germ eating another—set a thief to catch a thief. Its use followed a shrewd observation made by a Danish alienist who had an epidemic of erysipelas in his asylum. Curiously, several of his paretics, after they recovered

from the erysipelas, were well of their paresis also. It was concluded that the result was due to the high temperature the infection caused in the body, it being known that the organism which causes syphilis, the *spirochæta pallida*, cannot survive a prolonged temperature of 105° F.

At first, after these observations were announced, treatment of paresis was undertaken by infecting the patient with erysipelas, but the danger proved to be too great. Then another observation came to light, that in a district in Central America, syphilis almost never occurred among the natives of a malaria-infected swamp country, although it was common among kindred natives exposed to the same temptations who lived in a malaria-free upland nearby. Thus by a series of accidents in discovery, the use of the malaria organism for paresis became established. Since its introduction a medical historian has become convinced from a re-reading of Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography that Benvenuto's syphilis was cured by a malarial infection received in the Roman swamps.

In immunology the most important advance has been the production of an antitoxin to scarlet fever, along with the trying out of skin tests for the determination of immunes and susceptibles. In endocrinology, Allen and Pratt have produced a reliable ovarian hormone, and uses for the parathyroid hormone in hæmorrhage have been found. In non-specific protein therapy, Miller has had some very encouraging results from the treatment of migraine with peptone, and this work has been confirmed by other observers. Thus in many departments there is encouragement to those who work in the difficult field of treatment.

FIG LEAVES

BY FRANCES ANNE ALLEN

A few years back we used to hear, every now and then, of a woman who, upon viewing herself dressed in the mode of the moment, thought that the thing suited her. In fact, it suddenly came over her that there had never been a fashion before that *had* suited her. So she braced herself and made a firm resolve not to deviate from that fashion, and before she had time to change her mind, she had several hats and frocks made.

Her friends looked upon her with awe and envy. They admired her stand. She became famous . . . , got her picture in the rotogravures, and was pointed out on streets and in restaurants. The *couturier* who pleased her sold her many copies of the self-same frock, and enjoyed prosperity. With the new season, she bought more frocks of the same cut, but in the fashionable colors. Alas for that woman! Stealthily and inevitably the mode changed. Soon her friends were whispering behind their hands. They began to think her queer rather than rational—affected instead of wise. Maybe, if she was brave, she stuck it out for the whole of the new season. But never longer. If she was well-bred, she didn't want to be conspicuous. Soon she began to realize that if she must choose a permanent costume, she had better renounce the world and take the veil. So she had a good cry, called up the Salvation Army, told them there would be a neat bundle ready at 5:30, and went and bought *le dernier cri*—in which she looked like the devil.

Such sad scenes were enacted over and over during the first naïve years of our present glorious century. All the reformers moaned that Fashion was making slaves of women. They said that dress was the only thought of women with money, and they founded community centers with organized games of bean-bag to take the minds of shop-girls off the ruinous subject. They wailed that the craze forced advertisers to tell lies that would make Ananias go and hide his head, and they begged the sex to look back at the moral, rational Nineteenth Century,—those Good Old Days when they didn't have to have a new style every year, and had time to read three-decker novels.

Such busy, indignant, sweating souls are still at it. They've got so used to hearing themselves talk that they've forgot to look Fashion squarely in the eye to see what is happening to her. As a matter of record, she has reformed without the aid of the reformers. Those worthies may find this incredible, but it is the unadorned truth nevertheless, and it is time the achievement got a little notice.

II

But first we had better go back into the Good Old Days and see how it all came about. It is a fact that in that happy era they didn't have to have something new every season. At one time Fashion was content to stand still for no less than twenty years! From 1800 to 1820 Madame Récamier and her penchant for Greek lines held sway over France, England and the United States. The standard costume much resembled a nightie, and when the ladies set foot upon the avenue, they looked for all the world as if they had been surprised by a midnight

fire-alarm, and had hurried out, snatching up the prefect of police's coat and God knows whose hat from the vestibule. Madame Récamier liked to lounge, and the mode she fostered was ideal for that. We must thank her for a fashion that followed the lines of the body, and was therefore graceful.

In reality, the *régime de Récamier* had its effects for more than twenty years, for while her influence was not so pronounced after 1820, nothing really breathless happened to Fashion until 1837, when the virtuous Queen Victoria came in for her fling. She introduced an era of harp-playing, fancy work, and sentimentality that was felt throughout the fashionable world. She so influenced dressmakers that they became the arch foes of beauty for nigh on to a hundred years. A glance through *Godey's Lady's Book* will show what horrors ensued. For stout Victoria's sake the lines of the body were hidden beneath puffings, paddings, and protuberances, and there they stayed hidden and full of mystery until the year 1909.

Beneath her voluminous, billowing skirt, the *élégante* of the day wore three petticoats—one of flannel, one of heavy moire, and one of stiff and rustling silk. Then a pair of lawn drawers (the name comes to us as a legacy of the era), and then the *pièce de résistance*,—a woolen encasement, worn next the skin, the body part of which incorporated whale-boning that held the figure in a vice-like, ferocious grip. Small wonder that the fashionables were often ailing, and when they weren't, were surely sore! Small wonder that bright rosy cheeks were considered "common," that anemia was the vogue, and that a lady was marked by her illnesses and swoonings! Above the tremendous skirt rose a pinhead topped with a comic little hat, and below it peeped ugly little boots and striped stockings. How intrigue or even marriage could have gone on in those days is beyond comprehension. It was an apt time for the race to die out, but instead—God works in mysterious ways—it flourished.

These Victorian skirts, in varying degrees of voluminosity, continued until 1875; the style lasted thirty-eight years. Then the fulness was drawn away from the front and collected in the back, and it looked as if a feeble hope might be entertained that women would once more look like women. But then, in 1881, some perverted soul invented the bustle, a padded contraption hung below the waist in back, which gave an appalling importance to that portion of the anatomy. It began in a modest way, but soon knew no bounds. Finally, they took to hanging flounces on it, and it almost travelled alone.

Nor was this the worst. Next came elephantiasis of the sleeve, and the fashion architects, thinking the abnormal size of them not sufficient in itself, began to make them of different material from the gown, and embellished them with passementerie, appliquéd lace, and brandebourgs. The approved colors were garish greens, reds and purples. Hopscotch plaids and checks were decidedly *au moment*. The fashion parade was a riotous kaleidoscope.

It must have been a bitter moment to those who bossed the mode when they began to realize that a simple mechanical invention, quite divorced from the world of fashion, would be the instrument to amputate the bustle from its seemingly secure place. This was the humble bicycle, now scorned by all in America save small boys and girls. For this service to humanity a bicycle of purest gold should be placed in the Hall of Fame, next to a golden bathtub. For the two bore down upon the country hand in hand.

The disgusting fact must be faced that the world had smelled very badly for a considerable length of time. Bathing was not fashionable. Neither was night air. Then bicycling came along and got the feminine pores to working. The ladies simply had to bathe, and thus the bicycle became the father of our now cleanly nation. It was inevitable that it should set some new styles to take the place of the deposed bustle. Came wide bloomers,

flounced coats, and ridiculous untrimmed felt hats which the fair riders had a terrible time keeping pinned to their coiffures.

Then, in 1900, the birth and adoption of the snorting motor car brought an avalanche of feminine motor caps, hats, veils, goggles, gauntlets, and capes. The most innocent trip around the block was prepared for with all the care of an arctic expedition. The not-ungraceful but refuse-collecting bell skirt had come in, and women began to take up golf. Armed with the necessary instruments, a fuzzy tam o' shanter, and partially surrounded by a tent of white duck, they trilled "Fore!" and forthwith started digging up the greens.

At this point, old Victoria must have eyed the world with a melancholy and hopeless eye, for by the time of her death her pet precepts of dress were completely put to route. Fashion stood on the brink of such a mad whirl as it had never seen before. The reformers who had been shaking their heads more and more ominously as ladies grew less ladylike, what with their bicycles, motor cars, and golf, were now fairly dancing in anticipation of what was to come.

III

With the passing of the dictatorship of the old Queen, dressmaking upstarts took the world by the ears and began telling it what to wear—telling it something different every time it turned around, and the women fell for it. It became a question whether they could get their clothes decently enough worn to give to the cook and her sister before they had to buy new ones. And this mad whirl gathered such momentum that it kept going for twenty-three years!

It started in 1900 with Madame's wearing a ruffled, flounced, braided, and stitched bell-shaped skirt, and a tight-sleeved, high-necked blouse. In 1901 they pulled her blouse out of its moorings until it bloused eight inches over and below the belt, gave her a double puff sleeve, and set upon her new pompadour the contrivance known as the picture-hat. Ostriches and ribbon-counter clerks were sacrificed by the score for those hats, and not a few headaches resulted from them.

In 1902 the fulness of the sleeve slid down below the elbow, they stuffed her blouse back in, and took a few yards out of her skirt. When the belle of 1903 approached a corner her pancake hat appeared first, followed by her pompadour, followed by her blouse, which had been yanked out and made to hang over again, and finally followed by herself, trailing a train which materially aided the work of the white wings.

In 1904 they let her lie and catch her breath. In 1905 the separate skirt and blouse appeared. Gores and pleats were substituted for flounces and ruffles. The sleeve puff went back up above the elbow, and a lacy sheath covered the arm from there down. They bobbed the train in 1906 and continued to simplify the costume. The Gibson Girl—America's only real contribution to Fashion—in stiffly starched white skirt and elbow-sleeved blouse decorated with red ribbons, had her best inning in 1907. The sloppy, overhanging shoulder line appeared in 1908, and the ladies ripped off their dust ruffles and allowed their skirts to swing a full, lascivious inch above the ground.

Then came a drastic change. Off came the furbelows, the shirrings and the puffings. Once more, after seventy years, the female form could be discerned beneath its garments. The gentlemen adjusted their spectacles and feasted their eyes on a vision that none save the oldest had ever seen. Madame emerged from her cocoon and presented a slim silhouette to a gasping world. It was the tailored mode—tailored to the neck.

They played and fussed with it for five years. They raised the waistline and draped the skirt. They gave it fur cuffs and allowed it to wear hats of every known and many unknown descriptions. Necks were unwrapped and given a chance at the air

through modest V's and dickeys. With the year 1914 we must pause. There may be some who remember that the late War started in that year. But there are others who remember it as the year when the feminine leg made its first legitimate, unblushing appearance in modern times.

Just before this Fashion had put women into long hobble-skirts. It took them hours to get anywhere. They couldn't make street car or automobile steps, and fell down and barked their shins. Something had to be done about it, and the answer came in the form of the slit skirt. Sometimes it was slit in front, sometimes on the side. It made the ladies feel quite naughty. The really naughty ones slit it to the knee. Complete emancipation came in 1915 and 1916. Skirts ceased to be slit and suddenly grew full, and were a brazen eight inches off the ground. Winds blew merrily and the gentlemen cursed nothing so much as a bit of dust in the eye. Those were happy years for all.

Modification came in 1917. The slim silhouette returned and skirts began their upward climb. By 1921 they were just above the calf, and reformers shook their heads, covered one eye, and blamed it on the period of recklessness that always follows in the wake of war. A second drastic change came in 1922. Skirts suddenly dropped to the ground and gave the bowlegged girls another chance. Everything was draped and exuded a Grecian atmosphere. The débutante slouch was affected, and many maidens travelled about following their stomachs.

Then, in 1923, came the dawn at last. The mad whirl's rumble began to die away. The pace of changing fashion slowed down . . . not to the stodgy plodding of Victorianism, but to a gait approaching an admirable stability . . . the same admirable stability which we are still enjoying. It began with skirts getting back up where they belonged, and where women actually wanted them to be. Extra folds, bunches, and lengths were done away with. Nothing trailed and nothing draped. Frocks were made of just enough material to cover the subject from collar bone to knee cap. Styles, for the first time in history, were undeniably youthful. Bobbed hair helped that youthful aspect no end. By 1923 it was prevalent in America, and "My dear, you look ten years younger!" was heard on every side. What woman, hearing such blandishments, is going to pin on a switch? The permanency of bobbed hair made for the permanency of the new trend. You can't grow a new crop of hair over night.

Fashion had been kind to the plump for a long, long time. It let them hide their surplus weight under an ungodly amount of material. It also made the thin girls look fat, which they didn't relish so much. But with the vogue of Premet's La Garçonne frock in 1923, which was the most important single factor in the establishing of the youthful idea, the slender woman became the reigning queen. "Oh," you'll say, "the slender woman has always been the fashionable woman!" Yes, but what was once considered slender wouldn't get by at all today. Sarah Bernhardt was always complaining in her memoirs that she was so dreadfully thin. She couldn't get engagements because of it, and she wore her sleeves down to the middle of her hand to hide the scrawniness of her arms. And yet, looking at them with modern eyes, her pictures show enough embonpoint to fill a bushel basket, to say nothing of thighs that make you fear for her tights.

Today, women who are built along Sarah's lines heap gold into the coffers of the reducing parlors. They are determined to roll the fat off in spots, wash it off, slap it off, pound it off, starve it off . . . anything to get it *off*. Their goal is to emulate the two-by-four females who simper and languish on the pages of the fashion magazines. Our Victorian forbears would have had fits at such tampering with God's work. But you couldn't have got them into a Garçonne with a shoe horn.

IV

Premet had no idea that his brain child was going to be a world beater. It was just a simple, boyish, black satin frock with a white collar and white cuffs, which he named after Victor Margueritte's novel, a best seller in France at the time. Every American buyer bought it, and every French and American manufacturer pirated it. It appeared on cash girls and *grandes dames* alike . . . and became the cash girls better. To go with it, the milliners introduced a simple felt cloche hat, innocent of all adornment save a grosgrain ribbon band. If you had veiled the faces of the feminine population in 1923 and 1924, you would have had to resort to birthmarks and knock-knees for identification.

The Garçonne attained a popularity little short of miraculous, and the ladies joyfully played at being boyish and submerged their individualities in it for three seasons. But by the end of that time the phenomenon of gentlemanly attentions fell off perceptibly, the American tradition of chivalry began to go the continental way, and the women made the devastating discovery that they were being treated too much as equals by the men for the reason that they looked too much like them. They had started to develop masculine muscles by lighting their own cigarettes and helping themselves to seats and pushing swinging doors. "Why dontcha do it yourself?" smote pink ears too often.

Therefore, in order to get the accustomed amount of errand-running out of their boy friends, it came to pass that the women wanted the Garçonne feminized. They had not the slightest intention of giving up its youthful outline,—that is here to stay for a long while,—but they *did* want it modified. So side flares appeared, and tiered skirts, and last year bows were perched on shoulders and at hip-lines . . . and the girls got what they wanted.

Another thing that got a death grip upon them along with the Garçonne was light-colored hose. Beige, so-called nude, and grey tones took them by storm. Every economical household magically acquired a new supply of dust cloths made up of discarded brown and black hose slit down the legs and sewed edge to edge. The brown or black clad leg became a funereal thing,—something to be shunned. The light shades weren't and aren't bad. In fact, they light up the avenue considerably. But, like all other present-day fashions, they are designed for the svelte ideal,—the toothpick lady whose calf is not distinctly bulbous above the ankle. They are not a boon to the generously proportioned female, but in months of studious inspection I have not come across one who has had the intestinal fortitude to pass them up. As a result the fat girls waddle about on legs that appear twice their native size.

We must give the shade called French nude a moment's reflection. It is a color verging on an atrocious orange-pink, which, when washed, becomes something more angry still. It must be said in defense of the French, and for the benefit of Americans who have never seen a French person, that the name is erroneous. I am quite sure that no Frenchman's epidermis has ever exhibited such a hue, unless boiled in oil for three minutes. But a great deal of French nude is worn, though it has another name by now . . . a dozen other names. All the original light colors have.

This naming of colors is a vastly important affair. It is not just a feminine folly, as many gentlemen, noses in air, have doubtless supposed it to be. It, and the invention and naming of new fabrics, are the devices through which we now get variety in dress. From 1900 to 1923 we had actual changes of fashion. Now we are much more subtle about it. We get along with the *illusion* of change. Fashions themselves have become quite stable old ladies, but somehow or other the idea of newness and variety must be got across, or the wary female customer, more wary than the male, won't buy. A dozen new colors and as many new fabrics every year do the trick, and neatly.

Consider the new colors. The business of inventing names for them gives employment to many worthy persons, and without a doubt they are looked upon in their establishments as geniuses. Their job cannot be compared to the childish task of naming Pullmans. Each of them, one fancies, lives in an impenetrable sanctum, in which, upon a neat shelf, are placed absinthe, rotgut, attar of roses, heroin, and other dream-producing stimulants. When a new color from the dye factories is shoved under his door, the virtuoso takes a swig of his favorite, and lets nature take its course. The new name is then emblazoned in the dailies and the monthlies, with the gratifying result that the female public tosses its old things of that hue in the ashcan, and runs to purchase new ones.

One of the first requisites in naming colors is to give no hint of the color. Guess what garnelle, morisand, liseron, sanka, distanel, punch, daphne, pandora, and opera are! You can't do it. A couple of them sound like something, but they aren't what you think at all. Garnelle, for instance, hasn't a bit of garnet in it. It is a muddy brown. So it's all just in fun. You mustn't take it seriously.

On the other hand, when you hear of a new fabric, it isn't just an old one dressed up in a new name. It is a real honest-to-God new fabric, no matter how fantastic its monicker. Now that the girls are satisfied with the present youthful silhouette and simply want it refurbished occasionally with a new neckline, belt, or modest flounce, it falls upon the weavers to go into constant confinement, labor until beads of perspiration stand out on their brows, and then emerge, flushed and triumphant, with a new silk, woolen, or linen which will readily adapt itself to the prevailing mode.

Look at the meagre selection of fabrics our lamented ancestors had to choose from: cashmere, merino, alpaca, taffeta, tarletan, poplin, dimity, calico, chiffon, challis, velvet,—and brocades, satins, and silks that were as stiff as boards. Painfully small compared with today! The silk crêpe family alone has produced as many offspring as the whole textile business could boast a score of years ago. Crêpe de chine is the whiskered and venerable patriarch whose legitimate children are flat crêpe, sultana crêpe, crêpe jolie, crêpe romaine, georgette crêpe, pebble crêpe, roshanara crêpe, frost crêpe, canton crêpe, Yo-san crêpe, and crêpe-back satin. His love children are far more numerous,—ligela, chenaire, mirrokrepe, chenalure, mirrofrost, starkrepe, panadore, valmerry, evenada, fawnkrepe, and chinabelle.

V

The idea carries over into the woolen world as well. You never heard of such woolen fabrics as crepella, frisca, joseena, durana, charmeen, hasha, or molta before the war. Consider the excuses to buy new things in those fabrics! The very names enchant the habitual readers of apparel advertisement so much that they simply have to go down town to see what the stuff is. Ten to one they get sold, and everybody's happy but father.

Time was when velvet was revered as something royal, something to nurse and protect, and be careful not to spill anything on. Now it has joined the laboring class and is seen as often on the golf course as in the night club. It has a dozen different guises and is the fabric which the most important weavers are most concerned with at present. They have made it supple and transparent, have woven it, printed it, batiked it. They take it when it is wet, crush it, and send it out into society. A crushed evening gown of today, lissome, graceful, brief, would never recognize its austere parent in the form of an evening gown of the '80's,—an affair of immense importance from the waist down, but not worth a sou from there up.

Variety has got into furs, too. Not the styles,—they are as straight and simple as are frocks, for the most part. But the women of today, with all the other things

in the fashion realm to choose from, couldn't be expected to be contented with the paltry number of fur coats that our grandmothers could count on. These were otter, beaver, seal, Persian lamb, and if they were born lucky, acquired luck, or weren't so particular,—ermine and sable. Today scarcely a fur-bearing animal escapes. Even old Bossie and Dobbin aren't safe. We chase gophers into their holes, drag them out, and dub them susliki. We scramble after chipmunks, make them into coats, and baptize them barondouki. We have our grandmother's choice plus broadtail, mole, krimmer, nutria, marmot, muskrat, gazelle, caracul, marten, raccoon, squirrel, and monkey.

The furriers of yesterday were content to call rabbit, rabbit, and consecrate it to infants. But now, when every woman must have a fur coat regardless of her income, bunnies are being snared by the million, and are turned into things they had no intention of being. The pelts known as squirrelette, beaverette, numink, sealine, and raccooney are none other than Peter Rabbit gone wrong. He clothes the bourgeoisie and others not so fortunate, and gives them their money's worth. Just lately chinchilla has been simulated in rabbit fur, and since only the rich ever acquire real chinchilla, only the rich are going to get its imitation, for coats of chinchilla coney are priced well above a thousand dollars.

Fashions in shoes can never be as capricious as other wearing apparel, for a shoe, it will be agreed by all who wear them, must fit the foot, and that inhibits the shoe designer's flights of fancy. The equivalent of the leg o' mutton sleeve or the bustle placed somewhere on a shoe would never attain a great vogue, we can be reasonably sure. But the shoemaker must keep up his end of the game of variety, and his main field is found in the dumb creatures who possess a skin tough enough to stand the gaff.

He once picked on the kid and the calf and let it go at that. But lately he has gone a-hunting and has come back with the skin of the lizard, the alligator, the watersnake, the rattler, and the python slung across his shoulder. He has fashioned shoes of these reptiles and has raised them from a hole in the ground to the spotlight of the mode. Every woman who can afford it, and a great many who cannot, has a pair of snakeskin shoes.

The shoemaker has also discovered the paint pots. He both dyes and lacquers his leather, and does as neat a job as any automobile body painter. What with these recent discoveries and the fabrics he employs for evening slippers, he has nothing to worry about except to produce a hundred or so designs a year,—designs that use a great deal of open air and very little material. That is what women now like to pay for.

To run to the other extremity, hats have at last come into their own. You can't say that much thought and study was ever really given them up to the time of the armistice. The things that women had to wear in the twenty-five years preceding were atrocious blobs of silk, velvet, or lace, dripping with flowers and cherries and plumes—shapeless masses, or so overpowering as to frighten horses into a runaway. During much of the Victorian era, the women, young and old, wore bonnets —horrors that no modern grandmother would be caught dead in.

With the discovery of the small, close-fitting felt hat, the hatpin industry failed and the fear went out of men's eyes when they had to enter crowded elevators. "Is my hat on straight?" survives only as an archaism, though the habit of looking into a mirror still hangs on, for some reason. The manufacture of felt, heretofore upheld by pool tables and men's hats, has become a major industry, but the milliners now have to confine their designs to the dimensions of one head instead of the width of a door. To keep up the idea of variety and newness and to jolly the girls along, they decorate the same little shape with a new doo-dad every year—a

pin of brilliants, a bevo gardenia, or a clump of flat feathers.

It is the straw hat that has shown most development, however. In days gone by you bought a leghorn, a milan, a panama, or a stiff sailor. Now you can buy a ballibuntl, a sisal, a moufflon, a crochet, a visca, a chouquette, a frisette, a mouchette! They are all real straws, and every one different, too.

VI

Let us now discuss the delicate matter of undies. There are many who fear that eventually undies will become extinct, and are ready, pen in hand, to subscribe to a museum for them. Perhaps you will remember the corset-cover. Where is it now? Gone with the deceitful rubber bust, to no good end! Where is the long-sleeved knitted shirt, the long-legged knitted trousers, the long-sleeved and long-legged union-suit that every respectable woman once wore, and saw to it that her daughter wore? Where is the petticoat, the boned brassière, and the more recent camisole? Gone, all gone . . . and replaced by a single silken garment—the chemise. Those women who have time for two garments wear a lace bandeau and a pair of shorts in some form or other. The frock is worn directly over these things. And yet women take as long to dress as they used to when it was necessary to call in a neighbor to help pull the corset-strings.

Thus we see that the pace of Fashion has actually slowed down, that it is not the whimsical thing it once was, that the illusion of change persists only because of the guises it wears. The reformer may now take his megaphone and go home. There are plenty of women, however, who have not yet realized the fact, and who from force of habit are still at the ringside listening to the announcements of the *couturiers*, thinking that each announcement presages a new model and not just an improvement on an old one.

But the woman who really wants to hang on to her clothes more than one season may now do so with perfect equanimity. All she really needs is the latest in accessories to make her look brand new. Even the late improvements on the youthful silhouette are apparently good for three years. Take the matter of flounces. They made their appearance over two years ago and are still going strong. Read the dope in the fashion magazines about the diagonal tucking and seaming that you now see all over coats and frocks, and you will read the same stuff that you have been reading for a year and a half.

Do you remember the Channel red and jungle green shades that were delivered to a waiting world a year ago last Fall? They arrived all over again in 1927 under the skinny masquerade of new names,—bourboyne and balsam.

And I'll bet a hat you will see them again this year.

Music

THE WOODWIND

By John Redfield

In the first decade of the Nineteenth Century there was a certain goldsmith's apprentice in Munich who spent his days mastering his craft and his evenings teaching himself to play the one-keyed flute. By the time he was sixteen he had become so good a mechanic that, dissatisfied with his old flute, he sold it, borrowed from a friend a four-keyed flute to serve as a model, and made himself a new instrument. His playing of the new instrument so annoyed a professional flutist of the neighborhood that the latter in self-defense offered to furnish him systematic instruction upon it. The young mechanic showed such improvement that at the end of two years he was able to get a position in a theatre orchestra of the city. He was still dissatisfied with his instrument, however, and constructed for himself and for others copies of all the best flutes available, but incorporating in them many improvements of his own. The remaining seventy years of his life he gave almost exclusively to constructing a flute that should satisfy him, but he never quite succeeded in doing so.

When Theobald Boehm died in 1881 at the age of eighty-eight there was little left of the flute to identify it with the instrument with which he began. Theretofore it had been constructed of wood; he changed it to silver. The bore, which had been conical, became cylindrical. The inside dimensions of the head-joint he completely revolutionized, and he changed the distance of the blow-hole from the end-plug. He changed the height and design of the posts which support the keys, and improved the screws entering the posts as well as the method of fastening the springs to the body. He so revolutionized the system of fingering that flutists had to learn to play all over again. He changed the manner of blowing, and the character of tone produced by it.

As I have said, he never succeeded in making a flute that entirely satisfied him, but the one he produced was such a vast improvement over the old model that the Boehm flute is now used by every professional flute-player the world over. While it is not without its faults, it probably approximates more nearly to the possibilities that such an instrument is capable of than any other musical instrument. Its tone quality and intonation will probably never be materially improved, it is as beautiful to look at as a Cremona violin, and as a piece of machinery it is as well constructed as a watch. It has been at the same time the inspiration of all the improvements since made in other woodwind instruments, and the despair of the makers of other woodwinds because they have not been able to equal it.

He was the first man to make a musical instrument according to scientific principles; and since him there have been but two others, D. J. Blaikley and Victor Mahillon, both now dead. Arriving at the conclusion, at the age of fifty-two, that he would never be able to produce the instrument he wished without the aid of scientific knowledge, Boehm gave two years to the study of sound under Professor von Schafhautl at the University of Munich. At the end of that time he turned out his flute in its definitive acoustical form; his later improvements were confined to matters of mechanism. Withal he was one of the most modest, unostentatious men imaginable. After giving seventy years of his

life to a labor of love, he was reluctant to permit even a brief biography of himself to be appended to his explanation of the improved instrument.

Every musical instrument should possess three characteristics: its scale should be sufficiently correct to be inoffensive to the most discriminating musical ear; its notes a half-tone apart should be so nearly alike in tone quality that they cannot be identified from their tone quality alone; and throughout its compass it should furnish a reasonable facility of execution in all signatures. The instrument which lacks any one of these three qualifications is one upon which there is yet work to be done. The instrument which possesses all three may be looked upon as completed.

The flute possesses all three. Its intonation in the first two octaves is entirely satisfactory; the intonation of the highest octave leaves something to be desired, but this probably cannot be overcome. The tone quality of chromatically adjacent notes cannot be distinguished, and its facility in different signatures throughout its compass is very nearly equal. No other instrument of the orchestra possesses to the same degree all three of these characteristics; and, for that reason, no other orchestral instrument is as nearly perfect as the flute.

Of the remaining woodwinds, the oboe probably most nearly approaches it. Its intonation, of course, depends much upon the player, but this is true of all the woodwinds; the intonation of the oboe itself, as distinguished from that of the player, may be said to be satisfactory. The same is true of the tone quality of chromatically adjacent notes; no two are sufficiently different in quality to be distinguishable because of that alone. The system of fingering, moreover, is such that the player is at home in any signature throughout the compass of the instrument.

As much cannot be said for either the clarinet or the bassoon. Both of these instruments badly need a complete overhauling such as Boehm gave the flute. The intonation of the clarinet is so faulty that clarinetists have come to accept resignedly the claim of the makers that it is impossible to construct a clarinet that will be in tune. The solo clarinetist of the Marine Band once said to me: "There never was a clarinet that was in tune"; and his view is representative of the opinion of professional clarinetists. When the clarinetist needs a new instrument he is compelled to try out clarinets by the score until he finally finds one that he can force into tune by lipping; and this one he purchases.

In the matter of evenness of scale the clarinet is as faulty as it is with respect to intonation. Of the twenty-five tone holes of the clarinet there are only about half a dozen whose notes cannot be positively identified from tone quality alone by a person familiar with the particular clarinet being played. The bell notes, for example, are much fuller and rounder, and less reedy, than the notes a half-tone above them. D in the lower register is probably the best note of the entire register; it is rich, round, full and glorious. C♯ just below it is abominable: fuzzy, choked and anæmic. All the throat notes from E to B♭ are unmusical except G♯ and A. The F♯ and B♭, however, are good notes if made with the side keys —which is seldom possible. In the lower joint both the G and the A speak with difficulty, seeming inclined to stick in the instrument rather than to emerge freely from it; and the same is true of the notes produced by these same holes in the upper register, D and E.

From the standpoint of facility in different key-signatures the so-called Boehm clarinet (with which, however, Boehm never had anything to do) is quite satisfactory, although it might be improved slightly in one or two respects. But its key mechanism is atrocious when compared with that of the flute. So noisy are the keys that I have heard the clarinets of a large band rattle distinctly enough during the playing of a programme to be heard backstage. Nothing of the sort would be at all

possible with flutes. One of the reasons why one never hears a clarinet solo is that the rattling of the key mechanism would be distinctly audible in a *pianissimo* passage. Another reason is that many notes of the clarinet are so poor in quality that the soloist would have to change frequently during his solo to a clarinet in another key in order that the bad notes of his instrument might be avoided, as he is now compelled to do while playing in the orchestra.

None of these faults of the clarinet is inherent in the instrument. They remain simply and solely because clarinets are not constructed with the same painstaking care that is given to flutes. There is no reason why the intonation in the lower and middle registers cannot be psychologically perfect, *i.e.*, accurate enough that the most discriminating of musical ears will not be able to tell whether a given note is too sharp or too flat. There is also no reason why the scale of the clarinet cannot be even enough in tone quality that adjacent notes cannot be qualitatively distinguished except at the point where the notes change from the lower register to the upper, or vice versa. There is furthermore no reason why the mechanism of the clarinet cannot be as silent in its operation and as beautiful in its appearance as that of a flute. What is needed is someone to do for the clarinet what Boehm did for the flute.

It would be ungracious to underrate the work of Savary, Jancourt, Triebert, Buffet and Heckel toward the improvement of the bassoon. But it would also be an ignoring of patent facts if one failed to recognize that the bassoon is still in most unsatisfactory condition. Its intonation is worse, if possible, than that of the clarinet. Indeed it is so bad that the bassoonist cannot play any bassoon in tune except his own. Moreover, the key mechanism is such that the notes belonging to the major sixth from bottom B♭ up to G on the first line of the bass clef can only be played when detached from one another, and even so they must be played quite slowly. But these are precisely the notes for which the woodwinds make chief dependence upon the bassoon, and for the lower four of these notes the bassoon is the woodwind's sole dependence.

Someone should set himself the task of devising a key mechanism for the notes of this lower sixth which will make it possible to slur from any one of these notes to any other of them. The problem should not be beyond solution; there are nine notes to be fingered from B♭ up to G, and there are two thumbs and two little fingers available with which to finger them. The two little fingers already finger four notes on the clarinet, or even five notes if the instrument happens to have a low E♭. Surely it would not be impossible, with a suitable key mechanism, to finger nine notes on the bassoon with the four fingers that are available.

I am also convinced that the faulty intonation of the bassoon can be remedied. The difficulty respecting intonation has been overcome in the sarrusophone, and the same might perhaps be done for the bassoon by employing the same means. The defective intonation of the bassoon arises, of course, from the fact that some of the tone holes are bored obliquely through its walls, which practice makes it impossible to produce a tone hole whose length from the inside surface of the tube to the outside shall meet very precise specifications; in consequence, the pitch of the note produced through this hole is not very precisely determined, and faulty intonation is the result. If all the tone holes were bored through straight instead of obliquely, then the intonation of the bassoon could be made as accurate as desired. The question naturally arises whether the tone quality would thus be impaired; but I am of the opinion that this need not follow if sufficient attention be given to determining the proper sizes for the several tone holes. It should not be forgotten that the tone holes of the sarrusophone, which is a metal bassoon, are much larger than those of the bassoon, and that this fact is chiefly responsible for the difference in tone quality of the two instruments.

Economics

UNDERLYING CHANGES IN AMERICAN BUSINESS

By W. L. Wanlass

As every one who has studied business knows, most enterprises represent a bringing together of three elements—natural resources of one kind or another, capital in various forms, and the human element, which breathes the breath of life into the first two and makes them productive. The ideal in each case is to combine the three factors in just that proportion which will result in the maximum productivity.

Usually there are many obstacles to bringing about this ideal combination. The greatest of them is the relative scarcity (or viewed from a different angle, the relative abundance) of one or more of the elements that must enter into the productive unit. The extent to which this obstacle can be overcome determines, more than anything else, the prosperity of a given country. So long as an army of Japanese men and women are used to coal an ocean liner, each working practically without the aid of equipment, prosperity cannot come to such workers. So long as American workers can be supplied with more and better tools, and our natural resources continue adequate, such workers are almost certain to enjoy a relatively high degree of prosperity. Certain difficulties are experienced in making consumption keep pace with increasing production, but these can be overcome, and they are far less serious than the difficulties confronting a nation whose workers are daily faced with a scarcity of the other elements in the production combination.

Before leaving these generalizations and coming to the changes now going on in the United States, it should be pointed out that those who own or furnish the factor which is scarce or least abundant are likely to get the lion's share of what is produced. This is shown by the superior economic position of the landlord class in those countries or sections where land is the limited factor. But in a new country capitalists and workers are most likely to be in the ascendant, and land-owners, as such, can easily become land-poor.

At the beginning of the last century, the United States presented an economic picture far different from that which it presents today. Natural resources, in a multitude of forms, were abundant. Successive acquisitions of territory made them seem super-abundant. One can excuse the wasteful extravagance that prevailed when one pictures the situation as it presented itself to the people of the time.

On the other hand, tools, machinery and equipments were exceedingly scarce and difficult to get, and the situation was made the more acute because of the great industrial movement which was then sweeping over the Western World. It is not surprising that capitalists who could aid in meeting this demand early established themselves in a position of economic superiority. For decades capital continued to be the limiting factor in American industrial development. This was true even though great contributions were made by capitalists of the older countries of Europe. That the people of a hundred years ago were not more prosperous is due almost wholly to the fact that their efforts, great as they were, could not be supplemented and magnified by tools and machines such as we have today. Many of them were engaged in farming, and in this industry the dearth of efficient tools and equipment was most pronounced.

It would be interesting to trace, at least in broad outline, the development that has taken place from this early period to our own day. To do so, however, would require at least a small volume on economic history. It must suffice for the present purpose to outline some of the economic conditions that now exist. Great and significant changes may be noted. Indeed,

the two pictures are full of striking contrasts. Only less striking than the contrasts themselves is the rapidity with which these changes are still taking place. But the most impressive thing about both the contrasts and the changes is found in the ratio between the elements that enter into economic production—natural resources, capital, and the human factor.

The United States is still a land of abundant natural resources. Anyone who has traveled over her broad areas must be impressed with this fact. However, when we consider the tremendous demands which are now being made upon these resources we cannot be over-optimistic about the future. Two things should be noted in particular: there are no longer any great areas of land that have not been occupied, except those that promise, so far as our present knowledge goes, very little return; and certain important natural resources are absolutely scarce and increasingly difficult to obtain.

The population of the United States is now approximately one hundred and twenty millions. It is probable that no other country has ever experienced so great an increase in a similar length of time. The annual net increase in population is nearly one and three-quarters millions, despite the greater restrictions on immigration and a declining birth-rate. Increasing longevity is getting in its work.

This annual increase in the number of people to be fed, clothed, transported, entertained and otherwise maintained on a high plane of living is most impressive. It is equivalent to the present population of Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, and Wyoming. In ten years this net increase has exceeded the present population of all of the eleven Western States, including such populous ones as California and Washington.

In the light of what has been said, it is difficult, at first, to understand how we have managed to maintain these ever-increasing numbers on a constantly rising standard of living. The key to this apparent difficulty is found in the marked increase in per capita production which efficient tools and machinery have made possible. If the bounties of nature become more difficult to obtain we overcome the obstacles by more and better equipment. If we must go a mile into the earth to get our anthracite coal, we make the task easier than was that of our forefathers who had to go but a few hundred feet.

Providing this capital is a cumulative process. Capital begets capital. Beginning with very meager supplies a hundred years ago, this process has gone on until now increases seem to take place almost automatically and with very little effort or sacrifice on our part. In our own day we seem to be experiencing a kind of culmination of this process. How long, by means of more and better equipments, we can keep pace with our receding natural resources is a question that only the future can answer. Certainly capital by and of itself, no matter how abundant, cannot give us all the things we desire.

From what we know today, it is evident that capital has completely shifted its position in the productive combination. Instead of being the short factor, it has become the abundant factor. This is shown in many ways. Commercial interest rates have never been so low in this or any other country as they have been during the past few years. Many industries which formerly employed from one to ten thousand dollars' worth of capital per worker now employ from twenty to thirty thousand or more per worker. Naturally, this makes such workers immensely more productive. Attractive bond and stock flotations are subscribed by anxious American investors oftentimes before formal announcement of the issues is made. Not infrequently these subscriptions exceed the amount of the issue by five or six times. This is true whether the securities are offered by divisions of government or private corporations in America, or by similar agencies in foreign countries. If further evidence of this abundance of capital were necessary,

it could be found in the ever-mounting volume of instalment selling, which is merely another result of the effort of capitalists to find profitable employment for their capital.

Many more details could be given to show the great changes that have taken place in this ratio of population, land and capital, but probably enough has been said to form the basis for certain inferences that may now be drawn. In the first place, it is clearly evident that the owner of natural resources will not continue to occupy the position that has been his traditional one. This is the one element in the combination that cannot be increased. Already the owners of certain better or more favorably situated areas have reaped or are reaping the benefits. This is most notably true of those sections that have been occupied by our cities or that are capable of producing petroleum. As the United States becomes more like the older countries, she may do to some extent as they have done—draw upon the unused resources of less highly developed regions. But here the opportunities are limited not only because these regions are for the most part experiencing the same processes of development, but also because of the greater costs that would be involved. It is true, also, that science may yet show us ways to make our lands and other resources immensely more productive without prohibitive costs. But this, of course, is still in the realm of speculation.

If this first inference is well founded, we may expect the landowners of this country to approach more and more the position of the landlords of older countries. Rents of lands are bound to increase. Gradually more and more owners of natural resources will find it possible to live from rentals and will no longer be under the necessity of assuming the risks and burdens of operating industries directly.

The shift in the position of capital and the capitalist is almost directly opposite. As has already been indicated, capital can now be increased almost at will. Not only are the older sources of it more prolific, but each year shows the recruiting of tens of thousands to the ranks of the capitalists. We seem to be approaching a time when every normal adult will be a capitalist either in a modest or in a more important way. Much of this is directly attributable to the effort of large corporations to increase the numbers of their stockholders and bondholders by direct appeal to their employés and others, and to the expanding habit of saving. Most of all it is attributable to the increased earnings of the rank and file of the workers of America—earnings made greater by the very productivity of capital itself and the fact that the worker now finds his wages supplemented by the returns from capital contributions previously made.

No matter how we may account for this increased number of capitalists, the results are the same—an ever-increasing supply of capital. What then, we may ask, will be the future position of the capitalist as such? If our analysis is correct, and his contribution is to be more and more the abundant factor in the productive combination, we may expect him to receive a less proportionate return for each hundred dollars worth of capital contributed than he has in the past. Relatively, he will more and more approximate the position of the worker in those countries where labor is the abundant element, or the former position of the landowner in this country. This does not mean that his position will be the same. The greatly increasing productivity of the modern industrial system should, for a time at least, enable all those who participate in it to enjoy the benefits of abundant goods and services. But relatively, the capitalist, as such, cannot hope to continue in the strategic position he has previously held. Making due allowance for advancing economic civilization, he who would meet certain needs in the future from interest on his investments must see to it that those investments are very considerably larger than would have been necessary a few decades ago.

The ordinary American thus finds himself in a rather interesting dilemma. So far as savings and capital investments are concerned, he is under the necessity of investing more and more, if his income from this source is to be comparable to that of the capitalists of the past. This is his obligation to himself and his dependents. But as a good citizen in his own day and time, his greater obligation may be to utilize the purchasing power that comes to him in current spending, thus helping to relieve the great pressure of goods on our markets. The most urgent business problem today is how to find an outlet for the great stream of goods already flowing from our industries. Business failures are occurring at a rate unsurpassed in any period of the past, right in the midst of our prosperity and abundance. The main cause of these failures is inability to unload goods already produced. Instalment selling is not a cure-all. It may merely postpone the fatal day.

The most obvious apparent remedy for such a situation would be to pay still higher wages to workers and thus put greater purchasing power in their hands. But if this increased purchasing power should be used, in considerable measure at least, to augment savings and hence capital, rather than to relieve the groaning markets, it might make the situation worse rather than better. Almost for the first time in America one may seriously ask: Which is the greater social benefactor, one who spends his purchasing power for current consumption or one who saves and helps to augment the supply of capital?

UP FROM MARTYRDOM

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

At the last legislative session in the sovereign, if frequently somewhat gory, State of Alabama an irreverent law-maker arose to introduce a resolution. The preamble of this state paper called attention to some recent utterances by the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin, Alabama's senior United States Senator, in which that great Protestant statesman had taken powerful shots at Governor Al Smith of New York and Pope Pius XI of Rome. The resolution went on:

> *Whereas*, the United States of America is in grave danger of an attack by the Pope of Rome; and
>
> *Whereas*, except for the valor, bravery and foresight of that great and eminent leader and statesman, the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin, this country would be defenseless against such an attack; and
>
> *Whereas*, the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin should be in a position where he can defend the country in person against the impending attack of the Pope; now be it
>
> *Resolved*, by the House of Representatives of Alabama that the President of the United States be requested to appoint the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin an admiral in the navy and place him in command of the battleship *West Virginia*, with orders to anchor at New York harbor; and be it
>
> *Resolved further*, that the new admiral be instructed, upon the appearance of the Pope on the water, in the air, under the sea or in fancy, to fire unceasingly for a period of twelve hours with 16-inch shells loaded with the most deadly verbosity at the command of the admiral.

This merry jest, unfortunately, was received in ominous silence except for a few gleeful editorials in newspapers notoriously of wet, pro-Catholic sympathies. The Hon. Mr. Heflin will thus continue to do his heavy firing from the floor of the Senate chamber instead of from the Ambrose channel. And perhaps it is just as well, for New York and the rest of the nation have already a stalwart defender in the person of the Hon. William H. Anderson, LL.D., late of the Anti-Saloon League and now the master-mind in the American Protestant Alliance. Dr. Anderson is, in fact, both the father and the mother of this new bulwark against the hellish machinations of the Vatican. It was, he says, "conceived in prayer through suffering" while he was languishing in Sing Sing prison, "wrongfully convicted of a fake offense by Political Romanism" because of what he had "accomplished against it." The organization was first christened the American Prohibition Protestant Patriotic Protective Alliance, or A.P.P.P.P.A., but this appalling name was shortened after a few months to the snappier American Protestant Alliance. Offices have been opened at 500 Fifth avenue, in the great city of New York, and subscriptions are beginning to pour in. And so Dr. Anderson is happy again—making speeches, issuing pamphlets and sending broadsides to the newspapers, just as he did in the far-off, romantic days when national Prohibition was yet only a dream of the old ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Unlike Senator Heflin and the Klan, however, Dr. Anderson's new brotherhood is professedly as tolerant as the pastor of a Unitarian church. It differs from the moribund American Protective Association, whose initials were the same, in that it is "specifically not anti-Catholic" but only "pro-Protestant." It does not, it appears, attack "the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical establishment nor any church *as a church*." Its founder explains this seeming paradox thus:

> The American Protestant Alliance believes that there are many adherents of the Roman Catholic

system in America who, individually and personally, are sincere Christians and genuine patriots, and who have no comprehension of all that Political Romanism is trying to put over on their Protestant friends and neighbors—and their country. The Alliance is not shooting at them, and will not hit them, if they will refrain from insisting on moving within range and into the line of fire.

The test of whether a Catholic is contaminated by Political Romanism is very simple, Dr. Anderson reveals. If he objects to the work of the Alliance, or takes issue with its statements, it is safe to conclude that the worst is true. By protesting, he has shown himself in his true colors, as a villain working for the election of the Hon. Al Smith, and eager to hand over the United States, lock, stock and barrel, to the Pope and his diabolical wops. The official definition of Political Romanism as drafted by Dr. Anderson is:

The system of coöperation between professing adherents of the official Roman Catholic ecclesiastical establishment which wrongfully invokes, usually secretly, the spirit of religious conviction and church loyalty to further, either directly or indirectly, any Romanist purpose, usually more or less "political" as that word is generally understood in America by Americans.

The schemes of these Political Romanists, Dr. Anderson further relates in the literature of the Alliance, ordinarily receive "at least tacit approval from some clerical representative of that [ecclesiastical] establishment under the pretext that they are for the benefit of the system." And what Political Romanism does is thus revealed:

[It] corrupts politics to perpetuate itself. It has protected, and still does where it thinks that it is safe, gambling, prostitution and the liquor traffic—Hell's Trinity—in return for graft, blackmail and votes. It levies tribute on legitimate business that wishes special privilege. It spends part of the money extorted from legal and illegal business in helping the poor and ignorant and vicious to clinch their votes, thus maintaining an all-the-year political organization.

Through its notorious control of the police and less understood "influence" with the courts, all out of proportion to its numerical strength, it exploits crime and protects criminals to fatten on the proceeds. It seeks the mental enslavement and consents and contributes to the moral disintegration of the individual citizen that it may rise through mental blight and spiritual wreck to political domination and temporal power. Judged by its fruits it is everywhere, and always, evil.

From this outburst, which sounds a good deal like an up-State Republican (or Tennessee Democratic) conception of Tammany Hall, Dr. Anderson proceeds to note that certain aspects of Romanism are "more diabolically clever, more insidiously sinister, more intangibly menacing than anything else known in the world, with the possible exception of some phases of Oriental occultism and mysticism." Its "adroitness and adeptness in secret mental manipulation" and its "uncanny skill in crafty utilization of the power of suggestion seem to exemplify the Black Art." On the rare occasions when it works in the open, it is "cruel and ruthless." Nor is the indictment yet complete. It "wishes America to be both drunk and ignorant, because if America is sober, no large class of its population will stay ignorant; and if intelligent, even those of alien birth or parentage will not stay drunk." Its existence depends upon the liquor traffic and it knows that the swiftest "way for it to ride into national political domination is astride a beer-keg, floating on what it believes to be a rising tide of rum rebellion, flying a flag that mingles the red of alcohol anarchy with the black of moral piracy." It seeks to make the Protestant clergy appear ridiculous through stage lampooning. It has a "disproportionate representation in, and grip upon, the Army and Navy and the Diplomatic Corps" and in many States has "practically absolute" control of the entire judiciary, "including judges who are professedly Protestant."

II

Nearly all of the above is quoted by permission from "A Comprehensive Introductory Working Outline of the Philosophy, Principles, Purpose, Policy and Programme" of the American Protestant Alliance, issued under the sign manual of "William H. Anderson, LL.D., Founder and General Secretary." The outline is a 48-page booklet printed in microscopic type and containing 60,000 red-hot words.

No doubt much of it will seem, to papists and other such enemies of the true Faith, the most dreadful bilge ever uttered by man. Such miscreants will hint, perhaps, that the man cracked under the strain of his martyrdom at Sing Sing, and is now somewhat dotty. They will argue that the perils he sets forth are hallucinations swirling through the mind of one made frantic by sufferings in a dungeon, with no company save rats and snakes. They will dismiss his solemn warnings with sneers, and will laugh at the programme of the Alliance, which not only provides that Cardinals, Archbishops, monsignori and (if possible) priests shall be required by constitutional amendment to choose between their jobs and their American citizenship, but also that lay Catholics shall be haled to the public square and forced to attest in writing their disbelief in all the temporal pretensions of the Pope.

Fortunately, there are still some Americans of the old white non-papist stock left in this great land—indeed, millions of them. Upon the ears of these the warnings of the martyr will fall more gratefully, and out of their pockets will issue the necessary funds for his support. He has already exhibited himself before them, won their hearts, and collected their free-will offerings. He has made a tour of the Christian reaches of the late Confederate States, and heard the sweet music of hosannas and hallelujahs. He has spoken at the celebrated Pillar of Fire Church in Brooklyn and at the rich and intellectual Westminster Presbyterian Church in Atlantic City. A recent address was made at the Ocean City Tabernacle at Ocean City, and another at a Krusaders' piknik at Freeport, L. I. Certain spineless Protestant clergymen, knowing that Dr. Anderson is now in bad odor with the Anti-Saloon League, which he served so long and so heroically, are reluctant to give their endorsement to his new cause. His pamphlets contain, however, brotherly messages from the distinguished Rev. Arthur M. Young, pastor of the First Baptist Church at North Syracuse, N. Y., from three gentlemen of the cloth of Port Jefferson, N. Y. and from the Rev. Cymbrid Hughes, district superintendent for the Methodist Episcopal Church at Portland, Me. His audiences are made up of people who love both their country and the pure Christianity of apostolic times, and are privy to the plots of Rome against both. They have read in the *Fellowship Forum*, the mouthpiece of the Klan and highly recommended by Dr. Anderson, of the deviltries already on foot. They have bought, in many cases, a literary work entitled "In the Pillory," advertised in that great journal of patriotic opinion. This is mailed "in a plain wrapper" for $1; it sets forth how one of the Popes "made it a practice to shut himself in his apartment with scantily clad females."

Dr. Anderson thus feels greatly encouraged, and reports that contributions are more generous than was at first the case with the Anti-Saloon League. The financial plan of the American Protestant Alliance is very simple, and was conceived by him in prayer. He has learned his lesson, and does not intend that district attorneys and grand juries shall ever pry again into his account books. The subscription blanks, "carefully worked out with the assistance of competent legal counsel" as well as with divine guidance, provide that all gifts are made outright to Miss Mary M. Odell, treasurer of the Alliance and the faithful lieutenant of Dr. Anderson in his Anti-Saloon Days

This precaution is for the double purpose of defense against any anti-Protestant official anywhere in the country who may demand to inspect its [the Alliance's] books on the basis of alleged complaint from some named or unnamed enemy alleging that the movement is not being conducted in accordance with its published purpose.

Apparently such a plan offers the only protection against the danger of a wet, anti-Protestant conspiracy under the hypocritical profession of protecting dry Protestant contributors, to wreck a movement under pretense of saving it as soon as it becomes dangerously effective.

On this personal basis, so long as the dry Protestants who contribute the money are satisfied with what is done with it, the transaction is no affair of any wet, anti-Prohibition, snooping tool, whether public or private.

III

"A soldier who volunteers to enter the opposition lines and blow up the enemy's fortifications," said Dr. Anderson in March of 1924 as the gates of Sing Sing were about to snap behind him, "runs supreme risks. I am, by a fair analogy, a prisoner of war in the hands of the enemy. I am innocent of the alleged crime of which a wet jury in a hostile atmosphere voted me guilty."

For some time after his release nine months later, he played the sad, silent rôle of a martyr. The ungrateful Anti-Saloon League of New York, deserting him in his hour of woe, gave his superintendent's job to another and left him at the mercy of his enemies. He was heavily in debt. Nor had he received fair treatment from the wet, pro-Pope newspapers. The charge against him, technically so classified, had not been forgery as the public understands that crime: he was found guilty only of having made a false entry in the League's books, and that was done, so he claimed, to protect an employé. He swore on the sacred Scriptures that he did not profit by the transaction and that the League did not lose even the price of a mug of beer. Unluckily, all this swearing went for naught when he got on the stand and told the jury that the money involved had been a donation from a nebulous "John T. King," whom he could not produce in court. This sounded fishy to the jury, which was under Roman domination, and it decided to rebuke him by a verdict of guilty. The higher court in the State, made up largely of jurists appointed by the Pope personally, upheld his conviction and so he went to Sing Sing.

But soon after his release he issued a burning pamphlet called "Martyred for Prohibition," in which he set forth "the outrageous injustice of the Tammany conviction of William H. Anderson." But all this, happily enough, has now changed. He is no longer sore. As his American Protestant Alliance begins to grow, he even denies that he was ever a martyr:

> A martyr is a dead one, or at best one who is through. I AM JUST STARTING. I consider what I have been through a mere incident in the finest fight any Protestant American in this generation ever had a chance to make in the interests of a common humanity.

Certainly there is nothing dead or martyred about his appearance today. He is cheerfully unconcerned over the smallness and stuffiness of his offices, and cares not that his hosts of Protestantism are marshalled in a building in Fifth avenue which also houses stocking shops, corsetières and hairdressers. He is still the large, bulky figure that he was in 1915, when he journeyed to Albany and challenged Al Smith, the agent of Rome, to cease his diabolical opposition to local option legislation. His hair is just as black, or very nearly as black, as it was then. His mustache is just as bristling. His eyes become just as narrowed when he is crossed, and glint with the same patriotic fire that they used to show when he was throttling the Rum Demon. The only sign of age in him is a touch of flabbiness, now apparent in both his face and his figure. His holy zeal, however, has not grown flabby. He is no tolerant, good-natured, back-slapping, cigar-smoking wowser, willing to take a drink in camera as proof that he is a he-man.

"I have never permitted liquor to touch my lips," he declares—and no one free from Vatican influence will ever doubt that it is true.

There are no shadings in Dr. Anderson, for all his casuistical distinctions between Political Romanism and 100% American Catholicism. Those who disagree with him are wrong and damned—as damned as the flock of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick in the eyes of the eminent Dr. John Roach Straton. Al Smith, he insists, submitted his famous reply to Charles C. Marshall to the College of Cardinals for revision. It made at least two trips to Rome, he has been credibly informed. He is not surprised or discouraged by a tendency on the part of the New York newspapers to ignore the American Protestant Alliance.

"Every New York paper has a Catholic

censor on its copy desk," he explains. "He is not officially known as such, of course. But he does his work thoroughly. Even the *Times* has consistently told untruths about me. It has said that I have been attacking the Catholic Church. This is not true and they know that it is not true."

It would have been easier, quite likely, for him to retire with his wound stripes after his term in the jug, and settle down to a quiet law practice. He would have found plenty of clients among the litigious Methodists for whom he had labored so long. But the inner fires of such a hero cannot be banked. Before him, in his office, is a picture of Christ. He conceives that his new calling is, like Prohibition, divine —that the Lord has called him again.

IV

The leader of the hosts of God was born in Carlinville, Ill., in 1874. His father was a country lawyer and his mother a devout Methodist, a good woman who taught her son that rum was the root of all evil. He was a precocious youth, the records show, for at the age of ten he was winning most of the ribbons and Bibles offered by the Carlinville W. C. T. U. for the best original denunciations of alcohol. He went through the public schools of his native village and attended Blackburn College, a Christian institution of higher learning in the same place. In 1896 he was graduated from the University of Michigan and found himself a lawyer. He might have continued to practice in the wastes of Illinois, as he did for two years in the office of his father, had it not been for a convention of the newly formed Anti-Saloon League at Springfield, the old home town of Abraham Lincoln. Already a 32° member of the Epworth League, he attended the gathering in an official capacity, and was stirred to his most secret recesses by an address from the lips of the immortal Dr. Howard W. Russell, founder of the Anti-Saloon League. Like Paul, he saw a light.

"I was called into the work of the Anti-Saloon League," he later declared, "by direct divine suggestion, as clearly as any man was ever called into the regular gospel ministry."

He was in his early twenties when he thus began the battle that was to result in the legal execution of John Barleycorn. By 1905 he was State superintendent for the Illinois League and had caused 1,000 villages in the State to go dry by local option. After this he came to New York as associate superintendent in that wet Commonwealth, and soon had his courage further tested by being sent to the dripping wet Maryland Free State, and placed in supreme command there. The rum-soaked Marylanders, while treating him with their customary courtesy, showed very little enthusiasm for his cause during the seven years of his dictatorship among them. His dry bills were defeated in both houses of the Legislature or, at the least, in one. But he battled valiantly from his headquarters in Baltimore and hurled his thunderbolts at all the officials who opposed his holy work.

Nor was his courage merely oratorical. One day an agent of the Pope crashed into his office with a black-snake whip and announced that he was going to administer a beating. Sustained by the Holy Spirit, the crusader showed the physical strength of a Gene Tunney. With pious shouts he wrenched the lash from his attacker, subdued him, and dragged him to the town hoosegow, where he was interned for thirty days. Soon afterward, for a local option hearing at Annapolis, he packed eleven day coaches with Methodists and Baptists and stormed the State Capitol. His bills, of course, were not passed, but by the time he left in 1914 to take charge of the work in New York he had succeeded in greatly annoying, although not converting, the wets of Maryland. They saw him go with joy, and wished his destination were not New York, but Hell.

Dr. Anderson (his degree comes from the Illinois Wesleyan University) was soon a familiar figure, cordially detested and

greatly feared, in the cloakrooms and corridors of the dismal building that is the State Capitol at Albany. He found the politicians of both parties suffering from vague terrors of what the Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists of the cow counties might do to them if they fought local option bills, and lost no time in taking advantage of these apprehensions. The Republicans trembled the more, naturally, because of their strength in the rural districts, where the churches were more powerful than in the cities. The Tammany legislative *bloc* was openly hostile. Among those who opposed the cause of God were the notorious Al Smith, Jimmy Walker, who was recently in Rome, bending his knee to the Pope, and Robert F. Wagner, recently elevated to the United States Senate. Dr. Anderson has never forgiven the Hon. Mr. Smith for his obstructive tactics in those days, and his memory of them gives added strength to his determination that so fiendish a Political Romanist must, at all cost, be barred from the White House.

Reports of his activities in Maryland had preceded him to Albany, where he was known as a hard polemical slugger, with a pretty gift for personal publicity. His first stunt was to force the introduction of a bill requiring that all booze bottles be labelled with a skull and crossbones and with the legend, "This preparation contains alcohol, which is a habit-forming, irritant, narcotic poison." The bill was smothered by an outraged legislative committee, as Dr. Anderson had been perfectly well aware that it would be. But the politicians became alarmed, and the country churches rejoiced that so bold and clever a gladiator had arrived in New York. Regarding criticisms that he was lacking in dignity, he said:

> I do not object to dignity provided it does not get in the way; but results are the acid test of any policy. I would rather have a lop-eared, splay-footed, flea-bitten mule and a dump cart that would deliver the goods than a pneumatic-tired benzine buggy that would cough and die on the first hill. I never have time to use language for the purpose of concealing thought.

He cared nothing for political alignments and attacked Republicans as vigorously as Democrats when they refused to hop as he whistled. One of his first public statements branded the celebrated William Barnes, then boss of the New York G. O. P., as the leader of "the liquor end of the Republican Party." He engaged in newspaper duels with the present Theodore Roosevelt and even with that talented statesman's pa. On January 29, 1919, he received the long-awaited reward for his labors. On that day, with Jimmy Walker denouncing him in the State Senate as "the most drunken man in the State, drunk with the power that he exercises over the Republican party," he witnessed the ratification by New York of the Eighteenth Amendment. Dr. Smith, elected Governor for his first term, mourned that "the Republican majority in the Legislature has denied the people the right to speak for themselves." Al had favored a referendum on booze.

V

Dr. Anderson offers, in the prospectus of the American Protestant Alliance, a definite and elaborate programme for scotching the Romanist enemies of the True Apostolic Faith. The first great objective is the passage of a so-called American Citizenship Amendment to the Federal Constitution. He admits that this is not an original idea, and points out that so long ago as 1810 Congress submitted the following proposal to the States:

> If any citizen of the United States shall accept, claim, receive or retain any title of nobility or honor, or shall, without the consent of Congress, accept and retain any present, pension, office or emolument of any kind whatever from any Emperor, King, Prince or foreign power, such person shall cease to be a citizen of the United States and shall be incapable of holding any office of trust or profit under them or either of them.

At the time this proposed amendment was offered, he explains, twelve of the then seventeen States gave it their approval: that was just one under the number

necessary for ratification. He insists that the amendment is still alive and valid today, and that the States which have ratified cannot rescind their endorsement. He proposes to press at once for ratification in enough other States to bring the total to thirty-six. During the 1928 session of the New York Legislature, he will bring the matter up at Albany. This, he argues, will demonstrate, once and for all time, whether Al Smith and the other agents of the Pope there are really sincere in their disavowal of Political Romanism. He is confident that "every Romanist Cardinal, Archbishop, Bishop, monsignor and perhaps every priest, and all the Knights of St. Gregory and other papal nobility, will come under the terms of this amendment." Once it has been passed, they must choose between their citizenship and their "title or office granted by a foreign power."

Like all of the other high purposes of the Alliance, this is held to be in no possible manner anti-Catholic. The amendment will apply, Dr. Anderson claims, equally to Romanists, Protestants, Jews, atheists and free-thinkers. Every hero of the A. E. F., saluted on both cheeks by a bewhiskered French general and awarded a ribbon for valor, must choose between that bauble and his citizenship. It is possible, however, that in the case of such heroes as Col. Charles A. Lindbergh exception will be made in the enabling act which must be passed by Congress. It is also possible that Protestants, Jews, atheists, free-thinkers and soldiers will be exempted.

"At all events," Dr. Anderson believes, "Lindbergh and the others will gladly give up their trinkets for the sake of their country."

The second part of the Alliance's programme is directed against aliens. It provides for another amendment, which will eliminate aliens in apportioning congressional districts, and will, Dr. Anderson estimates, result in a reduction "of perhaps twenty-five Congressmen, largely, if not exclusively, from Political Romanist strongholds." It will also cut down the anti-Nordic representations in the Electoral College and at the national conventions. In New York City, he promises, from six to eight Congressmen, all of them controlled by "Political Romanist Tammany," will be done away with.

The third great idea, an outgrowth of the first section of the programme, is the passage of an Anti-Allegiance Amendment. This will decree that any person who professes, admits or retains allegiance "to any foreign organization, institution or power" claiming jurisdiction in any matter within the jurisdiction of the United States or any of the States, "shall cease to be a citizen." Catholics may, however, continue to enjoy the high privileges of citizenship by repudiating "in writing, under oath, as a matter of public record, any political aspirations or claims of temporal power by any such institution."

Dr. Anderson is not, he insists, working with the Klan, except in so far as that organization of brave and patriotic men is in harmony with the plans of the American Protestant Alliance. He does not intend to fight "corrupt political organizations merely because they are corrupt and vicious." He asks coöperation from all the Protestant churches of America, but declines to permit dictation from them. Still aggrieved because the Anti-Saloon League deserted him after he had gone to jail for it, he is nevertheless willing to assist in Law Enforcement because of the well-known connection between liquor and Romanism. He believes that his whole programme is perfectly practical and will, in time, be achieved. Scorn of his fellow men means nothing to him. Abuse is music in his ears. He is, as he knows, the Lord's anointed, and he is well aware that not infrequently a soldier of righteousness is ordered to fight, at first, in solitary splendor. Meanwhile, the shekels roll in—and no grand jury has any right to examine the books.

THE WOODEN INDIAN

BY STANLEY VESTAL

Of all the racial groups which go to make up the polyglot population of the United States, none has suffered so much from misunderstanding and misrepresentation as that of the American Indians. The vulgar errors with regard to poor Lo are legion. The European settlers from the beginning failed to see him as he is—a man of like passions with themselves. Fear, hatred, distrust, intolerance, contempt, ignorance and self-interest have combined to make a caricature as unreal and ridiculous as the wooden Indian of the old cigar-store. The sentimentalists, on the other hand, have flown quite as far from the truth. The Red Devil of the dime novel is no more false than the Red Brother of the missionary meeting, and Hiawatha is worse than either. Longfellow, Ned Buntline, and the missionaries, indeed, have made a pretty mess of it. Among them they have made the public believe that the Indian is somehow connected with the Boy Scouts! Publishers who will print any kind of book about any other kind of American still maintain that a book about Indians is, necessarily, a juvenile!

It is time this misconception dissolved. The purpose of this article is to refute some of the more glaring errors. It will be convenient to consider them in relation to a single group, the Plains Indians, because, owing to the fact that they have been conquered since the development of ethnology as a science, more is known about them. However, all that applies to the Plains tribes will generally be found to be true of the Indians native to other parts of the continent. All the red men are of one blood. The tribal differences among them are far less important than they at first appear.

Anyone who makes a hobby of Indians will meet with an unfailing reaction the moment his pet subject comes to the surface. "Oh, yes. The Indian. That dirty, lazy, treacherous, vanishing nomad! That child of nature, so stoical, ferocious, immoral! That magic healer, whose women do all the work! Isn't it too bad that Uncle Sam and the missions have not been able to civilise him? He always goes back to the blanket, doesn't he?" Well, let us rehearse some of these ideas, and see what is in them.

That the Indian is stoical, a marvel of self-control. It is true, of course, that the Indian has steady nerves and makes no unnecessary motions. Most outdoor men are like that. It is true that the Indian is complacent and can be very dignified on occasion. So can the village lodge-brother. But it is not true that he is stoical: he is merely shy. In the presence of strangers, he is on guard, silent, sober. But win his confidence, and you will find that there never was a merrier, more joke-loving man than the Indian. Left to himself, a redskin will laugh five times to a white man's once. He is jolly and happy-go-lucky, with a decided taste for horseplay. Nor is he stable in sudden danger. History is filled with accounts of stampedes of frightened Indians, who ran and left everything behind them on a mere suspicion of unexpected danger. Consider how constantly the Indian used surprise attacks in his wars. Why? Because he found a surprise attack irresistible against other Indians. No doubt self-control was

held a virtue among the Indians; people always talk about the virtues they find it hard to practise. And it is true that the Indian bore torture with what looked like fortitude; certainly I have no intention of impugning his courage. But catch and torture any wild thing; it will not cry out. Neither did the Indian.

That he enslaved his women and made them do all the work. This ancient lie still thrives in spite of facts under the nose of everyone in the Indian country. It was comforting to the white farmer whose wife was going insane from loneliness, drudgery, monotony. Today, of course, the Indian man's profession is gone: no more war, no more hunting. All he can do is to look after his ponies or his Cadillac. His wife, on the other hand, still finds some of the domestic work of her grandmother to do: she cooks, makes clothes, feeds the baby. But as compared with their ancestors, both of them are idlers. The Indian's fathers hunted, starved, fought, made incredible marches; his wife's mothers dressed skins, made innumerable pairs of moccasins, cut up beeves, jerked meat, built lodges, packed the mules when camp moved, carried wood and water, gathered roots. Today the Indian woman lives in idleness, and has, in fact, more leisure than her white sister, owing to her simpler scale of living. The hardships of the hunter and warrior were very great in the old days, and the mortality of the men so high that polygamy was common. The women greatly outnumbered them. Then the man walked ahead carrying his weapons and nothing else—because he was on guard; his was the dangerous post. The woman, useless in a fight, followed, carrying the luggage. Neither would have found a shift of duties satisfactory.

When the man was at home, every consideration was shown him by the women, simply because he was a warrior, because he was in constant danger. During the Great War nobody thought it shameful that our women went out of their way to make the soldiers happy. Such a condition is unusual for us, but war was the normal condition among the Indians in the old days. The young men were soldiers for life, and their chance of survival to old age was much smaller than the modern doughboy's. The consideration shown them was not servility. I once asked an Indian woman why she went to so much trouble to embroider a buckskin shirt for her husband. She answered, proudly, "To show my great love." This attitude of women towards their men is traditional in the Indian village.

It must always be remembered that the woman owned the lodge and everything in it except her husband's weapons. Even his clothes were her own handiwork, and therefore her property, if she chose to enforce her claim to them. I once bought a pair of moccasins from a Cheyenne woman in Oklahoma. Her husband, a strapping fellow twice her weight, sat in the lodge, and objected plaintively when she ordered him to remove his shoes so that I could have them. But his appeals were disregarded; he might have been a child, for all the heed she paid him. He took them off, smiling sheepishly, and sat there barefoot while the old lady pocketed the money and I stuck the moccasins in my saddle-bags. The lodge was bare, and I feel quite sure the warrior had no other footgear. It was early Spring, and quite cool weather. The man did not seem to feel anything but chagrin. I weakened, but the old lady would not let me go without the moccasins. I had to stick by my bargain.

Kit Carson had the reputation of being a he-man and an Indian fighter. Yet tradition among the Indians tells how his Cheyenne wife threw him out of their lodge and went off with an Indian lover. Hayden relates an instance of a hen-pecked Cheyenne husband who was frequently thrown out in this way. When asked why he did not beat his woman he replied that he loved her and did not wish to, and that "if I had to punish my wife every time she misbehaved, I would have to stand with my whip in hand all the time, and could

never use my gun."[1] This poor chap never dared go home without game on his shoulder.

No doubt many Indians did beat their wives in the old times: no doubt some of the women liked it. But the fact is that the Indian woman is often a very jealous mate. I know of an Osage husband who was practically held prisoner by his bride for as much as three weeks at a time, because she thought that if he went to the store for a tin of tobacco he would be "looking at the other girls." He dared not leave the house, though he had given her no cause for jealousy. When twitted about it, he merely grinned and shook his head.

That the Indian brings up his children sternly, toughening them by making them undergo hardship. This is all wrong. The fact is, no Indian ever strikes a child. Such a thing is held to be disgraceful, and very likely might result in a separation of the parents. Discipline, other than advice offered for the child's best interests, there is none. The Indian mother does not say, "Do right, or the Devil will get you." She says, "If you do thus-and-so, it will be to your advantage." There is no threatening, no bargaining. The child makes up its own mind. On the other hand, there is any amount of love and affection. His children are an Indian's passion.

How can people brought up so be stoical, self-controlled, stern? How can girls spoiled like that become the slaves of their husbands? How can boys so undisciplined be expected to plod for years through a monotony of uninteresting drudgery? Like the ancient Teutons of Caesar's day, they do nothing but what they wish to do. Love and loyalty will steel them to astonishing efforts. But they cannot endure control from without. History is full of instances of Indians, rendered desperate by a little official pressure, who ran amuck and defied hopeless odds. They are all arrant individualists.

[1] Hayden: "Contributions to the Ethnography and Philology of the Indian Tribes of the Missouri Valley;" Philadelphia, 1862.

That the Indian is improvident. This charge, in so far as it has a basis in fact, needs explanation. True enough, the Indian takes little thought for the morrow. All hunters are like that, because meat will not keep. Eat and be merry, and tomorrow you will be strong and kill again. But now that hunting is ended, people argue that the Indian should be industrious. If he is not, there must be some cause for his choice. The Indian, in fact, has two good reasons for his indolence—beside the pleasure he gets from idleness. First, he is a communist, who shares and expects to share the prosperity of all his tribe. If each of us had a thousand relatives willing to help take care of us, how many of us would work as hard as we do now? And the Indian has Uncle Sam behind his relatives. "Uncle Sam will take care of us," and Uncle Sam does. For Uncle Sam owes large sums to most of the tribes, and the income from those funds provides enough to keep the wolf from the door. Add to these facts a complete lack of desire for the white man's way of life, and it is hardly surprising that the Indian is indolent. If he does accumulate, he is either eaten out of house and home by his relatives, or some white man swindles him, or the whole tribe ostracises him as an unsocial, stingy person. And when the tribe casts him out, the genuine Indian has nowhere to go.

That Indians are dirty. Certainly, some tribes of blanket Indians wear dirty clothing and have vermin. But the better tribes are very clean. They bathe daily, and their bodies are cleaner than those of the white men who live about them, on the average, for the Indian's favorite bath is the sweat-bath, in which he is almost literally boiled. Perhaps you may find lice in his hair, but you will not find dandruff—and one is as filthy as the other. No one ever saw a bald-headed Indian. His teeth, his hair, his skin will compare favorably with those of most users of toilet soaps and dental creams. Even his clothing will compare very well with that of the average motor-camper in his country. Send a white woman into the

wilds for a month, and it will be found that the squaw looks better and is cleaner and neater.

That Indians are a vanishing race. The census gives the lie to this. Some tribes were decimated by the plagues which followed the Great War. Some are losing ground rapidly owing to tuberculosis, measles, and venereal disease. But the number of persons having Indian blood steadily increases. In a recent novel the Navajo were represented, pathetically, as a vanishing tribe. As a matter of fact, if I were to select a tribe which illustrates most completely the success of the Indian in competition with the whites, the Navajo would be my choice. They are numerous, they are rich, they are industrious, and self-supporting, and they are gaining in numbers and wealth. Vanishing, indeed!

That the Indian has such an inadequate language that he is forced to employ signs and gestures. The sign language, as a matter of fact, grew up on the plains to facilitate intercourse between tribes speaking different languages, precisely *because* those languages were difficult to master. Anyone who will consult the Handbook of American Indian Languages issued by the Bureau of American Ethnology will at once reject this absurd theory. Indian languages are very rich, in fact. The Arapaho tongue has baffled the best efforts of our linguists; no white man has ever mastered its complexities. The Rev. Rodolphe Petter, whose Grammar and Dictionary of the Cheyenne tongue is one of the monuments of American scholarship, was compelled to use that language exclusively in his home for eighteen years in order to achieve a command of it. Some Indian languages are easier to learn than others. But the sign language is child's play compared to any existing Indian tongue.

That the Indian was a nomad. If the man who goes to the Adirondacks in Summer and to Florida in Winter is a nomad, then the Plains Indian was a nomad too. His movements were as regular, his objectives as definite as the white man's. In Spring he went to the buffalo range. In Autumn he returned home to harvest his crop of corn or tobacco. In Winter he went on the hunt again—a jaunt of three or four hundred miles—only to return in Spring and put in his crops. At a certain season he went to the mountains to get tepee poles; at another season to the trading-post for supplies. When wild fruits or roots were ripe, he visited the places where they grew. Until the buffalo began to vanish, he was always on schedule time, always at the expected place. Nomads have no country. The Plains Indians fought valiantly to hold theirs.

That the Indian lived in a wilderness. This is the wild conceit of the European, who imagines that until he sees a place it has not been discovered. The trails of the pioneers were laid precisely in the Indians' tracks, and many a modern railroad was once a warpath or hunting trail. Even our cities commonly stand where the Indian preferred to camp. No white man was ever a pathfinder on this continent; the roads were ancient when Columbus landed here. No doubt the first Tibetan to tread the Lincoln Highway will be hailed as a great discoverer when he gets back to Lhasa. But the people who use the Lincoln Highway daily will only laugh. So the Indian laughs when you talk about his wilderness. It was simply his familiar home country.

That the Indian is a lonely, unsocial creature. On the contrary, only imminent starvation could force the old-time Indians to break up their big camps and scatter on the hunt. They hated living alone. As soon as the hunt was over, they gathered in large numbers and enjoyed themselves. No people are fonder of dancing, racing, gambling, gossip, ceremonies and social life. Whenever possible they go visiting, and commonly the agencies are deserted all Summer long. They gather in large camps, and when the ponies have eaten all the grass there, the whole party—guests and hosts—move on to some other rendezvous. Their lives consist entirely of visits, week-ends, house-parties (without the house).

Their neglect of business today is largely due to the new conditions which enable them to indulge their social instincts to the full. Again and again I have heard old Indians sneer at the stingy white man who for a little money is willing to live like a turtle all by himself in a box.

That the Indian knows all about wild life. The Indian knew only about the life that concerned him, the life of the game animals he hunted. Otherwise he was rather ignorant of nature. A Cheyenne forty years old and a man of importance in his tribe once confided to me that a white man had been trying to make a fool of him by telling him that caterpillars turned into butterflies! He was too smart to swallow a lie like that! But you could not lead him astray with regard to the habits of deer or buffalo.

That the Indian has the secret of herbs and marvellous cures. This is, unhappily, false. The Indian pharmacopœia contains no drugs unknown to science, and its range is very narrow. There is, besides, a deal of hocus-pocus mixed in it. All its marvellous cures are faith cures.

That the Indian cults are very ancient. Except for the use of the pipe (the Indian's burnt offering), all his cults are really new. A new religion has to make good or be thrown overboard. That keeps him busy chucking them away. For the Indian is too practical, too much an opportunist, to be conservative. He expects religion to pay its way. Very few Indian ceremonies or medicine bundles can be traced back of the first visits of the white men to the Plains in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. The Peyote cult has developed within living memory.

That the Indian is cruel and hard-hearted. If your neighbors had burned your wife at the stake and made a collection of the hands of your babies, you too would perhaps develop a streak of ferocity in war. There is every evidence of just such cruelty among white people when circumstances urge it. Read in Davy Crockett's savage autobiography about the atrocities he committed upon helpless Indians. Read of the massacres of Blackfoot and Cheyenne and Sioux by white troops, when women and children were butchered and scalped by men in uniform. It is very likely that more Indians were scalped by white men than whites by Indians. Several of the States offered bounties for Indian hair. Where war is brought home to the noncombatant, it is always a ferocious thing, because it becomes a personal, family matter. The Indian need offer no apology for the old bloody days. The pot can hardly call the kettle black.

My friend, John H. Seger, tells a story of an Indian warrior, just back from the warpath, who was asked to hold down a friend while the agency dentist worked on him. The warrior tried to help, but at last ran out of the room, tears running down his cheeks. He could not bear to look on while the man in the chair was suffering. I think this a fairly typical instance of the Indian's "delight" in torture. Or would you say it was treachery, or perhaps cowardice?

That the Indian is treacherous, dishonest, a liar. No one who knows the history of treaties made with the red man will be very bold on this point. The white men have lied so often and so consistently that most of the story runs counter to the charge. The main difficulty here has been the barrier of language, which made understanding difficult. It is hard to make an Indian declare himself, to get him to make a positive statement. Ask him the most trivial question, and he will qualify his answer with a "maybe so." With Indians, lying is *actually* disgraceful, not merely technically so, as with civilised men. Once lie to an Indian, and he will never trust you again. And any statement not literally true is a lie to the blanket Indian. He knows nothing of conveying impressions. It must be strictly true. Maintaining a reputation for honesty in the Indian country is no simple matter. The Indian's treachery, so-called, is merely his habit of doing as the spirit moves him to do. He changes with his moods, and unless he has

made a positive promise, he may not turn up at the expected time. His promises, however, he will keep rather better than most people. And his loyalty in friendship is attested by everyone who has ever made friends with him. But he is easily talked into things which he votes against as soon as he is out of earshot of the talker. No agreement with Indians should be considered quite valid unless they have been allowed time to think it over and discuss it among themselves.

That the Indian is quarrelsome. Take any big gathering of Indians—even where liquor is available. There will be no crime, no strife, no disorder. The record of Indians for crime today would put to shame even a humdrum village in New England. The Indian code is brief and simple, but it is lived up to.

That Christianity and education have saved the Indian. The Indian, like other people, can only be saved by his own virtues, by what is Indian in him. They say he is not tenacious, not persistent, that he goes back to the blanket. But the missionaries make too much of what they have done for the Indian, though in certain respects they have bettered his life. As an old Indian agent told me, "The Indians were better Christians than we are before the missionaries came. For the Indian did not lie or steal. He loved his Indian neighbor as himself. He took no thought for the morrow. He was reverent, kindly, generous, ready to give all he had to the poor. Why, in those days a chief had to put up with everything. He was supposed to be a father to his people, and could not resent a wrong, however great."

That the Indian is a strange and incomprehensible person, quite unlike other folks. No two Indians are alike, any more than two white men are. But, generally, I think we may sum up the whole matter by taking the word of a friend of mine, an old lady of pioneer stock and good education, whose first husband was an Indian fighter. After his death she married an Indian. Her daughters and grand-daughters are half Indian, and she has lived in the Indian country all her life. She says, "I can't see that Indians are any different from other folks, except that they are a little quick-tempered." I think we may accept her opinion as essentially sound.

THE RAILROADS AT BAY

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

In 1920 the Interstate Commerce Commission set 5¾% as a fair return on railroad investments. In the six calendar years since that time the railroads of the country have failed to earn that return by more than a billion dollars. Their average profit in the years 1920–1926 was only a little over 3%, and there is little likelihood that it will turn out to have been much more for 1927, or that it will be much more for many years hereafter. This state of affairs is mainly due to the colossal and continuous reductions in passenger traffic suffered by practically all the roads. Since 1920, the year in which they handled the maximum number of passengers in their entire history, the number carried has declined from as little as 15% in the Great Lakes region to as much as 68% in the Southwest. The decline in the entire Eastern district since 1920 has been about 22%, in the Southern district about 42%, and in the Western district about 48%.

What this decline has meant to the roads may be seen by an examination of the figures recently presented by F. A. Wadleigh, passenger traffic manager of the Denver & Rio Grande Western before the Interstate Commerce Commission. He told the Commission that his road handled 987,959 passengers in Colorado in 1920, and only 459,627 in 1925. Its passenger revenues in Colorado in 1920 were $3,146,000, and in 1925 only $1,732,000. During the five years the population of the State increased by 72,000. He further informed the Commission that in Utah the Denver & Rio Grande Western carried 363,558 passengers in 1920 and only 142,712 in 1925. Its passenger revenues there in that period declined from $1,133,235 to $614,427, while the population of the State increased by more than 39,000.

Most of the general decline in passenger traffic has been in the day-coach business, brought on mainly by the competition of private automobiles and public motor-buses. One railroad president recently said that because of the automobile 30,000 miles of track would soon have to be scrapped. His estimate was probably a conservative one, for the latest figures show that the motor-bus line mileage of the country is now 270,000 miles while that of the railroads is only a little over 250,000. This devastating competition is presenting a problem to the roads that is entirely new in their history. A half century ago it was they who were on the offensive and the other common carriers—for example, the river steamers and canal boats—that were on the defensive. Now matters have taken a turn, and the railroads themselves are fighting for life. But there is one saving fact in the situation, and that is that long distance travel has increased considerably all over the country, and is continuing to increase. In 1921 the railroads got about 31% of their passenger earnings from travelers in sleeping and parlor cars, and about 69% from travelers in coaches, including commutation passengers. But in 1926, they derived nearly 44% of their passenger revenue from travelers in sleeping and parlor cars, and about 56% from travelers in coaches.

It is largely by the stimulation of long distance travel that the railroads hope to win back that loss in passengers which they are suffering on their local business.

This does not mean that they have given up the latter as lost. As a matter of fact, they are putting up a hard fight against the buses, and the ultimate issue is by no means certain. I shall discuss this matter at greater length further on. The whole problem of getting more Americans to travel longer and longer distances was thoroughly debated at the annual convention of the American Association of Passenger Traffic Officers, held at Hot Springs, Ark., on October 29–30, 1926. It was unanimously agreed there that the only way to get more long distance passenger business was to make traveling more comfortable and more speedy. As a corollary it was suggested that the country be educated to "save to travel." This project was gone into in some detail, and it was decided to coöperate with the banks of the country in the spread of the "save to travel" idea among high-school students, teachers, fraternal organizations, church-goers, writers, and Boy Scouts. The passenger masterminds also considered the idea of plastering the signboards of the land with pictures of the beautiful West and the lovely East, so as to attract traveling money from the people at both ends.

As yet the "save to travel" campaign has not got very far, but we may rest assured that it will do so before very long. The strategists directing the roads have been too busy hitherto executing the first plan discussed at the convention: that of making travel more speedy and more comfortable, or as they put it, "refining the service." The competition going on along this line has been terrific, and in some cases it has been highly injurious to all the roads concerned.

The St. Paul road, for instance, shortly after it went into the hands of receivers, advertised fourteen highly expensive daily trains between Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and Minneapolis—routes already well covered. Right now there are five roads operating between Chicago and Omaha, and thirty-eight daily trains run between these cities. The opinion of impartial experts is that only half of the service is needed, and that if the necessary cut were made a saving of over $3,500,000 a year would be effected. The bankrupt St. Paul, incidentally, is included in these competing lines. Between Chicago and the Twin Cities there are seven roads operating, and a total of twenty-six daily passenger trains. Here, again, experts are of the opinion that half this number of trains would be quite enough to handle the traffic. Between Chicago and St. Louis there are thirty-eight daily passenger trains, run by four roads. About ten of them could be profitably cut out. The Chicago & Alton, which, like the St. Paul, is in the hands of receivers, is now running sixteen daily trains between various points where eight would apparently be enough.

The fiercest competition for long-haul passenger business is on the Chicago-Los Angeles and Chicago-Seattle-Portland routes. The first is traversed by three roads, which is about sufficient, but they are now engaged in a bitter and costly speed war. The second is covered by four roads, which, experts hold, is about two too many.

In New England there is very little cut-throat competition. The East, on the whole, in fact, is relatively free from the desperate struggles now going on in the West. The New York-Boston traffic is practically monopolized by one road, the New Haven, though the New York Central handles a little of it through its leased road, the Boston & Albany. The one point in the East where there is an approach to real competition is on the route between New York City and Buffalo. It is served by four roads: the New York Central, the Erie, the Lackawanna, and the Lehigh Valley. Two, or at the most three, roads could take care of the business easily. The Chicago-New York business is handled by the New York Central and the Pennsylvania. The first does about 60% of the business, while the second does about 30%. The rest is done by various smaller roads and combinations.

II

Since 1924 the railroads have accomplished a great deal in "refining" their long distance travel by going in for extremely expensive *de luxe* trains, and they have spent enormous amounts of money in advertising them. In 1926, for instance, they spent the greater part of $16,000,000 for this purpose. In the last three years they have inaugurated over forty-five such trains, and new ones are being put on almost weekly. Some of them have fanciful and charming names. Perhaps the most attractive name of all is that of the Lark, the fast night train on the Southern Pacific between San Francisco and Los Angeles. Some of the other popular and successful *de luxe* trains are these: the Lake Superior Limited, of the Northern Pacific; the La Salle, of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois; the Crescent Limited, of the Southern; the Chief, of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé; the Sooner, of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas; the Panorama Special, of the Denver & Rio Grande Western; the Pine Tree Limited, of the Boston & Maine; the Red Bird, of the Chicago Great Western; the Cape Codder, of the New York, New Haven & Hartford; the Flamingo, running between Louisville and Nashville, on the Central of Georgia and the Atlantic Coast Line; the Golden State Limited of the Southern Pacific; and the Los Angeles Limited of the Union Pacific.

All of these *de luxe* trains, as their names imply, are the latest thing in railroad swank and polish. They are nearly all furnished with radios, and some have even gymnasiums and dancing floors. They are smeared all over with every color in the rainbow and furnished with all sorts of fancy woodwork, some of it coming from such foreign parts as Persia, Egypt and India. On some of them it is the rule to use only wood cut from one huge log, to give uniformity in texture, color and appearance. On each of them there is a train secretary-stenographer, who may be called to any part of the train to take dictation, and whose services are theoretically free. There are also a tailor, a barber and a colored maid. The maid, besides her regular duties as hairdresser, masseuse and nurse, also manicures the more elegant of the male passengers. The kitchens on the dining-cars are much better equipped than those on the ordinary dining-cars. They offer excellent *à la carte* meals and club combinations at prices far lower than are to be encountered in good hotels. One road, the Chicago & Northwestern, is experimenting with electric refrigeration. This process is highly expensive, but judging from discussions of it in the railway magazines, it will very likely be installed in all the *de luxe* trains in the near future. All the big roads have traveling head stewards and master chefs whose duty is to inspect the car kitchens and instruct the traveling cooks. The Pennsylvania Railroad, only the other day, started a special school for its dining-car employés.

The Pullman Company does not operate any dining-cars, nor does it own any. It makes most of them, but they are sold to the railways and operated by them. They invariably lose money. The Southern Pacific recently made public the operating costs of its dining-cars in 1925, and they may be taken as typical for all the other big roads. For each meal served it suffered a loss of 52 cents. Before any food was set before the patron there was an expense of 79 cents. This included wages, 40 cents; laundry and linen, 5½ cents; fuel for cooking, 7½ cents; ice and water, 4 cents; menu cards and stationery, 7½ cents; the maintenance of cooking utensils, 2½ cents; the handling of supplies and the stocking of cars, 7½ cents; interior car cleaning, 1½ cents; and superintendence and accounting, 3 cents. Since a dining-car must be carried an average distance of 4½ miles for every patron served, and since the approximate cost of hauling the car is 12 cents a mile, an additional expense of 54 cents must be absorbed by the company for every meal served. None of these figures includes the cost of food served. The average loss sus-

tained on the food is 12 cents. The average check is 93 cents.

A good idea of the tremendous sum the Southern Pacific loses each year may be gained by the following figures. It serves annually an average of 6,000,000 meals on its dining-cars, steamers and station restaurants. In 1925, it bought 721,193 pounds of beef, 216,238 pounds of lamb, 226,922 pounds of ham, 3,359,352 eggs, 237,250 chickens, and 7,205 boxes of oranges. On the Pennsylvania Railroad the average loss per dining-car patron is only 40 cents, but its annual loss is much more than that suffered by the Southern Pacific, since it is a much bigger railroad and has more dining-cars. One large Western road is "in the red" $1000 daily on its dining-car service.

A great deal of the loss suffered by the railroads on their dining-car service can be explained by the fact that for long trips the cars must be heavily stocked with food on the assumption that the train will be heavily loaded. In case the train is not loaded, as often happens, there is, of course, a loss. Dining-car service, especially for dinner, requires caring for the patrons in a much shorter period of time than is the case in hotels, and this considerably increases the force necessary to serve the passengers expeditiously. About 50,000,000 meals are served annually in the diners on American railways. The heavy loss which the roads suffer on them is not due to any altruism on their part. They don't dare to increase the prices of food or service for fear of alienating long distance passengers, for whose patronage, as I have explained, they are especially solicitous just now. It is all a matter of advertising to them. They buy good will by serving meals below cost.

In Europe the revenue from dining-cars is very large. Over 50% of the profits of the Wagon-Lits Company, for instance, comes from its "restaurant cars." The average check per customer on the Continent is nearly $1.25—about 25 cents more than the average check in this country. The dining-cars there are a little larger than those in this country, and the service is somewhat better. Seats are allotted to passengers beforehand, and there is no rush to the diner, as is common in this country. *Table d'hôte* service, unlike in the United States, is very common on the railroads of Europe. The food usually takes up about half the amount of the check; the remainder comes from cigars, tobacco, bottled water, alcoholic drinks, and the changing of foreign moneys. But this last fact is not the only or the main reason why the European dining-cars are so profitable. Another and equally important one is the low wage scale prevailing on them. The annual wage cost of operating a dining-car in this country is about $10,000, but in France it is only $800, a difference of nearly 1300%.

Despite the huge losses suffered by the railroads of this country on their dining-cars, they have gone in for more and more elaborate improvements in their construction. Only a few months ago, for example, the Chicago & Eastern Illinois installed two new dining-cars on its Dixie Limited. The dining-room in each is furnished in Circassian walnut, with the ceiling the color of old ivory and studded with green and gold decorations. The lighting fixtures are of special design. The carpet is a two-tone blue, laid over a heavy ozite bed. The chairs and tables are of dark walnut, and decorated with an antique design. There are four sixteen-inch oscillating fans, which constantly circulate the air. In the kitchens a rustless sheet metal is used in all the compartments, and live steam is used for sterilizing purposes.

The New Haven recently followed the lead of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois by installing six new dining-cars on its Merchants' Limited and Knickerbocker. The tables in all of them are so arranged that the person sitting before any one of them faces a window. The ceilings are painted an old ivory color, and the sidewall panels are painted cream color, with light green striping. The pantries and kitchens are painted with ivory vitrolite, and the count-

ers in them are covered with a special metal and have all their corners rounded.

Of late the Delaware & Hudson has remodeled the interiors of several of its dining-cars. All their furnishings and wall decorations, it boasts, are suggestive of the Colonial period. The ceilings and the side trims are enameled in old ivory, with an egg-shell finish, and a contrast of mahogany finish for the window sash, stops, sills and chairs. All the hardware and fixtures are finished in silver to harmonize with the ivory. Colored plates with designs reminiscent of the Colonial period, and each one containing a separate graphic reminder of that time, are hung on the walls. This same railway has recently remodeled some of its parlor-café cars, and they will soon be imitated all over the country. These cars are divided into three sections: a smoking compartment seating twelve persons, a non-smoking compartment seating six, and a dining-room for coach passengers. The chairs in each of these compartments are of a very fancy design and can be moved about. The interior of each car is finished in black walnut, with white enamel bulkheads and headlining. The lighting fixtures and hardware are of silver. There are four large fans in each car, and they are so arranged that when in operation they create no draft. The floor is covered with a rich carpet, under which ozite is laid. All the chairs are upholstered in plush.

III

The dining-cars, of course, are not the only ones on which the railroads are now lavishing their talent for "refinement." They have not forgotten the parlor-cars, or the sleeping-cars, or even the observation-cars. Each road, naturally, has its own æsthetic in such matters. On the Oriental Limited of the Great Northern the general color scheme is gray green, with ornamentation in Chinese style. On the Broadway Limited of the Pennsylvania the interiors of the sleeping cars are of Circassian walnut, and the upholstering is done in green. On the Lake Superior Limited of the Northern Pacific all the chairs in the main lounge are made differently, so as to add variety to the atmosphere. There is also a davenport, and all the windows are high enough for six foot he-men to be able to look through without stooping. On the Denver Limited of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy there is a casino lounge with revolving chairs in the forward part of the parlor-car, and the general scheme of decoration is a modified Adam in green buff, black and gold. There are wide pilasters between the windows, and each of them is paneled in green and surmounted by a wide cap of Adam design decorated in black, red and gold. There is a soda fountain with a Filipino attendant. The rear half of the car is made in adaptation of the Pompeiian, in black, red, bronze, green and ivory. Between the windows are red panels with a vertical ornament of classical detail. The illumination is furnished by twelve candelabra decorated with Pompeiian designs. On the Daylight Special of the Illinois Central the passengers are furnished with market quotations and Associated Press news dispatches.

On the Panorama Special of the Denver & Rio Grande Western the observation platform has a movable searchlight for the benefit of passengers who wish to view the scenery after dark. The Red Bird of the Chicago Great Western Railway is painted red Venetian inside and out, including the locomotive, with gold ornamentation and lettering. The Chicago & Eastern Illinois hasn't gone in for much gaudiness in its parlor-cars—at least, not as much as the other roads—but it started something which will make them all get up and take notice when it adopted the practice of serving afternoon tea on its La Salle *de luxe* train, which runs between St. Louis and Chicago. Each afternoon the passengers are handed a beautifully decorated card, reading: "At 4 P.M. you are invited to enter the dining-car to partake of a hot cup of tea and a sandwich."

Of late much attention has been given to making the sleeping-cars more comfortable and swanky than they have been in the past. Only a few months ago the professional magazines were carrying an announcement that a Mrs. A. R. Rossman, of Plainfield, N. J., apparently a recognized genius in such matters, had created new schemes for the comfort of the traveling free American. She is concentrating her powers, it appears, on the problem of making the sleeping-car equipment of such character that the Rotarian on tour will be able to meditate on Service and the Duties of Citizenship not only while on foot but also between the sheets. According to the latest reports she is contemplating having windows in the upper berths, and several shower-baths in each car. Instead of the shabby curtain on the lower berths there will be a two-part flexible steel curtain that rolls on two rollers. In addition there will be an electric heating regulator in each berth, whereby the passenger will be able to adjust the temperature to suit himself. The air of the entire car will be changed every four minutes by means of an electric ventilating apparatus. This scheme of layout for sleeping-cars will probably never come to anything, but it shows which way the wind of "refinement" is blowing.

Even as they are now, the sleeping-cars of this country are far superior to those of the Continent, despite a legend to the contrary. First of all, they are more plentiful. There are 9000 Pullman sleeping and parlor cars in the United States at this writing, while in Great Britain, for example, there are only 225. Everywhere on the Continent the allowance of towels is one per passenger per night. In America the minimum supply for a sleeper is 240 towels, and the average number of passengers traveling is 12. In Europe there is one washroom for both men and women, and it is not unheard of for a man and woman, strangers to each other, to be put into the same sleeping compartment. What is more, the rates for sleepers in Europe are much higher than they are here. Over there they are almost as high as, and often higher than, the train fare in many cases, while here, as every one knows, they are much smaller—seldom more than 13%.

Rates, on the whole, in this country are much lower than they are anywhere else in the world, considering the service rendered. Nearly all the *de luxe* trains, of course, charge extra fares, but they are surely not exorbitant. In nearly all cases a definite and commensurate value is given in return. The railroads are now collecting between five and a half and six million dollars a year from the traveling public for such extra fares. The basic time from New York to Chicago has been set at 28 hours for many years. For every hour they beat this basic time, the roads charge the passenger $1.20. On the twenty-hour trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad between New York and Chicago the extra charge is $9.60. Between Chicago and the Pacific Coast, where the basic time is 68 hours, the railroads charge $2 an hour for every hour saved. Until lately, there were no trains making the distance in less than 68 hours, but a year ago last Fall one of the roads put a train into operation making it in 63 hours, with a $10 extra fare. Now all of them have such trains.

Between New York and St. Louis the basic time is 30 hours and a charge of $1.20 is made for each hour saved. Between New York and New Orleans there is a flat extra charge of $5 on the *de luxe* trains. Between New York and Washington, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, there is a flat charge of $1. On this line there is but one such extra-fare train. It is the Congressional Limited, and it makes the run from New York to Washington in 4 hours and 40 minutes, as against 5 hours for the usual expresses. Between New York and Boston, on the New Haven road, there is a charge of $1 flat on each of the two extra-speed trains, the Knickerbocker and the Merchants Limited. A number of these very fast trains are not new. Among such are the aforementioned Congressional Limited, the Empire

State Express on the New York Central, the aforementioned Lark on the Southern Pacific, and the two *de luxe* trains of the New York, New Haven & Hartford.

East of Chicago the passenger desiring to occupy a compartment must pay two fares in addition to the Pullman compartment charge and the railway surcharge on the Pullman charge. West of Chicago he pays but one and a half fares. The cause of the difference is that one of the Western roads set the charge at one and a half fares and all the rest were forced to follow. So far, no Eastern road has shown any inclination to drop below the double charge. The cost of traveling in a compartment, for a single person, from New York to San Francisco is $92.25 for the compartment, plus one and a half times the regular railroad fare, $109.40 (double east of Chicago) or a total of $256.35; in a drawing-room it is $115.50 for the use of the room, plus twice the fare, all the way, or a total of $334.30. For two persons using a compartment the charge is larger by half a fare than for a single person, or a total of $311.05; for two persons using a drawing-room, the charge is the same as for a single person. The cost for two persons traveling in an ordinary section of two berths is $281.97.

Because of the increase in long-distance travel the total of the surcharges collected by the railroads on top of the Pullman charges has risen to a tremendous amount. As a result demands have come up in Congress to have these surcharges abolished. The whole matter was the cause of a bitter battle last year before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, and will probably come up again at the present session. The officials of the roads argued that if the railway surcharges—which are about 10% of the regular fare—were abolished, many of the roads would go into bankruptcy. They showed that the passenger business of the Western lines was handled at an actual operating loss of over $13,500,000 in 1925, and that it would have been handled at a loss of more than $30,000,000 if the lines had not collected about $17,000,000 in Pullman surcharges. The railroads of the country, as a whole, it was further shown, would lose over $40,000,000 annually if the surcharges were abolished.

During the last four years the railroads have developed a new form of business, the Summer excursions to popular resorts, mainly with an eye to stimulating longer distance traveling. Special low rates are charged on these excursion trains. Sometimes they are as low as half of the regular rates. As yet, it is difficult to say whether these trains have been a success. The general report, however, is that they have not yet justified themselves. On the whole, the special excursion trains of the Eastern roads are faring somewhat better than those of the rest of the country. The Pennsylvania reports that it has got much revenue from them, and that it did its largest business in that department in 1926. The Great Northern, however, has been losing money steadily. The Illinois Central is somewhat hazy in its report, but is of the opinion that whether excursion trains are profitable or not, they tend to create more passenger business in the long run. The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, whose principal excursion trains run from New York to the Delaware Water Gap, lost heavily on this business in 1926. The same was true of the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé has also been losing, and has registered a public opinion against the extension of excursion business.

The one form of special train on which all the railroads make money is the special occasion train for football games, baseball games, etc. The rates charged on these trains are somewhat higher than those charged on the regular run to and from the same place. The railroads also run special trains for the convenience of those going to conventions, and usually charge one and a half fares for a round trip. Then there are special personally conducted tours operated by the roads passing national parks and other places of public interest. There

is a tremendous reduction of fare on these tours.

One of the leaders in this line of traffic is the Chicago & Northwestern, which, in combination with the Union Pacific, runs special trains to Yellowstone Park, Zion Park, the Rocky Mountain parks, and various points in California. The service it offers on these trips is of the swellest. The cars are most luxurious, like those on the regular *de luxe* trains, and the road arranges in advance for all hotel accommodations and meals. From the latest reports it would seem that this service is growing rather popular, though it is still losing tremendous amounts of money. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, which runs a similar service to points in California, is also reporting an increasing tourist trade.

During the last few years the roads have put on more and more sleeping-cars between cities only a few hundred miles apart. Some of these runs are actually less than a hundred miles, as, for example, that between Baltimore and Philadelphia. The passenger goes to bed in his car, and is sound asleep by the time it starts; in the morning, though he may arrive at 4 A.M., he is permitted to sleep until 7.30 or 8. For such short trips by night the Pullman Company has lately devised a bed-car. Each passenger has a little room of his own, and in it there is a bed and a washstand. There is no room for a chair, and so the bed-car is not comfortable and was not designed for day travel. This service, so far, has not been profitable, but it shows signs of increasing in popularity. The fare charged is one-and-a-quarter times the price of a single ticket. The Pullman charge is about that for a section.

The roads have also put on better through service between more distant points. There is now, for example, a through train between Washington and Montreal, run via the Pennsylvania, and the New York, New Haven & Hartford, the Boston & Maine, the Central Vermont and the Canadian National. Formerly passengers had to change at New York. Some of the other through Pullman trains recently put on are the following: from Louisville to Toledo and Detroit, via the Pennsylvania; from Omaha to Los Angeles, via the Burlington and Santa Fé; from Memphis to New York, via the Illinois Central and the Baltimore & Ohio; and from the Twin Cities to Houston and San Antonio, Texas, via the Missouri-Kansas-Texas and the Chicago Great Western. There is now hardly a road in the East, Middle West or Southeast which does not handle through cars to Florida in season—and nearly all are losing money on them.

IV

In all these fields the railroads of this country are far ahead of those of Europe. There still remains another matter in which they beat them, that of speed. The United States has for years led the world in long-distance and short-distance high-speed trains, especially the former, and still does. Fifteen years ago one could travel from New York to Chicago in 18 hours; to St. Louis in 24; to Buffalo in 8½; and to Pittsburgh in less than 9. The speediest trains in the world ran from Camden, N. J., to Atlantic City, N. J., making 66.6 miles an hour. All these high speeds have been cut down, but, on the other hand, many of the slower trains have been accelerated, and the number of fast trains has been increased. The long-distance train which now makes the greatest average speed is the Twentieth Century Limited, covering the 968 miles between New York and Chicago at 48.4 miles an hour. The speedy long-distance trains are confined to the East and run mainly between the Atlantic seaboard and large cities in the Middle West. There is only one long-distance train in the 40-mile-an-hour class that operates outside that territory. It is the Panama Limited of the Illinois Central, covering the 921 miles between Chicago and New Orleans at little over 40 miles an hour. Some of the long-distance

trains of the Atlantic seaboard make much better time than 40 miles an hour over portions of their road. The Empire State Express, for example, from Harmon, N. Y., to Buffalo, N. Y., averages 50 miles an hour. Philadelphia, strangely enough, is served by the fastest trains in the United States.

In the South and West 50-mile-an-hour schedules are very rare. In New England the only runs which approach that speed are those of the Merchants' Limited and the Knickerbocker, which cover the 62.2 miles between Providence and New London at about 50 miles an hour. On the Pacific Coast the fastest trains are the Southern Pacific's Nos. 71 and 72, making 37.3 miles an hour between San Francisco and Los Angeles over the coast route, a distance of 475 miles. Of the so-called transcontinental trains, the eastbound Sunset Limited of the Southern Pacific makes the highest speed, 35.5 miles an hour, over the 1,992 miles from Los Angeles to Avondale, La.

The reason why the high speeds of fifteen and twenty years ago have been done away with is that they resulted in disastrous wrecks a little bit too often. Some years ago an effort was made to run trains between New York and Chicago in 16 hours, but a half dozen millionaires were killed, and the time had to be lifted to 18 hours and a little later to 20 hours.

It is impossible to maintain such speeds on these runs because of the difficulty of getting through congested urban centers and also because of the frequency of grade crossings. In Europe, and especially in England, grade crossings are so few that a locomotive engineer may open his throttle and bang ahead. He is practically going through a tunnel all the time. But in the United States, despite the fact that there are guards at the crossings, it is always possible for a motorist to get on the right of way. Collision with a motor car may very well derail a fast express. Even collision with a cow may be fatal to the engineer. This keeps him in a state of apprehension, and the Southern locomotive engineers were lately demanding an increase in pay because the automobile peril augmented the fatigue incident to their work. The notion that the principal European expresses are faster than those in America is erroneous. The distance from Paris to Rome is, roughly speaking, the distance from New York to Chicago. The American trains make it in little more than two-thirds the time required of the fast Paris-Rome expresses. True enough, these expresses have to climb the Alps, but so do the American expresses have to climb the Alleghanies.

The aim now, as I have said, is not so much to break the spectacular records of fifteen or twenty years ago, but to raise the average. The most noteworthy recent achievement occurred when five hours was clipped from the schedule of the limited trains running between Chicago and Southern California. But there has been a gain all around. The Pennsylvania has accelerated several of its schedules by from forty-five minutes to two and a half hours. The Burlington has cut one hour and thirty-five minutes from its St. Louis-Denver schedule. The Illinois Central has cut one hour and forty-five minutes from its Chicago-St. Louis run, and two hours and five minutes from its Chicago-Florida run. The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western has shortened its Buffalo-New York run by over an hour, while the New York, New Haven & Hartford has cut eighty-six of its schedules by an average of nearly 15%. The New York Central has reduced its running time between New York and St. Louis, and between New York and Buffalo by nearly an hour.

Similar reductions of time have been effected by the Southern and Western roads. The running time from Jacksonville to Miami on the Florida East Coast is now three hours shorter than it was two years ago, and that between Portland and Seattle is one hour shorter than it was a year ago. St. Louis and Denver are now five hours closer to each other as a result of speed

improvements on the Missouri Pacific and the Denver & Rio Grande Western. On the Norfolk & Western, the *de luxe* train, the Pocahontas, has reduced the running time from Norfolk to Cincinnati by three hours. Recently a speed war was inaugurated by the four roads which run the thirty-eight daily passenger trains between Chicago and St. Louis, and the time was cut down to six and a half hours between the two points.

Because of the almost savage competition among all the roads for the freight business the railroads have recently gone in for increasing the speed of their freight trains also, with a total disregard for the cost, which is, of course, terrific. Fast schedules in freight trains mean light loads at high unit cost. A number of the roads are now giving express service at freight rates on many commodities handled. The *Bache Review* points out that fruit is now being carried from California to Chicago in 154 hours, and adds, "Freight from one large commercial center to another 500 miles apart and over receives second morning delivery. . . . Often goods are received before the bill of lading arrives, resulting in demands to slow up delivery of the freight to enable brokers to receive their bills and sell the goods before they arrive and accumulate demurrage."

Recently the railroads have gone in for a new form of display: decorating and naming locomotives. The Baltimore & Ohio a few months ago named its crack engines running between Washington and New York after the first twenty presidents of the United States. It was the first to take such a step. It was also the first road to decorate its locomotives. It has painted them olive green, striped in red and gold. The other roads have given the B. & O. much competition in this direction. The Chicago Great Western, for instance, has rebuilt the engines of its celebrated special train, the Red Bird, in English style, and painted them in Venetian red, striped in gold, to match the coloring of the rest of the train. The Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis (the Big Four) has had one of its most powerful locomotives lacquered battleship gray, and striped in aluminum and black. The Union Pacific has taken to painting its monogram in color on its locomotives. The Southern has special parts of its engines painted in bright green, and the boiler jackets, driving rods, etc., highly polished. The Delaware & Hudson does likewise. The locomotives on the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton are now lustrous in lacquer and nickel trimmed. The engine on the Minute Man, the crack train of the Boston & Maine, running between Boston and Chicago, has been decorated in broad bands of buff and blue, with a fine red stripe between.

But the Erie has gone a little further than all these roads, and has shown that it has not only the interests of its stockholders at heart, but also the welfare and dignity of its enginemen. It is now a common practice on that road to paint the names of enginemen with good records on the cabs in red and gold. Incidentally, the cab seats are in for a great improvement. Only the other day there was put on the market an adjustable locomotive seat, and there is little doubt that it will soon be a common thing. The seat may be adjusted for any desired height or tilt, and the cushion is built with a double set of coil springs "to give easy riding qualities for either light or heavy men."

V

As I said at the beginning of this article, the railroads, in their attempt to win back their lost passengers, are not confining themselves to stimulating more long-distance traveling, where the field seems to be clear for them; they are also doing all in their power to hold back the rush of their local passengers to the motor buses and to private automobiles. First, they are making commutation service more and more luxurious, and thus adding a glitter to the daily grind of the commuter. The leader in this movement has been the

Reading, which, in conjunction with the Central Railway of New Jersey, operates an hourly train service between New York and Philadelphia. The newly furnished cars on this line are in fact so rich in equipment that they rival the *de luxe* cars on the long-distance hauls. All of them, it is gloatingly reported, are handsomely finished on the outside, the lacquer system of painting being used throughout. The inside finish is in four tones of gray, shaded from a light tone on the deck down to a dark one at the base of the side walls. The hardware and light fixtures are finished in dull silver in harmony with the gray color of the walls and deck. The smoking-room has mahogany arm-chairs upholstered in blue-tone leather. The dining-room has four double and four single mahogany tables, and its chairs are upholstered in blue leather like the chairs in the smoking-room. The floor throughout is made of sanitary cement and is covered with a Royal Wilton carpet with a gray ground and a black figure. The carpet is laid over a hair felt carpet lining to protect it from wear and to make walking easier.

The floor of the passage-way and of the vestibules is covered with a square pattern of gray and blue tile. The window curtains are of pantasote, lined on the inside with blue silk mohair and trimmed at the bottom with gold-colored silk fringe. The globes used in all the lighting fixtures are of iridescent opal glass. There are four ceiling fans in each car, and they are so constructed that when they are in motion there is no draft. All the cars have a vapor system of steam-heating, and all the connections, pipes and so forth are located beneath the floor, so that commuters will not burn their shoes. The windows are fitted with polished plate glass, with a special pattern prismatic glass in the toilet. The parlor-cars are named in honor of famous women, such as Abigail Adams, Louisa Alcott, Jane Austen, Clara Barton and Molly Pitcher. The walls and ceilings of all these cars are finished in pearl gray, and the deep-seated chairs in apple-green.

Some of the roads have been experimenting with new luxurious gas-electric rail cars, and have thus far been reporting very favorable results. One of the pioneers in this direction is the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton, which installed two gas-electric cars a year ago. Each car runs 280 miles a day between Debray, Michigan, and Bainbridge, Ohio. There are four principal compartments in each car: the operator's cab, mail compartment, smoking compartment, and general passenger compartment. The total seating capacity of each car is 46. The inside finish is aluminum. The side, end and vestibule doors of the passenger compartment are made of Mexican mahogany, as are the window sashes. The seats are of the stationary, low-back, twin-seat type, and are upholstered in gray mohair plush. The seats in the smoking compartment are upholstered in green Spanish leather. All the trimmings are finished in statuary bronze metal finish.

But the main effort being put forward by the roads to win back their local passenger traffic has been in the construction of buses similar to those which are taking away their business. Fifty-three railways are now operating buses, and covering a mileage of 7,724 miles, and more and more are falling in line. Some of the buses carry regular point-to-point local passenger traffic, while others merely bring somewhat distant passengers to the station, as the Baltimore & Ohio is doing with its buses running between Manhattan and Brooklyn and Jersey City. The whole business is still in an experimental and chaotic condition. For one thing, there is the matter of the law. The exact legal status of the railroad bus is still not clear; most of the roads are thus obliged to run their buses through subsidiary companies. The New England Transportation Company, the subsidiary of the New Haven, is now operating the largest fleet of railway buses. It has 190 of them. After it comes the Northland Transportation Company, the subsidiary of the Great Northern, which has a fleet of 142.

Whether the buses are bringing back the lost commuters is still a moot question. Most of the Western roads find that they are helping them very little, and that their day-coach business is continuing to decline in spite of them. Others find that, though they are not gaining passengers, the cost of caring for what little they have is much smaller with buses than with trains, and thus their net loss is smaller. Still others profess to find a slight increase in their local passenger traffic business as a result of the installation of the buses.

Many of the roads have also put on freight buses in the attempt to hold on to the local freight business, which private trucking concerns are rapidly taking away from them. Here, too, the effect is still in doubt. The B. & O., which runs a fleet of trucks between Baltimore and Washington, is reporting a saving of more than $1000 a month over what it would cost it to carry the same freight by rail.

Will the railroads win in their struggle with the automobile? Will they return to the dominant position they occupied twenty-five years ago? What of the *de luxe* trains, and the speed trains, and the buses? Do they offer the best ways of winning back the lost passenger traffic? As for the *de luxe* trains, it is extremely difficult to obtain exact figures on them; the railway officials are very reticent on the subject. But it is no secret that while many of them, such as the Twentieth Century and the Broadway Limited, are making lots of money, there are just as many that are not earning the wages of their crews.

As to what effect they and the extra speed trains will have in the long run, the railroad world is divided in opinion. The *Railway Age*, representing one group, is inclined to think that what the roads need most right now is faster trains, more "refinement" in day coaches as well as in parlor-cars, and more buses, if they are to keep on top. It always reports the new improvements in "refinement" with much relish. But the *Bache Review*, representing an opposite body of opinion, thinks that "refinement" and extra speed are all nonsense, and persists in warning the investing public that "large volumes of traffic are now moving on the roads where the net is *nil* or very small. . . . The extravagance in running luxurious trains, more numerous than are necessary to handle the traffic, with innovations not demanded nor required by the public and indulged in by the railways themselves to outdo their competitors, [is so large] that this service has resulted in losses instead of gains."

The goat is the Pullman Company. It is bound by contract to supply whatever equipment the roads order. When a new *de luxe* is launched it is often let in for very heavy losses, for it must keep its cars in apple-pie order and pay their crews. All the railroad has to do is to haul them. When the average number of passengers carried per car drops below twelve, it can scarcely make a profit. But on some of the gaudier of the new *de luxe* trains the aver age of twelve is seldom reached. One of them once left Chicago for California with only one paying through passenger!

RED-INK DAYS

BY BENJAMIN DECASSERES

THE excavation of ancient New York goes on with great emotion and energy. The Pompeii of beer, whiskey and red ink that went down under the sudden explosion of the Vesuvius of venom, poison gas and mephitic booze in 1920 is gradually coming to light. The more intelligent magazines and Sunday newspapers have begun to teem with stories of the Lost Atlantis. The corpses of Old John Barleycorn, Papa Gambrinus, King Burgundy, the Princess Coraline Claret, Uncle Mumm, the Pied Piper of Heidsieck, the Dowager Mother Sauterne, Little Eva Absinthe with the green eyes, and Little Rollo Cognac have been fished forth piously by a band of scribes and laid in the sun for all the flask-toting Boy Scouts and Follies flappers to behold, while the palaces, kitchens, bars and back-yards in which they were wont to revel and set the table and mirrors on a roar are being reconstructed in half-tone, black-and-white and dry-point for the Volstead Museum of Ancient American Customs.

The old-time bibulous, sin-adventuring New Yorker thought pretty much in reds. There were the red lights, red eye and red ink. Red ink was the name given to table claret because it looked like red ink. It now tastes like red ink and often looks like fermented carbon paper. A red-ink joint was New-Yorkese for a place run by an Italian, a Hungarian or a Frenchman—but in most cases by an Italian—where you got a seven-course meal for forty-five cents with a small bottle of claret thrown in. Red ink joints still flourish by the thousand in New York, but since the collapse of liberty and the rise of stomach ulcers (*circa* 1920) meals in them are of five courses only, the price has been tripled, the diluted and fermented carbon paper runs to two dollars a quart and up, and the only thing that is thrown in is the free use of the roller-towel in the wash-room.

I have been informed by ancient but still articulate human containers of red ink that the first veritable joint in New York of which we have any knowledge was Niblo's Garden, once on the outskirts of the town at the corner of Broadway and Prince street. This was a large open-air drinking place (*circa* 1823) with bird-cages and lanterns hanging from the trees; it served mainly ices and clarets. As a solid institution, the red-ink joint, with its chin-chatter, brain-expansion and festal grin, was born at Mulberry Bend and Paradise Park at about the time of the second discovery of America by Italians (*circa* the Pierce-Buchanan Dynasty?). It was here—at least, so I have been informed by venerable *bon vivants*—that the table d'hôte that began with antipasto and minestra, that went to great gobs of spaghetti and chicken, and thence to spumoni and coffee, with oceans of red wine, was first known to the uitlanders from uptown.

When the literati and the painters—followed, as they always are, by the solid Macedonian phalanxes of illiterati, culture-hounds, fame-danglers, college Babbitts and brawling Sancho Panzas—invaded the claret-and-spaghetti cellars of the Bend, the Italians began to hie nor'-nor' west in the direction of Fourteenth street, hoping to retain the old flavor of their meeting places. But pretty soon, seeing that it was impossible to keep out the

Americans, and getting a taste of the fleshpots of the West to boot, they declared open pool. Thenceforward spaghetti and red ink became the touchstones of arts and letters in New York, and the kitchens of the Italian snuggeries became the bull-rings of Philistines, sales-agents for barbers' goods and that vast hoard of bums on the lower slopes of Parnassus who seek the Horebic gleam by night.

Whiskey, beer and ale had preceded wine as regular souse-aiders in New York by many generations. Whiskey, beer and wine had up until the Blight their separate worlds. They overlapped but seldom mixed. Whiskey was for Dutch courage, for stock-and-barrel Americans and black-eye Rembrandts. To your real, pre-natal whiskey-lifter, Art was and is sodomic. The New York whiskey drinker had an ecliptic all his own. Beer, as I have pointed out in a former lamentation in this place, was for the soft-souse, the singing, human, weeping-sleeping fellow. But wine produced gayety, expansiveness, an ethereal simper, a laudable desire to give away wife and fortune, a superb indifference to time and check-book. It had the power to fertilize a thousand stale cell-eggs in the brain—a phenomenon which I have seldom observed in whiskey and beer partisans. The metabolistic influence of wine that I have observed as a student of myself builds tissue, rinses the brain of all Schopenhauerean clog, tunes up the larynx to mighty efforts, and transfigures the plainest Jane into a mirific Isolde. Red ink may have spread uric acid among us occasionally, but the cure was found in the cause. There was no headache in it. There was no fight in it. And I never heard of an alcoholic case at Bellevue caused by wine.

If you want to jolt an old member of the New York Ink Guards out of his stoical and gin-wrinkled hide pronounce in his ear any one of these magical words: Guffanti, Riccadonna, Maria, Roversi, Little Hungary, Cabaret Francis, Moretti, Mouquin, Martin, Carlos, Black Cat, Mori, Gonfarone, Petit-Pas, Poggi, Marabeni. These were only a few of the names that blazed in bulbs and were magnets to thousands who came from the uttermost boundaries of the five boroughs and even from beyond the great waters that divide Hoboken and Jersey City from the Island of Souse's Desire.

II

Most of the old and well-patronized Italian and Hungarian red-ink table d'hôtes were in private houses. The ground floor had a small bar and dining-room, with a kitchen in the back wherein the wife of the proprietor—fat, garlicky, matriarchal—cooked. The daughters (if any, and there were generally some) waited on the tables, and were treated by the intelligentsia, and even by those in trade, with the same degree of respect that the Englishman offers to his bar-maid. Wine idealizes even the wench. The proprietor—generally, in the early days, a heavy-set, good-natured Italian with a Kitchener moustache and a non-stop, belly-broad watch-chain—kept the till and the cigar-stand. There was sometimes a cat that slept at the end of the bar. Some of these restaurants flowed over on to the second floor, used generally by the junkers of Bohemia and the owners of watch-case factories who looked askance and askew at the rather free-and-easy ways of the talented proletarians in the basement. Almost all of them—especially in Greenwich Village—had Summer gardens, which were the backyards of the houses rebricked and decorated with potted plants and Brooklyn rubber-plants, with night-blooming tom-cats walking the spiked fences. Many of these gentle sons of Napoli had skipped the detail of taking out a liquor license, but they were seldom bothered, for some one always got the license-money.

We drank our cocktails in the kitchen and kidded Mamma until our appetites became sharpened to the biting point. Then we went to the table, which looked like Joseph's coat when we arose at midnight.

After the coffee and cognac (the latter ten cents extra, I may as well remind the rising Boy Scout generation) some one sang a song, often a professional singer of either sex. A Neapolitan love-song, maybe—melodious, dream-evoking; or perhaps two or three of them got together with mandolins and we had "Funiculi-Funicula," while the whole place took it up, including the ribbon clerks from Yonkers. Our shirts were dyed in the blood of Bacchus and our voices walloped the welkin when the Famous Neapolitan Trio (always Famous, always Neapolitan, even after the invasion of the Greeks) was doing "Funiculi-Funicula." It was the Marseillaise of the Red Ink Army, which will neither die nor surrender as long as "real, old, genuine Chianti" is funnelled from tub to bottle in the cellars of Houston street.

The Hungarians, like the Italians, were strong on red table wines. The most renowned as well as one of the very oldest of their retreats was Little Hungary in East Houston street. Its early name was Liberty Hall—no doubt chosen by a countrymen to honor Louis Kossuth's revolution. It was the most curious place in New York. Peddlers of shirt-studs, neckties, socks and hairpins had their stands in the restaurant. They went from table to table with their wares, just as the cigarette girls do now in the pimp-infested night clubs of the White Lights. Rigo, after his great publicity stunt with the Princess Chimay had worn off its edge uptown, led the orchestra there for years, giving clown-like performances with his violin. He was a pre-Charlie Chaplin and a great drawing card for Launcelot Gobbos out of the West. Those who did not care for him went into the cellar. Here there was a treat for the red inksters. You sat at a long board and drew your wine out of a glass tube just over your head by pushing a button. You literally pumped it into yourself, and paid according to the number of tubes consumed.

Theodore Roosevelt, when he was police commissioner, was a patron of Little Hungary, and one evening, in a dee-lighted state of mind, he told the proprietor that he would still dine there, even if he became President of the United States. The finger of Fate having done the business, the proprietor reminded President Roosevelt of his red-ink remark. Teddy was as good as his word. The streets were roped off, a thousand cops were swung into East Houston street (there were dangerous Bryanites, single-taxers and referendum nuts on the soap-boxes in those days) and he was dined and wined in great state in Little Hungary. I have not been there for many years, but I believe the chair on which the God of Blare sat is still on exhibition, and that the plan of the Holy Supper is still on the wall.

Memories of Little Hungary draw me over to Second avenue, once the most picturesque and European-like street in New York. Hungarian red wines, steaming hot or ice-cooled, were consumed in the sidewalk cafés far into the Summer nights, and in Winter they were got down indoors, while a violinist strolled around, stopped at the tables and played some of the weirdest and most beautiful airs I have ever heard. What has become of these exquisite bits? Second avenue preserved its air and entity almost to the dreadful end. Few uitlanders ever visited it. It was seldom invaded by "New Yorkers." There were the Café Monopole, Balogh's (happy, laughing Balogh, who one night went behind a cask of red and blew his brains out!), the Orpheum (steaming red Hungarian wine and a whole play in Hungarian, Yiddish, or something, for ten cents), the Café Royale, with its extensive sidewalk café, and the Café Boulevard, with its wine cellars lighted by candles, and its grotesque cymbolum player: Huneker made him the central character in one of his fantastic short stories. The Boulevard was not, strictly speaking, a red-ink joint. It catered to the Vere de Veres of the East Side. It was just a little too respectable and formal for me, although I once slept on one of the long tables in the cellar after a grand party. It was at a dinner of the Sunset Club

at the Boulevard that Sadakichi Hartmann delivered his epoch-making lecture on temperance and monogamy.

Maria's! A tocsin, a trumpet of resurrection in the ears of all Bohemian, wine-bibbing, roystering New Yorkers. Maria's was in Twelfth street, and for many years it was a club of the arts and letters. It has become a legend. For thirty years it was a whole Boul' Mich in itself. Who has not dined, wined, sung and high-jinksed it at Maria's is not in the Golden Book of New York Bohemia. It was the central red-ink joint of every writer, painter, sculptor, architect, composer and newspaper man, including Ibsenists, Marxists, Stirnerites, Shavians and Swinburnians, that heeled it around New York. On Saturday night after ten o'clock you couldn't lower a boat in that heaving Red Sea. At four o'clock in the morning you could attach a fire-hose to any mouth in the place and put out a fire a block away.

It was in Maria's that a lady whose name shall be inviolate here laid her face on my collar, crinkled to a string, and wept and wept. I inquired. She pointed to a big fellow (a well-known painter) who stood at the piano, his arm around the waist of a young woman, bawling out a song.

"That's my husband," she sobbed to my neck-string. "Look at him! For two years after we were married he didn't drink a drop and we used to read Nietzsche and Schopenhauer to one another every night. Now he sings in bed, and our dear Nietzsche and Schopenhauer nights are no more!"

Maria's had a recognized toastmaster. For years he was Mickey Finn. Anybody called on had to do something—a song, a story, a dance, or a recitation. "Gunga Din" was done to death there. I once recited "The Ride of Paul Revere" in order to soothe the Dingle-Dangles who frequented the place.

If Maria's was local, Mouquin's, at Twenty-eighth and Sixth avenue, was cosmopolitan and universal. It was known to artists and litterateurs throughout the world. (I except Philadelphia, for I never knew a Philadelphian who had heard of Mouquin's. The Quaker City was never strong on wine or Bohemia. It sticks, immemorially, to the sacredness of the home, the back-alley speakeasy, and the Sunday poker-party). I defy any habitué of Mouquin's to write objectively of that celebrated emporium of wines, snails, onion soup, bouillabaisse and the mazagran. Little Hungary and Maria's were places. Mouquin's was home. You tossed your hat anywhere, you lolled, sprawled, cushioned yourself for a long session on carafes of *vin rouge* or *vin blanc*. The waiters were your cronies. Sometimes, when they got tired standing on the marble floor, they sat down with you, bought you a drink and discussed the election of Maurice Barrès to the Académie Française. Joe Harri was the chum of every Mouquineer for thirty years. Joe was captain of the waiters and one of the managers. He was a well-educated Parisian. After a couple of carafes of red quietly impounded in the kitchen, or a few social cognacs with one of us, he would recite Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset and Paul Verlaine by the yard, dramatically or sentimentally as the case might be. He would go to Jack's with us after Mouquin's closed and tear off Lamartine and De Vigny to the vast astonishment of Jack Dunstan, whose highest flight was "Mother Machree."

III

Mouquin's was fundamentally a wine house. Wines were cheaper there than at any other place in New York. The artists, poets, wastrels and radicals to whom Mouquin catered achieved mighty feats of metabolistic transubstantiation with the ruby hippocrene, from plain red ink to sparkling Burgundy. His three-story place was a Hall of Fame. I recall, offhand, Jack London, Ernest Lawson, Robert Henri, Arthur B. Davies, Vance Thompson, Charlie Chaplin, James Huneker, Richard Le Gallienne, Paul Bartlett, Emma Gold-

man, Jo Davidson, Homer Davenport, Arthur Brisbane, Michael Monahan, Enrico Caruso, Jean de Reszke, William Butler Yeats, Theodore Dreiser, Stanford White, Bob Chanler, William Glackens, John Barrymore, O. Henry, Lincoln Steffens, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Tito Ruffo, Victor Herbert, Charles Macauley, Clive Weed, Don Marquis, Leon Trotzsky, Frederick James Gregg, Booth Tarkington, Francis Grierson, David Belasco—and, and, and. The place vibrated with talk. It is now a cloak and suit cafeteria. It is to weep!

When Francis Savoureau left Mouquin's in the early part of the century he opened, with the backing of James Moore, the Cabaret Francis in Thirty-fifth street near the Garrick Theatre. Moore was a real estate lawyer, but he cared only for the company of painters and writers. Finding that he could not meet them all at once at Mouquin's, he opened a four-story house with a café in the basement, a restaurant on the first floor and sleeping rooms on the upper floors so that he could surround himself with Parnassians day and night. Jim Moore was a royal waster, a royal houser of the down-and-outs, and a unique dispenser of red ink for thirsty brush and pen men, for he didn't care whether you had money or not. He wanted you there. The walls of the café were lined with originals by Sloane, Glackens, Lawson and others. It was a gay, wild place of stormy sessions. There was a piano in the café and the usual Famous Neapolitan Trio. Savoureau himself, at midnight, would grab a tinpan from the kitchen and start parading around the place with all of us behind him, with our carafes of red ink in our hands, singing to split the walls. The Famous Trio would sometimes join the procession with their mandolins if they were able to walk. After the place closed, nominally at one A.M., Moore would invite a bunch of his boys over to his house in Twenty-third street, where the gayety was continued until they flopped into his many beds. The Cabaret Francis burned out one night with all of our checks, and Jim Moore has gone to Heaven. There are many famous American artists who could tell just how good he was at periods when a meal and a pint of red ink stood between them and suicide.

When J. B. Martin was at Ninth street and University Place he had a famous red-ink stand. The night before he closed to move to his highbrow store at Twenty-sixth and Broadway he brought a mule into the place at three A.M. while the crowd was swilling its way into a vinous Nirvana, and had the animal kick hell out of everything, to the frenzied howls of the mob. The Village, of course, swarmed with red-ink bazaars, and does yet—even more so. The most famous were Guffanti's in Seventh avenue; Gonfarone's, in Eighth street (I have been told that this place was the residence of Aaron Burr, but I do not know); Mori's, in Bleecker street; the curious, macabre Black Cat in West Broadway (a place that always gave me the Schopenhauerean willies), and Riccadonna's. Uptown, further, there were of blessed memory the Carlos, Moretti's, with its delightful Summer garden, and Roversi's, which still stands at Twenty-seventh street and Broadway, the name in bold electric lights—a sad, lone, solitary, Cambronnic survivor of a halcyon and hyperborean past.

PSALMS OF LOVE

BY LOU WYLIE

Lithe and slender as a young sapling
That wrestles joyfully with the North wind,
Or bends gracefully to the amorous winds of the South
Is my Belovèd.
Slender of girth is he, and stalwart,
With eyes that harbor purpling shadows
Like pools in an April twilight,
With lips that are moist and cool
As the firm petals of lilies,
But ruddier than the deep heart of tiger lilies.
White and firm is the flesh of my Belovèd,
And cool as banks of new snow;
Maddening in its white aloofness
Is his flesh,
Even as his lips are maddening,
As the violet shadows of his eyes
That dream as young nuns in a cloister,
Maddening because of their unassailable purity.
For pure is my Greatly Belovèd, and virginal
Though his kisses are fires that sear my soul,
Though his eyes are deep pools of slumbrous flame,
Though his body is white and immaculate as new snow,
Though he gives, but without abandon and without satiety,
Since he is enamored not of me, but of love.

II

Like the soft whisper of a fountain in the sunlight
Is the laughter of my Greatly Belovèd,
And his wrath is like unto strong wine,
Like red wine flung against an alabaster column—
And I am that column.
But his laughter is like the plashing of a fountain
Over which blow sweet winds
Dropping petals of white flowers in its basin,
A fountain whose waters leap and dance in the sunlight.
Where his feet press upon the warm earth
Fall petals of white plum blossoms
And the dust bears the print of his naked feet,
And because the print of his naked feet is on my heart also

I am jealous of the earth who is my rival—
The earth who will win him from me
And spread her own couch for him.
And for this will I tread lightly
Not knowing where his couch will be made.
The earth is a courtesan
And would stop with crude kisses the silver plashing of his laughter,
And would drain with greedy lips the red wine of his anger,
And to satiate momentarily her incredible lust
Will draw him from me.
For this reason I tread lightly upon her breast,
And I know that since he will become an infinitesimal part of her
That I shall love her,
Who will draw from me the warm lips of my Belovèd
That she may create through her union with him
Plum blossoms to cover other lovers' laughter.

III

My anguish is a woman in a purple robe
That lies between my breasts,
And though she rend me with the sharp teeth of her scorn
Yet will I hold her to me
Because to her only can I speak of the most intimate
Intimacies of my Greatly Belovèd.
Before her only can I press to my lips the thong of thorns
He has left me,
Before her only can I say "Here his white teeth touched my flesh,"
Or "This ringlet was he wont to wind about his finger when he said
'I love you.'"
Therefore I hold her to me
And beg of her not to escape,
For she it is who encompasseth in her body all the litany of
His wooing,
She it is who keeps fresh the too many scars of my humilities,
Who keeps bleeding the red gash of my too many acquiescences,
She is at most my scourge and my rosary
Whom I will not put aside until time sweeten the wormwood and gall
That is my heart.

THE JOBHOLDER PUTS TO SEA

BY DAVID WARREN RYDER

It is with a sigh of relief that the master of an American merchant ship weighs anchor and watches the shores of America recede. For the high seas offer him his only release from the harassments of the conflicting laws set up to govern him and his ship by men who, with rare exceptions, know nothing at all about the business of the sea. Steering his ship with a compass that had no points would be about as easy for him as trying to obey all the laws, rules and regulations that reach out and grab him the moment he puts into an American port. With him it is literally a case of being "between the Devil and the deep sea;" and he will always take the latter, with all its potential perils and hardships.

An American merchant ship is under the jurisdiction of three Federal departments: those of Commerce, Labor and the Treasury. The first has control of navigation and steamboat inspection; the second has jurisdiction of all matters pertaining to immigration and naturalization; and the third controls all questions of customs and public health. Each department is split up into numerous inter-departments and bureaux. The heads of these come before Congress, and, without any coördination of ideas or unity of thought or action, propose laws to regulate shipping which Congress, composed mainly of men who know nothing about the shipping business, puts on the statute books to beleaguer ships' masters and add seriously to the difficulties that American shipowners must overcome to operate successfully under the American flag. Without such laws the American merchant marine would still have obstacles enough in the way of successful operation. With them, it is being driven slowly but surely off the seas.

Nor is this all, for what conflicting national laws and hostile State and local regulations do not do to harass the American shipowner bureaucracy does, gladly, splendidly. Each bureau deriving from one or another of the three major Federal departments having jurisdiction over merchant shipping is exceedingly jealous of the rights and authority of the other bureaux, and with a passion for arbitrary and inflexible rulings, supplies a quota of embarrassments, difficulties and problems in addition to those furnished directly by Congress and the three Federal departments. Given a few of Congress' choice specimens of conflicting laws, and a half dozen adamant and divergent rulings issuing out of the various shipping bureaux, and two or three $150-a-month browbeating government inspectors can drive a ship's master to the verge of insanity and his ship into foreign registry.

A few months ago the American steamship *Point Lobos* was lying in the port of Callao, Peru, loaded, ready for sea. Her master was ashore signing on an able seaman to fill a vacancy caused by the death of one of the crew. This he had to do according to the United States navigation laws. If he had left port with a deficiency in his crew he would have been liable to a heavy fine and to the detention of his ship. The seaman he secured happened to be a native of Australia, and signed on for discharge in San Francisco, where, under the American navigation laws, he would have sixty days in which to reship foreign. He

signed the ship's articles in the presence of the American consul at Callao, as provided in Section 4517 of the Revised Statutes. With the vacancy in his crew filled, and his crew list properly visaed by the American consul, as provided in Paragraph 3, Sub-section B, of the Immigration Laws of the United States, the master, secure in the knowledge that he had complied with every law and regulation, put his ship under way, hoping for fine weather and a safe passage to San Francisco.

The passage was smooth and safe as far as San Pedro, California. There the *Point Loma* put in to port to take on fuel, and there the fun began. While she was refueling a visit was paid her by the immigration inspector of the port. This important personage (and no king or potentate was ever more important than an American immigration inspector) cast his eyes about for something to complain of, and, finding nothing else, finally came to the captain and announced that he had come to the conclusion that the able seaman signed on at Callao was probably planning to enter into the coastwise trade when he left the ship in San Francisco, in violation of Paragraph 2, Subdivision I, of the Immigration Laws, which provides that no alien seaman may engage in the coastwise trade. How did he know this? Well, he didn't know it, but he suspected it. Anyway, he served the captain with a written order to detain the man on board ship in San Francisco, under penalty of a thousand dollar fine if he let him go.

II

Arrived in San Francisco, the captain took his whole crew before the shipping commissioner and there paid the men off, as required by Section 4549, of the Revised Statutes of the United States. As the seaman shipped in Callao had signed on to be discharged in San Francisco, he was one of the number. Mindful, however, of the order of the immigration inspector in San Pedro to detain this man aboard ship, the captain took the man with him to the office of the immigration inspector in San Francisco, and in the august presence of this fellow stated the facts and inquired what, under the circumstances, was to be done.

He was not left long in doubt. The San Francisco immigration inspector decreed that the seaman must be kept aboard ship until the ship was ready for sea. He had received word from the San Pedro immigration inspector that the latter *thought* that this man was a malafide seaman, intending to ship in the coastwise trade. Mindful that if he detained the man aboard ship now that he was entitled to discharge, he and his ship would be liable to a fine for thus violating the Seamen's Act, and feeling that he and his ship should not be bound by what the immigration official in San Pedro *thought*, the captain asked if the San Francisco immigration inspector would not convene a special court of inquiry, under Paragraph 1, Subdivision I, of the Immigration Laws, to ascertain if the seaman in question was subject to arrest and detention. The inspector would not do this. He had no authority to disregard the order of the San Pedro inspector.

The captain then called the inspector's attention to sections 16, 17, 18 and 19 of the Seamen's Act, (sometimes called by the unwitting the Magna Charta of the Sea), under which all laws giving the right to arrest and detain seamen, either from American or foreign ships, were repealed. He pointed out that he could neither refuse to discharge this seaman nor detain him aboard ship without violating the provisions of this act and laying himself liable to a thousand dollar fine. What was he to do? Obey the immigration authorities and be fined for disobeying the Seamen's Act, or obey the Seamen's Act and be fined a thousand dollars for disobeying the San Pedro inspector's order? To which the immigration official replied that he didn't give a damn about anything except that the seaman was detained aboard ship; he was not concerned with the navi-

gation laws. Well, then, would he take the man over to the immigration station at Angel Island and hold him there until his status under the immigration laws could be determined? No; not unless the captain would agree to be responsible to the government for the costs of detention and inquiry.

Then something else occurred. The captain had been ordered by the owners to put his ship in the coastwise trade, and under Paragraph 2, Subdivision I of the Immigration Laws it would be unlawful for him to carry an alien seaman in to the coastwise trade. Moreover, if he left San Francisco and arrived at Aberdeen, Washington (his next port of call) with the seaman aboard, he would be liable to a fine there; and, of course, be liable to an additional fine if the man escaped at that port. Had the inspector thought of that? No; and he didn't give a damn about any of it, either. That was the master's lookout, he said, not his. Besides, he added, the seaman should never have been shipped at Callao in the first place.

"But," said the captain, in effect, "if I had left Callao shorthanded I would have been liable to a fine and the detention of my ship, for under Section 4463 of the Revised Statutes I must replace the deficiency in my crew before sailing. I have obeyed the law to the letter. The American consul at Callao signed this man on, visaed the crew list, and also made a notation of this man's status, specifying that he had been signed on strictly in compliance with the law.

"The man has his papers to show that he is a seaman, his business is going to sea, and all that you have to support your order that I must detain him aboard ship is the San Pedro inspector's suspicion that he may be intending to go in to the coastwise service. I don't think I should be held up and my ship delayed because of his suspicion that this man *may* decide to violate some law. Furthermore, if I keep this man on board as you order me to do, and thereby violate the law against carrying an alien in to the coastwise trade, am liable to a thousand dollar fine. Then when I return here and am ready to go t Callao again with this man on my ship— you must remember he is a British subjec —and if I take him back to Callao an land him there I am liable to a fine of $100 for violation of the Immigration Laws o Peru. Under paragraph 2, Sub-section I o the Seamen's Act an alien seaman has th right to be discharged in an American por and to remain there sixty days. Now thi seaman is a bona fide alien seaman. H shipped strictly according to law in a foreign port to be discharged in thi country according to the United State Navigation Laws. Why can't he be re leased, as the law provides, with the righ to reship foreign in sixty days?"

"Because," answered the San Francisc immigration officer, "the San Pedro in spector says he thinks that this guy is a malafide seaman who's gonna violate th laws of this country. That's why."

"Well, then," said the captain, "sup pose I take this man to a foreign port o my ship; will that be all right? Or, if I ca find some other ship that's going foreig right away and find him a place on her will that be all right?" To which th august and almighty personage known a an immigration inspector replied that tha would do.

The master believed that he at last had found a way out of his difficulty. With th alien seaman in tow he went to the maste of the steamship *Admiral Johnson*, ready to sail for Japan, and found a place for him in her crew. Then, hurriedly reporting what he had done to the agent of his com pany, he rushed down to his ship—it wa now after dark, and he had been all da trying to dispose of his seaman, while hi ship had been ready to go—and, takin advantage of a favorable tide, sailed away thinking all was now well. But the nex afternoon, far out at sea, he had his self satisfaction rudely shattered by the follow ing radiogram from the owners of hi ship:

Be advised you were fined $1,000 today by the Immigration Department for shipping that alien out of the country without the presence of an immigration inspector.

I have presented the full details of this case, not only because it illustrates so perfectly the conflict of laws which besets the American shipowner and master, but also because it shows the lengths to which the jobholders in the various Federal bureaux go in harassing those whom, theoretically, they are supposed to cooperate with. I have told this story in detail also because it is so typical of things that are occurring almost every day. Case after case is of record wherein a ship's master, by obeying some provision of one law to the letter, finds himself disobeying either a provision of some other law or some ruling made under that law by a government agent.

III

There is, for instance, the case of the captain of the American merchant ship engaged in foreign trade, who, when his crew got drunk and deserted him in a foreign port, signed on a foreign crew in order to bring his ship back to New York; and then, when he arrived there, was forbidden by the immigration authorities, under threat of heavy fine, to discharge his crew according to the provisions of the navigation laws and according to the agreement which they and he had signed. The reason assigned for this action by the immigration authorities was the same as that given by the San Francisco inspector —the suspicion that these aliens *might* violate the law by shipping in the coastwise trade, and thus become malafide seamen. There is, again, the case of the American ship captain in the Atlantic Coast trade, who was forbidden to discharge one of his seamen at any port he touched, because the immigration authorities *thought* the man might violate the law. He carried the man around with him for more than a year until, fortunately for the captain and the seaman himself, he died; thus finding in death what he could not find in life—relief from the persecution of American jobholders.

Another excellent illustration of the costly difficulties suffered by the American shipowner because of the conflict of Federal laws and rulings pertains to the matter of citizenship as it applies to a seaman. Section 8 of the Act of May 9, 1918, provides that every seaman who is an alien, shall, after he has declared his intention to become a United States citizen and after he shall have served three years on a merchant or fishing vessel of this country, be deemed an American citizen for the purpose of serving on board such a vessel; and that such a seaman shall for *all* purposes of protection be an American citizen after filing intention to become such. That clause would seem plain enough; and it is of great importance, since the immigration laws forbid employment of alien seamen in the coastwise service, and since, with much of the romance of the sea gone and land pursuits offering greater pay, it is hard nowadays to get American seamen.

But the Naturalization Bureau of the Federal Department of Labor put in its oar, citing another law holding that no man can become an American citizen unless he has been in the country five years. On this point the bureau was adamant, and so the matter went to the Federal courts. But they only added more confusion. For while the district court of New York upheld the contention of the Naturalization Bureau, the courts of equal jurisdiction in California and the District of Columbia decided to the contrary. The New York court said that no matter how long a man had been aboard an American ship, he could not become a citizen unless he could show legal entry and produce a head tax receipt. But the district courts in California and Washington ruled that it did not matter how an alien entered the country if he could show three years' service on an American ship. Thus it happened that a man who was refused his final papers in New York, after he had proved service

aboard an American ship for three years, was taken to Washington, D. C., and there made a citizen.

One of the amusing features of this mess was that when the New York court made its ruling requiring a head tax receipt as proof of legal entry, the discovery was made that the government never had provided a form of receipt for head tax from seamen, and had, furthermore, ordered immigration inspectors *not* to give head tax receipts to seamen. Thus many seamen had been forced to pay this tax over and over again to different inspectors because they had nothing to show they had paid it before. Occasionally, inspectors, apparently on their own initiative, furnished something in lieu of a receipt. Photostatic copies of such that I have seen include scraps of paper torn from the flaps of envelopes, typewritten receipts with typewritten signatures, and pencil scrawls of "head tax paid," without the signature of anyone, appearing on some paper the seaman happened to have in his pocket at the time. How much of the money so receipted for, or not receipted for at all, ever found its way to the coffers of Uncle Sam, God alone knows.

A ship must go from place to place and therefore cannot escape coming into the jurisdiction of these many and petty public officials. Because of the conflict of laws under which these jobholders operate; because of the fact that each of them takes the stand that *his* rulings must be obeyed no matter how many laws and other rulings are thus disobeyed; and because of the conflicting interpretations of the same laws by different officials—because of all these things, the captain and shipowner are at a loss most of the time to know what to do, and in the end must resort frequently to litigation in order to protect their rights and determine their duties. Even then they are not sure of their course because, as we have seen with respect to the matter of seamen's citizenship, some of the courts hold to one interpretation and some to another. Everywhere there is confusion.

IV

And, as if a ship's master did not already have enough troubles with this conflict of laws and regulations, certain provisions of the Volstead Act make him liable, with penalty of heavy fine, for any liquor brought aboard his ship by any of his crew or passengers. One may go into any hotel in America with a suitcase full of liquor, register and take a room; and, if the liquor is found, no responsibility rests on the hotel keeper. But let a passenger or member of the crew bring a pint flask aboard ship, and if an inspector happens to find it, the captain faces paying a thousand dollar fine. With the larger ships having passenger lists as great as the guest lists of large metropolitan hotels, it is absolutely impossible for the captain to prevent liquor being brought aboard, to say nothing of the impossibility of keeping members of the crew from carrying it on. That he should be held responsible, when a hotel proprietor under similar circumstances is not, is one of the many things that no one but a law-maker can ever hope to understand. The same thing, of course, applies also to narcotics. Here, again, the master of a ship is responsible if narcotics are found aboard; a few years ago a captain who brought his ship in to San Francisco from some port in the Orient had fines totalling some $15,000 slapped on him because a considerable quantity of dope was found secreted in various places throughout his ship. Throughout this discussion it is understood, of course, that the master, or captain, is the representative of the ship and its owners. Consequently, whatever is done to him is done to the shipowners; so that the difficulties I describe are difficulties with which, in the end, the American shipowner has to contend.

At the beginning of this article I said that a ship's master breathes a sigh of relief when he feels his ship under way and sees American shores receding, because he is thus rid, for a time at least, of the

harassments of a half dozen government agents enforcing a half dozen or more conflicting laws, rules and regulations. It must not be supposed, however, that even when he is out on the high seas, far from the physical presence of the brave bureaucrats, he is entirely free from their machinations or from the effect of the laws whose passage they help to procure. Decidedly not. This man, who was once clothed with authority comparable to his responsibility, although there has been no lessening of his responsibility for the safety of ship, passengers, crew and cargo, has been robbed of much of his authority. Contrary to the example of the maritime laws of every other country, which, exacting full responsibility of the ship's master, endow him with compensating authority, American lawmakers have enacted legislation which swaggers aboard ship and tells the master how he shall operate his ship and divide and dispose of his crew; so that he no longer is master of his ship, except in name.

The unwisdom of this should be easily apparent. Under the navigation laws of the United States the master is held responsible for the safe navigation of his vessel. He is required to have passed a most rigorous examination, both before he became a watch officer and when he acquired his master's papers. He must have had long experience at sea under all kinds of conditions, and obviously no one on shipboard is more competent to manage the ship and determine the disposition of the crew than is he. Once the Steamboat Inspection Service, which has the right to determine the number of men necessary to man the ship, has issued to the master a ship's certificate, he should be given the necessary authority to place his crew where they may be used to the greatest advantage, mindful, of course, of the laws of humanity and decency.

Of this authority he is, however, deprived by Federal laws, which tell him how he must dispose of his crew and, virtually, how he must operate his ship. No other nation, as I have said, has any such provisions in its maritime laws. No other nation limits thus the authority of the ship's master in matters pertaining to the management of the ship. American laws, however, not only do just that; they so operate as to lessen the morale and discipline of the crew to the point where a captain has practically to defy the law to exact discipline and get any work out of his crew.

Beside all the difficulties the American shipowner suffers from the causes I have enumerated, he is put under a most serious handicap because of the competition of the American government in the shipping business. The Merchant Marine Act of 1920 declared that it "is necessary for the national defense and for the proper growth of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine of the best equipped and most suitable types of vessels sufficient to carry the greater portion of its commerce and serve as a naval or military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency, ultimately to be owned and operated privately by citizens of the United States." Anticipating such a mandate, the people of the United States had provided some $3,000,000,000 during the World War with which to build such a fleet. After the war the Shipping Board was directed to sell it as soon as possible to private owners so that the government would not be in competition with private endeavor.

But politics came in, as it always does. A lot of fine jobs, with exceedingly fat salaries attached, had grown out of government war-time operation of ships; and once a fat job is created in this country, the Devil himself cannot abolish it. And so, ever since the war, we have had the spectacle of the rows in Congress, participated in by almost every agency of government—legislative, executive and judicial—over whether the ships should or should not be sold, and whether the government should or should not get out of the shipping business, and if so, how. In the mean-

time, the jobholders have held on, intrenching themselves more strongly every day. At this date the government is still in the shipping business, and private shipowners must not only sweat over what their future status is to be, but must compete with a fleet of ships whose losses, under a body of Federal jobholders which has had sixteen presidents in eight years, can be and are made up annually out of the public treasury.

The private shipowner, in the face of this condition, cannot be in anything but a miserable quandary. For, if the government is ultimately going to get out of the shipping business and give him a chance—as it keeps promising to do—he does not want to sell out now and quit, even though he is not at the moment making any profits. On the other hand, if the government is going to stay in the shipping business it is only a question of time until he will be forced out, because no private owner can for long compete with a fleet of vessels whose losses are made up out of public funds, and it would be better for him to get out now instead of continuing to operate unprofitably. Again, if the government is going to get out and leave the field to the private operator, he has to be ready for this situation. He has to begin now to arrange for making replacements, because he cannot compete with foreign ships unless his own are as large and modern as theirs. However, if, on the other hand, the government intends to stay in the game, there is no use of his building new ships which he cannot now operate profitably and which he will ultimately have to sell at a loss. The American shipowner is thus in a most unenviable position. To survive at all he must do something; yet he knows that whatever he does it will probably be very bad for him.

Moreover, the uncertainty as to whether or not the government will get out is not the only handicap the American shipowner suffers. Government operation, right now, is an *active* handicap to him, and is injuring him seriously. For instance, Article 2, Section 2, of the Shipping Act of 1920 forbids the use of what is called a "fighting ship"—that is, one used in the merchant marine in a particular trade by a carrier or group of carriers for the purpose of driving out another carrier in the same trade. Yet the government ships operated by the Panama Railroad and those operated by the Army Transport Service are permitted to carry freight and passengers at less than the current rates of the privately owned ships. Furthermore, the Panama Canal, constructed as everyone knows with public funds and deriving large revenues from our foreign and domestic commerce, is allowed by Congress to set up such an arrangement with respect to canal tolls that empty ships pay the same as loaded ones, ships of the same tonnage pay different tolls, and foreign ships in many instances pay smaller rates than those charged American ships. Every effort made by American shipowners to remedy this extremely unfavorable situation has met with dismal failure.

V

The disadvantages under which American ships operate on account of unfavorable laws and conflicts of laws, as well as the tactics of a high-handed bureaucracy, combine to make it cost from 17% to 30% more to operate under the American flag than under a foreign flag. Part of this, of course, is represented by higher labor costs. But the major portion of it could be eliminated if the laws under which privately owned American ships operate, instead of being so cumbersome, conflicting and downright hostile, were altered to become simple and sane; and if the bureaucracy, instead of constantly carrying a chip on its shoulder and seeking continually to annoy and penalize, would adopt a policy of coöperation and strive to aid instead of to hinder. The average minor government official of today, the petty Federal jobholder, whose number is legion, seems to

conceive it to be the sole function of government at all times to seek to put somebody in jail or assess a penalty for something. So long as the American shipowner has constantly to fight this army of club-wielders, he cannot hope to operate his ships except at a serious disadvantage; and it will not take much more of the same thing to persuade him that he can better invest his money and effort in some kind of venture on which the hand of government does not so heavily and obstructingly fall.

Why are such hostile laws, such conflicting and cumbersome laws passed? Why does a nation which apparently wants an American merchant marine—has, in fact, declared for one time and again—adopt legislation which makes that merchant marine virtually impossible of creation and operation? The answer is—Congress. Few of its members know the slightest thing about ships or the shipping business. The Senate Committee on Commerce, which considers most Senate matters relating to the American merchant marine, consists of fifteen members, ten of whom are lawyers! The Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee of the House has twenty-two members, and half of them are also lawyers! Not a single member of either committee has had any experience in the shipping business. Naturally, they blunder outrageously in recommending legislation. They enact laws which not only harass and hamstring American shipowners, but give foreign flag operators tremendous advantages. And then there is politics. Always politics. The committees are divided into political groups, and one group is frequently seeking to embarrass some other; or the party not in power is striving to put the other party in a hole. Moreover, many members of both houses come from the Middle West or other regions far from the seaboard, and hence have neither knowledge of nor interest in the question of ships and shipping. And Congressmen from the Middle West hold the balance of power.

The American shipowner is thus literally between the Devil and the deep sea. Whenever, through the natural stimulus of ambition and initiative, he raises his head, there is some law or agency of government close at hand to batter him with a club. Or, if he does succeed in escaping the head-whacking of the government departments, bureaux, and all their multitudinous agents, and gets his ships out on the high seas, he finds them in competition with a fleet of government-owned vessels, which can put him out of business because their losses are made up out of the public treasury. Congress, in the first place, makes it as hard as possible for him to operate successfully, through a myriad of unfavorable and hostile laws, enforced by a swarm of nitwits and jobbernols. Then, in the second place, apparently to make doubly sure that he is at a disadvantage, it keeps on hand a fleet of government-owned vessels to compete with him unfairly. The American shipowner is confronted today with the choice of going out of business entirely; or operating at a loss in the hope that some time in the future—in that happy day when government changes from an incubus to an aid—he may have opportunity to recoup his losses; or putting his ships under a foreign flag.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Notes For My Biographer

Free Speech.—I shall interest myself more greatly in the doctrine of general free speech when more than half a dozen men in any country seem to have something to say that is worth saying under any circumstances at any time or in any place.

Politics.—I take no interest in politics. I have too humorous a disesteem for the democratic form of government to be guilty of any such low concern. I cannot understand the man who proclaims democracy as something beneath any intelligent man's contempt and yet finds its politics diverting, provocative and exciting.

Religion.—What could be more absurd than all these recently lauded books which seek to prove that the greater part of the Bible is pure fiction? Of course it is pure fiction; it is just that that gives it any sound reason for being. A book of facts would have laid Christianity, like any other religion, in the dust within a hundred years or less; a book of beauty, with no more basis in fact than a British book of Hun atrocities, can alone contrive to keep any faith whole and alive. Platitude plus platitude! Religion, as the Dantziger observed, is essentially allegorical, like a poem, a painting or an absinthe drip. Fact has no more place in it than in music. It is an enchantment, a stimulating illusion, a bread pill, or it is nothing, and of no value. There is no more reason for Matthew XVIII to be literal than there is for one of Chopin's Polish folk songs. Idealization, imagination and hocus-pocus are as valuable and necessary to any faith, even faith in a woman or a dog, as they are to heroic verse, sculpture or "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." A true Bible would be as great an anomaly as a true Nibelungen Ring.

It is my personal veneration of and faith in facts that prevent me, therefore, from being a religious man.

Work.—I am always skeptical about men who talk of how hard they work. If they had a little more talent and skill, perhaps they would not have to work so hard.

Vanity.—I prefer the vain man to the faint-hearted one. I appreciate that it is not popularly believed, but it has been my own experience to find that the vain man generally has some ground for his vanity. Sometimes, true enough, that ground is not a very lofty one, but at least it is a ground. Even the man who is stuck on his own looks seems to me a more comprehensible fellow than the one who apologetically bewails the fact that he has no looks to be stuck on.

Matrimony.—Among all the married couples I know—and I know many—there isn't one that doesn't solicitously warn me against marriage. Why, I do not know, for some of them seem happy and contented with their lot. Yet even these tell me that I am better off as I am. I often meditate the phenomenon and speculate as to what it is in marriage that causes these friends and counsellors to impart the advice that they do. I have asked them, but they will not tell me in so many plain words. They simply say, "Don't do it—that's all!", and let it go at that.

Experience.—Experience has simply taught me that what I think I know for a fact will generally be disproved by some experience still in the offing.

Health.—I observe that when I take very good care of my health I somehow do not feel nearly so well as when I go in for what my doctor calls dissipation.

Business Men.—I do not get on very well with the majority of business men; they irritate me. They seem to know so little about making money.

Knowledge.—The end of knowledge is merely a bumptious unhappiness.

Patriotism.—The most patriotic American I know, a man whose 100% is doubted by no one, has for the last twenty-five years worked like a nigger slave so that he might spend his annual vacation in Europe.

Sex.—Philosophers since the beginning of time have tried assiduously to think sex into an inferior place in man's life. They have succeeded in doing so only philosophically.

The Silver Spoon.—It seems to be a belief of the American that a boy born with a silver spoon in his mouth can never amount to as much as one born in poverty and misery. While I do not presume for a moment to argue that I have amounted to very much in this world and while the spoon in my mouth at birth was perhaps not absolutely sterling, I know one thing and this is it: that its relative approximation to sterling gave me the opportunity to devote myself to valuable study while other less fortunate boys were selling papers or delivering ice and so helped me more quickly to further the career I had laid out for myself. If I have not lived up to the possibilities of that career, it is certainly not the fault of the spoon, but of myself.

Literature.—I find that I get the most diversion, among the arts, from literature. Music does not satisfy me half so greatly. Literature brings afresh to me the thoughts of other men. Music brings back to me simply my own thoughts.

Love.—Love is that emotion which lies half-way between idiocy and wisdom.

Happiness.—Happiness rests in achievement only for mediocre men. The first-rate man, on the other hand, finds little happiness in achievement because, at the moment of accomplishment, he is beset by doubts as to its genuine worth. He is tortured by the thought of its dubiousness and by the struggle that lies ever ahead of him in his effort to do really fine work. The mediocre man alone gets any happiness out of achievement, for he is ass enough to be able to persuade himself that what he has achieved is signally and finally worth-while.

Youth.—"Beautiful is youth, it never comes again," goes the German saying. I beg leave to amend it by inserting *because* just after the comma. Youth is a nuisance. Only very old men become foolish lament that it is no longer theirs.

My Books.—I have been criticized for publishing certain of my books in the form of short paragraphs and notes. It is said of me that I must be incapable of extended and sustained thought. At the risk of considerable objectionable and highly deplorable brass, may I point out that Aristotle, Hegel and Nietzsche, among others, must thus also have been incapable of extended and sustained thought?

Women.—I decline to be a realist where women are concerned. To enjoy women at all one must manufacture an illusion and envelop them with it, otherwise they would not be endurable. To that extent, at least, I am sufficiently realistic. Without this deceptive illusory chicane, woman is

found to be simply a third-rate man; with it, she is found to be charming, amusing, desirable, lovely. Why spoil a good time? Why be content with anything third-rate when you can so easily—in certain cases—metamorphose it into the first-rate? But, you ask, why fool yourself with women? I ask, in turn, why fool yourself with the whiskey you drink or the God you believe in? The temporary effect is good enough, and it all won't matter a damn after you are dead.

Correspondence.—One of the greatest curses of modern human intercourse is the become-widespread belief of letter-writers that they have to be witty and amusing. It is a rare individual these days who doesn't try to constitute himself an epistolary genius of one sort or another and who doesn't concern himself assiduously with being a comedian at the expense of straightforward, intelligible and intelligent correspondence. There was a time when a man could read his daily mail quickly, get at its intent immediately, and finish off that part of the day's chore with dispatch. But that day seems to be past. Today, even the most casual correspondent clutters up his letters with excursions into wheezy jocosity, with theoretically killing codas, with pseudo-comical irrelevancies and with other facetiæ that have no more place in what he is trying to say than they would have in a funeral sermon.

The time when a letter was signed simply with a *Yours truly* or a *Sincerely* has vanished. In the stead of these, we are now in for a flood of *Allons!*, *Yours with a boot in the rear for Volstead*, *May God have mercy on your old socks*, *Ecce homo!*, *Beware of blondes*, *Yours until the keg is empty*, *Yours for arson and murder*, *Yours in the name of the Twelve Apostles*, *Carpe diem!*, *Sincerely, with the exception of the Ten Commandments*, *As we say in Persia, goddam!*, *Yours until the next war*, *With prayers for your escape from Hell*, *Bon soir, old spitzbub!*, *Et tu, Brute!*, *Yours in the name of the Archbishop*, *In hoc signo vinces*, *O tempora, O mores!*, *Salutations and a kiss on the ear*, *Sic transit gloria mundi!*, *Yours with an awful bellyache*, *Vive le roi!*, *With my shirt-tail in the breeze*, *To Hell with marinierte herring*, *Yours until the last Congressman is sober*, and *Over-the-river, sucker!*

The letters themselves, generally from persons who have no more natural aptitude for humor than so many Socialists, avoid a direct statement of what they are driving at in preliminary disquisitions on the kind of liquor on sale in Columbus, Ohio, the looks of the chambermaid in the hotel at Elkhart, Indiana, and the resemblance of the half-tone of one that appeared in the local rotogravure section to Edgar A. Guest. These prefatory observations, couched in presumably very comical terms, are followed with an attempt at ingratiation that takes the form of allusions to the writers' wine-cellars and the hospitality of certain comely Creole girls in the neighborhood, together with droll speculations on one's possible relationship to a colored gentleman living in the writers' town who happens to enjoy a like surname. At this point, the correspondents interrupt themselves long enough to hint vaguely at what they had in mind when they sat down to write. But, after the hint and by way of further installing themselves in one's good graces, they are promptly off again with some snappy notations of similes for forbidden words, a reference to an enclosed clipping from the local newspaper which contains a Rabelaisian typographical error, and the inside story of why Mrs. Snyder didn't kill her husband on the previous night, the latter illustrated with a pencil drawing. And when finally the real purpose of the letter begins to make itself apparent, one is so worn out that one has no sense left to cope with it.

Such correspondents increase daily. Not only is one's personal mail chock full of them, but one's business and professional mail as well. The most uncommon thing that one encounters in these days is a simple letter, simply written, that says what it has to say in straight English, signs a name to it, and then quietly shuts up.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Other Incomparable Max

Preceded by that species of irrelevant and trumpery press-agency which, somewhat disconcertingly, he would seem fond of allowing to make him appear rather like German silver, Max Reinhardt, the foremost active producer in the world theatre, has come again across the Atlantic to display his wares. That this virtuoso of dramatic production should permit himself publicity devices that Peaches Browning and even Otto Kahn might balk at is gagging to those of his critics who peculiarly believe that art and dignity should have something in common, and who have difficulty in determining just what connection there can be between some of the very finest dramatic presentations of the modern stage and a lot of free lunches at Salzburg, to say nothing of widely disseminated photographs showing the impresario and Miss Julia Hoyt posed against the façade of Schloss Leopoldskron eating sizeable hunks of *Wiener Lungenbäuscherl*. For while such stuff may be all right on the part of self-advertising vaudeville actors and pentecostal clergymen, it is hardly an admirable business for a man of Reinhardt's attainments. He may thus impress a senate of doodles, but in the minds of others he lowers himself considerably.

That Reinhardt is the most talented director and producer operating in the theatre in these years is certainly not news, except perhaps to a few Russians. With Craig, the greatest genius of them all, in forced retirement in Genoa, with Stanislavsky, a skilful fellow, calmly relying for eminence upon a few already ancient achievements, with Dantchenko, ever little better than a second-rater, idiotically frittering away his time out in Hollywood, and with Pitoëff going in simply for a series of exaggerated imitations and caricatures in France, Reinhardt has the field pretty well to himself. He is an extraordinarily fertile and alive figure, indefatigable, imaginative and resourceful; he works like a Trojan; he has, unlike these other producers, a sense of internationalism—all drama, whatever the land of its origin, is of interest to him; he has a mind that adapts itself to a diversity of drama and a fancy that filters it with a various force and beauty on to a fluid and galvanic stage. It is Reinhardt's outstanding characteristic, indeed, and the quality that has raised him to leadership among the active producing talents of the day, that he is, in a sense, a different man in the instance of each separate production which he makes. Where the majority of producers have a very definite and unmistakable personal label that sticks betrayingly to each of their presentations, however essentially different the dramas themselves may be, Reinhardt changes his directing personality according to the drama he happens to be dealing with. There is not one director Reinhardt, there are a dozen director Reinhardts. But there is only one Stanislavsky, one Gemièr, one Granville Barker, one Copeau or one Sierra, be the play farce or comedy, tragedy or allegory. The signature is genuine, but the contents of the bottle are often spurious. For these directors and others like them are bent upon impressing their own idiosyncratic personalities on a variety of drama where Reinhardt is concerned chiefly with so adjusting the many facets of his directorial personality that that one of them that most patly suits the particular drama in hand shall not obscure the latter to his own vainglory and to its own infinite damage.

Going into the theatre of any outstanding director and producer save Reinhardt, one can discern the director's arbitrary method and technique, be the exhibit Shakespeare or Racine, Lenormand or Oscar Wilde. The label is there as flamboyantly—and as dubiously—as on a bottle of bootleg Scotch. Everything is sacrificed to make a Roman holiday for the producer himself, and for his personal kudos. The dramatist is simply a tool wherewith he seeks to fashion his own monument. Among directors both big and little the world over one finds this vain adherence to and exposition of an inflexible technique or style, as set in each of its several ways as the writing tricks of the more celebrated popular fictioneers or the steps of the more celebrated colored hoofers. Thus, one need not refer to the playbill to know a Stanislavsky production, whether of Tchekov or Maeterlinck: the Stanislavsky idiosyncrasies periodically thrust themselves forward willy-nilly, and the devil take the dramatist. So, also, with Jessner—at times, like Stanislavsky, a praiseworthy craftsman—and his arbitrary stairways, with Copeau and his arbitrary salon method of staging, with Pitoëff and his arbitrary Bolshevik hocus-pocus, with Gemièr and his arbitrary portière nonsense, with Barker and his arbitrary gilt Oxonianism, with Arthur Hopkins and his arbitrary Barnowski naturalism or—to descend to the little fellows—with Belasco and his silk laboriously thrown over cotton, Basil Dean and his drugstore-window-lighting monkeyshines, and the relatively much superior André and his second-hand Reinhardtisms out of Rapallo.

In Reinhardt's theatre, as I have noted, technique of production is no such more or less exactly pigeonholed business. For each separate drama a new technique is devised. For one, we have the Craig concepts visualized by the Reinhardt imagination; for another, the principles of the Commedia del'Arte elaborated and edited; for still another, music and the spoken word deftly orchestrated; for still another, the Sixteenth Century moralities beautified by a Twentieth Century looking imaginatively backward; for yet another, modernism plus modernism; and for yet another still, impressionism and expressionism enjoying a picnic of acutely critical production. In this lies the estimable and protean Max's directorial expertness and felicity: that all manner of drama is grist for his mill and that, more important, that mill revolves not to a single wind, as with the other producers, but to whatever wind the drama in point may blow. There are times, it may be, when Reinhardt plainly strains himself for effect, when a trace of illegitimacy insinuates itself into his work and causes one transiently to suspect the mountebank, when those snapshots of Max kneeling piously before a ten-foot crucifix in Schloss Leopoldskron with Fanny Brice, Morris Gest and other such devout fellow Christians come to mind, but in the general run of things the honest artist is clearly to be felt and seen beneath and beyond the momentary posturer. Reinhardt, with Papa Craig peeping over his shoulder, has brought more actual life to the modern stage than any other practising director and producer of his time. His influence has spread over all lands and seas. He has been Gordon Craig's Paul.

II

Galsworthy's Swan Song

It is unfortunate that Mr. Galsworthy should elect the play, "Escape," as his swan song to the theatre. A dramatic career as distinguished as his has been deserves a better ending. To wind it up with this play is much as if Shaw had trusted to "Press Cuttings" for his final blaze of glory, or Hauptmann to "Die Jungfern von Bischofsberg." While I do not mean, plainly enough, to place Galsworthy in the high company of the aforementioned dramatists, his position in the contemporary theatre has been sufficiently important to merit a sounder adieu than this. For

"Escape" must rank with such of his works as "The Fugitive," "A Bit o' Love," "Windows," "The Skin Game" and the like as one of his feeblest enterprises. One cannot help believing that its reception in certain quarters as a meritorious job must be attributed to the critical philosophy set forth by one of the critics in "Fanny's First Play": that if a play be signed with the name of a good author, it is a good play, and if it be signed with the name of a bad one, it is a bad play.

"Escape," though it bears the name of a good dramatist, is none the less a bad play. Its creator has imagined an excellent theme—the reactions to the predicament of an escaped convict on the part of a diversity of his fellow countrymen—and has done little more with it than to permit it to be commented upon by a series of flapper intelligences. At only one point in the play, in the very last scene, does he bring his theme face to face with a relatively critical mind and a critical philosophic situation, and then all he has to offer is the bewhiskered speculation, favorite of a whole library of second-rate sentimental fiction, as to what Christ would have done in a like juncture. The body of the drama is taken up with the attitudes toward the escaped convict of an undeviating procession of soft-heads: a susceptible ingénue, a child who collects autographs, a sweet one in blue pajamas and a pink négligé, a young woman who sentimentalizes the hunting of foxes, an addle-pated fat wench who enjoys roadside picnicking, a hotel chambermaid, a doddering old man, a couple of jail-warders given to a high delight in the moving pictures, a silly-ass musical comedy Englishman, a village constable, a yokel, and a couple of stonecutters. It is through such instruments that Galsworthy filters his theme, bringing into conflict with it upon no single occasion anything approaching a real mind or an experienced emotion. The one trivial exception is to be had in the case of the clergyman in the final episode and there, as I have observed, Galsworthy merely continues his complete surrender to sentimentality.

"Escape" belongs to the catalogue of Galsworthy's valentine drama, along with "A Bit o' Love" and similar plays. Sentimentality is thick upon it, like steam in a candy kitchen, and obscures any values that the drama might have possessed. I may exaggerate somewhat when I say that the impression that one gains from it is much like the one induced by the old Hanlon tinsel shows, in which the hero, a handsome fellow in purple tights in quest of the elusive blonde prima donna, passed through a dozen scene-changes beset variously by acrobats dressed as devils, contraltos in the robes of witches and contortionists with sinister eyes painted in the middle of their foreheads, but I believe that I do not exaggerate too greatly. The conflicts that Galsworthy interposes in the path of his migratory hero are largely of a piece with those of these old extravaganzas. Were so much as a single character from one of Shaw's plays—or even one of Brieux's—to wander into the text for a moment and deliver a few remarks on the subject in hand, the play would promptly take on a sliver of the conviction it lacks, for then at least one or two of the sensible questions that presently rattle rebelliously, insistently and impatiently in the audience's head might be posed and so momentarily dissipate the all-enveloping sentimental fog. As the play stands, all that the author does is to ask sociological questions of the kindergarten class. In addition to the dubious thematic handling, Galsworthy has never written poorer drama. Such an episode as that dealing with the two warders waiting on the dark moor, with its jokes about Charlie Chaplin and Duggie Fairbanks and its slapstick finale with the cops rolling around on the ground in each other's arms, constitutes a revue skit of the cheapest sort. Nor are such jejune observations as the street-walker's, "Clean streets!—that's the cry. Clean *men!* That'd be better!", such dramatic devices as the whistling of a popular music show

tune by way of a signal, and such jocosities as concern painful corns entirely what one has a right to expect from a man of Mr. Galsworthy's eminence.

Mr. Galsworthy's eminence? To what, looking back upon his long and honorable career as a dramatist, has that eminence been due? It is the custom to answer that it is and has been due to certain qualities of mind, an intelligence at once calm and discerning, and one expert in surveying both sides of a question and meditating more or less profoundly the tilting of the scales now this way and now that. But I doubt it. The eminence of Mr. Galsworthy in the field of drama is and has been due to the dignity not of his thought, but to the dignity of his emotions. One can name a number of dramatists with minds on a level with Galsworthy's who have not achieved anything like his eminence, for they have not, like him, possessed synchronously the emotions of scholars and gentlemen. The true mark of an artist is to be found not in his head, but in his heart, or at least in what passes for the seat and capital of his emotions. Many a playwright with a clear head has had muddy emotions, and many a playwright with a soundly reasoning mind has found it corrupted, in dramatic practice, by cheap feeling. Galsworthy's emotions are those of a civilized gentleman. The emotions of so many of the younger British playwrights of the day are those of wise and sophisticated, and very clever, bounders. It is, to conclude, therefore a great pity that so worthy an exponent of the modern drama should say goodbye to it with so puny and discreditable an example of the art he has dignified and adorned.

III

"Coquette" and the Sex Plays

It is the paradoxical peculiarity of most good plays that when their plots are reduced to cold type they sound flat, stale and even a bit ridiculous, while the plots of bad plays similarly exposed most often sound relatively lively, fresh and interesting. The plot of the average Ibsen play, set down in printer's ink, is platitudinous enough to dredge up one's nethermost grunt, whereas the plot of something like "The Spider" or "The Virgin Man" has at least an air of considerable bounce and kick. The reason, of course, is plain, and not only plain but prosy. The good dramatist's concern is with character, while the cheap dramatist's is with action. Unable to plumb and limn character, the commonplace playwright makes up for his shortcoming by making a dramatic noise, by straining himself to devise novel theatrical tricks and by substituting superficial twists and surprises for the changeless but yet not too easily apprehended wonder that lies at the heart of human beings.

The play called "Coquette," by George Abbott and Ann Bridgers, like the majority of better plays, has a plot so banal that, beside it, that of "Ten Nights in a Barroom" seems the last word in originality. A young girl is seduced by a young man. Her father, upon hearing the news, shoots and kills the seducer. The girl, finding that she is with child and believing that she will be better out of the way, commits suicide. But this plot is actually no more important to the drama in question than the plot of, say, Galsworthy's "Old English" is important to that play. It serves merely as the framework upon which the authors have constructed their characters —not simply two, as is the general attempt, but no less than four or five, each as real and lifelike as the plot itself is theatrical. The young girl, a flirt in a small Southern city, the young man, an outsider in the carefully regulated community, the young girl's adolescent brother, her awkward little yokel girl friend —these and others have been observed sharply, reportorially and imaginatively. Their minds, emotions and speech have been caught to a nicety. What they do and how they do it, what they say and how they say it, is all translated into a convinc-

ng and persuasive accuracy, and so greatly o that the plot itself comes up out of the lust of a score of stages and becomes plausibly a part of the general character pattern. At two or three points, the authors stumble momentarily, and the fabric suffers. These stumbles occur, however, not in their character drawing but at such times as their interest in plot gets the upper hand and diverts their attention. point, for example, to their nonsensical theory that the fact that the young girl has been seduced will be a black mark against the father's chances with the jury, whereas, were she a virgin, he might readily be freed of the murder charge. But, after all, there are no less nonsensical notions in some of the world's greatest dramas, so let it go. This "Coquette," admirably staged and extremely well played by a company headed by the talented Miss Helen Hayes, is a very fair example of modern American playwriting.

Since "Coquette" falls broadly into the catalogue of what may roughly be designated as sex drama, a glance at dramatic sex philosophy as it is revealed in the current plays may be mildly instructive. A survey of these plays discloses a disposition to regard sex with a realistic and even cynical eye, the modish glance of the moment. To this view, the District Attorney, as well as the moralists without badges, are as hostile as so many 1917 magazine writers with fallen arches and an aversion to ocean travel. They deplore the new immorality, the new outspoken manner and the new bravado, and see in them a grave menace to the public *mores*. Where, a few years back, the malicious optimism of the Pollyannas was salve to their souls, the present romantic cynicism is a burr. It is a matter for regret, therefore, that they are not so well posted in theatrical fare as they should be, for if they were they might cease worrying over the danger to public morals, since what they regard as hot stuff in the current drama is in reality very cold stuff, as old as the hills and no more inimical to present-day public morals than it ever seems to have been in the past. When the young girl in "Coquette" calmly assures her seducer to stop apologizing to her, that she loved him as much as he loved her, and that, accordingly, it was all just as much her fault as it was his, we hear the very same thing that we heard more than twenty years ago in David Graham Phillips' "The Worth of a Woman" down in the old Madison Square Theatre. When the girl in "Her First Affaire" somewhat timidly tells her beau that she wants to have an affair before she settles down to matrimony, she says exactly the same thing that the heroines of dozens of plays for the last fifty years have quietly shut up about and gone out and actually done. The scene that has caused most of the talk in the case of "Women Go On Forever" has its counterpart in an old story of Leonard Merrick's, an author who is a great favorite among church-goers. The sex pronunciamento of the heroine of "The House of Women" is indistinguishable from that of the heroines of Stanley Houghton's "Hindle Wakes" and Galsworthy's "The Eldest Son," enunciated years ago without bringing a blush to the cheek of the youngest cop. The free love and anti-marriage doctrines of Miles Malleson's "The Fanatics" are remote echoes of similar doctrines expounded in Ibsen's "Comedy of Love," Sudermann's "Magda" and many other such old-timers; only the phraseology is new. Mary Dugan does not confess on the witness stand to one-half what Madame X did, and the lark of the libido in "The Command To Love" is a game of old-maid compared with what went on years ago, to no one's moral downfall, in de Caillavet's and de Flers' "The King," done here by Leo Ditrichstein.

What is this so-called new dramatic sex philosophy to which the moral Bertillonists object? I cite its three chief articles as gleaned from the plays against which the latter have most recently exploded their indignations—No. 1: That a girl who has

an affair before she marries is no more likely to go to Hell than one who doesn't; No. 2: That a marriage to be successful must take its physical aspects into careful consideration as well as its spiritual and economic; and No. 3: That it is possible to err and at the same time have a nice, clean mind. What, I ask you, could be sounder, truer, decenter and more Christian?

IV

Trivia

The check list plan may be utilized to deal with various recent exhibitions that do not call for extended comment. Thus, a tripe-dish entitled "Ink," by a gentleman named McNally, which was quickly taken off the boards, may be dug out of the storehouse momentarily merely by way of pointing a moral and adorning a tale. The piece dealt with journalism of a sort and presented a readily identified Fourth Estate scandal known to every newspaper man from the *Staats-Zeitung* in the East to the Spokane *Spokesman-Review* in the West. For some reason best known to themselves, the newspaper reviewers nevertheless blandly professed to be unconvinced that any such thing could possibly occur or ever possibly did occur in the field of American journalism. While congratulations on the *esprit de corps* may be in order, a few head-scratchings as to honesty and accuracy in the business of play reporting and reviewing may at the same time not be amiss.

"And So To Bed," by James Bernard Fagan, is a mildly entertaining French boulevard farce-comedy with the usual Raoul, Alphonse and Fifi rechristened Samuel Pepys, Charles II and Mrs. Pepys. Pepys, instead of Raoul, here hides in the clothes chest when Charles II, instead of Alphonse, invades the boudoir of his inamorata, and Mrs. Pepys, in place of Fifi, sits comically upon the chest when Mrs. Knight, in place of the customary Gaby, peeks behind the portières in alarm. The play, which is not without one or two drollish moments, is also not without its share of antediluvian wheezes, as, for example, Mrs. Knight's "What can I say? . . . how can I thank you? . . . I owe you my life perhaps," Pepys' rejoinder, "Pooh! 'Tis nothing, madam, a mere nothing!", and thereupon the lady's indignant "Indeed!"

"Spellbound," by Frank Vosper, was a cheap, trashy affair founded upon the Bywaters-Thompson murder case that had England by the ears several years ago. It is strange to find such stuff seriously presented as reputable drama in our first-class theatres. Thirty-five years back, things like this were sold to the public for ten, twenty and thirty cents, and were high at the price. In those days, Ike Swift, Hal Reid and Owen Davis used to accept commissions to turn out melodramas overnight based upon the sensational news cases of the moment, and what they manufactured was not much worse than this "Spellbound," which asked $3.85 for a look at it. Pauline Lord had the leading rôle and once again indulged in two hours of monotonous whining, interrupted by periodic little chokes, that was hailed as per schedule by the majority of my reverend colleagues as superb acting.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Shock Troops

THE JESUIT ENIGMA, by E. Boyd Barrett. $4. 8¾ x 5¾; 351 pp. New York: *Boni & Liveright.*

If this thoughtful and valuable book gets any notice at all from the literati of the Latin rite, it will probably be only abuse—the inevitable reply, from that quarter, to any man who proposes, however honestly and judiciously, to discuss the weaknesses of Holy Church. But that abuse cannot dispose of the manifest fact that Dr. Barrett knows what he is talking about, and deserves to be heard. For twenty years he was himself a Jesuit, and during that time his scholarship—he is a psychologist—shed credit upon the order, and he was in excellent repute both within and without its ranks. When he withdrew at last, it was not because of any apostasy to the faith. On the contrary, he apparently retained his belief in all the salient Catholic doctrines, and actually offered himself for service as an ordinary priest. What drove him out was simply his conviction that the Society of Jesus offered an impossible environment to a man of his intellectual curiosity and integrity. Its atmosphere of repression, of deliberate obscurantism, of petty intrigue, of childish spying and talebearing choked him, and so he departed.

He opens his book with a brief sketch of Jesuit history, proceeds to a somewhat elaborate description of Loyola's celebrated "Spiritual Exercises" and the Jesuit Constitutions, the two ruling documents of the order, and then launches into a long discussion of Jesuit practises. There is no tedious scandal-mongering in his story. He believes that the Jesuit rule regarding dealings with women is unworkable, and he shows that it is frequently evaded, but that evasion he pictures as due to necessity, not to looseness. For most Jesuits, as priests and as men, he apparently has high respect. But he is convinced that their education tends to make them narrow and bigoted, that the dreadful discipline under which they live breaks down their self-reliance and self-esteem and makes them mere cogs in an ecclesiastical machine, and that preferment among them, instead of going to the strongest men, only too often goes to the most complaisant. The Jesuit system of espionage, as he describes it, is really quite appalling. But it is not directed, as Ku Kluxers believe, against Methodist bishops, members of Congress and the Federal judiciary; it is directed solely against Jesuits. They live under a surveillance that would irk prisoners in a penitentiary. They literally have no privacy whatever, even of thought, and the method adopted for keeping watch over them offers obvious temptations to men with a talent for persecution. Accused, a Jesuit never knows his accusers. Punished, he is forbidden even to demand a trial.

Dr. Barrett offers many examples of the unpleasant workings of this system. It has the inevitable effect, he says, of shutting off the free play of ideas within the order, and it is responsible for the generally hackneyed and uninspiring character of Jesuit thinking. The members of the Society shine only in safe fields. They make capital astronomers, meteorologists and so on, but where ideas are in conflict they are chained up by a medieval and inflexible philosophy. What that confinement amounts to was shown when Dr. Barrett, on coming to America from Ireland, was invited to contribute some articles on the new psychology to the Jesuit weekly, *America*. His articles, it would seem, were harmless enough, and the editor at the time, Father

Tierney, S.J., began printing them. But presently they were stopped by orders from above, and to this day Dr. Barrett has had no explanation of that cavalier affront. Obviously, the new psychology, as banal as it is, was thought to be too heady for the customers of *America*. That the editors of the weekly (many of them able men) cannot do their work effectively under such conditions is plain enough; the fact sufficiently explains the failure of their magazine, which started out with high promise and no little uproar, to make any impression whatever upon American thought. A rival weekly, the *Commonweal*, edited by Catholic laymen, has got further in two or three years than *America* has got in twelve or fifteen. Yet it remains the best that the Jesuits have ever offered in this country. It measures them as fairly and as cruelly as the *War-Cry* measures the Salvation Army.

Dr. Barrett's description of the Jesuit scheme of education is devastating. Himself a doctor of a secular university, he is in a singularly favorable position for judging it. It is in the main, he says, a witless ramming in of flyblown nonsense. Nothing is taught objectively; everything must be turned to the glory of the Church, and especially of the Jesuit order. The philosophy on tap is strictly Thomistic, and was abandoned by non-Catholic philosophers, save as an interesting curiosity, centuries ago. All the modern philosophers of any account, even including Kant and Hegel, are under the ban. The sciences are approached in a gingery fashion; literature is simply Catholic literature. Worse, the pedagogical method is medieval and the teachers are often unprepared. Dr. Barrett himself, a psychologist, was put to teaching sociology at Georgetown University, despite his protests that he knew nothing of the subject. When he was relieved of that impossible duty at last, it was to be made professor of catechism. Finally, he was allowed "one short course of psychology toward the latter half of the school year." It was after this that he resigned from the order, and applied to Cardinal Hayes fo assignment as a parish priest. In vain! Th long arm of the Black Pope reaches ou from Rome. No ex-Jesuit may join an other order or serve as a secular priest Shortly after Dr. Barrett resigned a frien sent a letter to him at Georgetown. It wa returned marked "Unknown."

His case is impressive, but it seems t me that he yet forgets something—that in the last analysis, he seriously misunder stands the order he served for so man years. He appears to see it, ideally, as sort of intellectual aristocracy within th Church, grounded in learning by a harsh laborious and relentless process and de voted to widening learning's bounds. It is I believe, nothing of the sort. Founded b a soldier, it remains essentially military not scholarly. Its aim is not to find ou what is true, but to defend and propagate what Holy Church says is true. All the ideas that it is officially aware of are fixed ideas: it knows of no machinery for chang ing them, and wants to hear of none. Fo a Jesuit to engage in free speculation would be as incongruous and as shocking as i would be for General Pershing to flout the ideals of the Elks. The black-robed and romantic brethren have a quite different function. It is to spread out fanwise where the Catholic ranks are thinnest, and there do battle for the Church—for God too, of course, but principally for the Church. They are at their best on the remotest frontiers. In Catholic countries they are suspect; more than once, indeed, they have been thrown out. But where the faithful are few and far between and the enemies of Peter rage and roar, there they yet use their ancient weapons effectively, and are mighty soldiers of the Lord. As soldiers, they deserve a far easier testing than Dr. Barrett gives to them. A psychologist by trade, with a leaning toward psychoanalysis, he prods into their heads a bit too scientifically. Let him try to figure out what a competent Freudian would have made of St. Louis, or the Cid, or Washington, or even Robert E. Lee. The very hall-

mark of the military mind is repression. The moment soldiers begin to think the war is over, and there is Bolshevism. If Dr. Barrett had his way the Jesuits would be marching upon Rome (as they came near doing once before), and His Holiness, like his colleague of the Quirinal, would be a gilded prisoner in a very tight cage.

A Useful Textbook

LE RECETTES PRATIQUES DE MORT VIOLENTE, by J. Bruller. Fr. 75. 7½ x 7½; 90 pp. Paris: *Published by the Author.*

IT IS surprising that this book is the first in any language to deal with its subject, for the suicide rate is increasing everywhere in the world, and the police returns show that many unfortunate persons dispose of themselves in painful and clumsy ways, and without any show of style. Thus M. Bruller is inspired to publish his suggestions, illustrated by himself, and in full color. He describes suicide in many novel and exhilarating ways: by impaling, by squashing, by *absorption animale*, by explosion, by incineration, by *immersion prolongée partielle*, by *excès hydraulique*, and by *laminage*—this last a very costly process, involving hiring a rolling-mill. The portrait of the man making off by *excès hydraulique* is extremely engaging. Spread out comfortably on the floor of a wine vault, he has a large funnel in his mouth, and into the funnel runs a ruddy stream of what appears to be excellent claret. He is already half-dead: his clothes have burst and his face is excessively flushed. But upon what remains of it there is a noble smile.

In the United States there are fashions in suicide, as there are in hats, drinks and religions. When I was a young reporter fully half of the world-weary brothers and sisters whose exitus I chronicled employed carbolic acid. They would be brought to hospital with their faces bloated, and suffering great pain. Many of them lingered for days, and then passed out doubled up into knots. There followed the vogue of bichloride of mercury. So popular did the little green tablets become among the despairing that the legislators of many States forbade their public sale, and to this day, in those States, anyone who wants to buy them for a legitimate purpose must sign all sorts of documents and submit to a formidable cross-examination. Their prohibition, of course, did not diminish suicide in the slightest. The candidates for bliss eternal simply turned to other poisons, or to the rope, the pistol, or the butcher-knife.

M. Bruller lists suicide by breathing carbon monoxide, but he is apparently aware of but one method of producing the monoxide, and that is by burning charcoal. I knew a man who made enough of it for his purpose by going into his garage, shutting the doors, and then setting his automobile engine to spinning. In half an hour he was an angel. But there is some uncertainty about this scheme: the garage-doors may leak, and so dying may be a slow and laborious business, as it is when it is produced by gall-stones or arteriosclerosis. Years ago I was friendly with a German saloonkeeper in Baltimore who went to extraordinarily elaborate pains to make it swift and sure: his racial efficiency maintained itself unimpaired to his last breath. The scene of his dissolution was a bridge spanning a shallow river. He first fastened a rope to the bridge-rail and then wound the other end around his neck in a hangman's knot. Then he took a large dose of strychnine, mounted the bridge-rail, and shot himself through the temple. Then he plunged into the water. When the police reached him in rowboats he was poisoned, shot, drowned and hanged. It was years before his widow could find a second husband. Such desperation points its unescapable morals.

M. Bruller does not discuss the theological objections to suicide. Like all things theological, they are instructively idiotic. They are based on the theory that it is somehow offensive to God to come into His presence without invitation. But what of refusing to appear when invited? What

has theology to say of the man who, coming down with diabetes, takes insulin? I'd like to hear a couple of archbishops on that. Meanwhile, M. Bruller's interesting work deserves to be done into English. If I were the editor of a tabloid newspaper I'd have it translated at once, and circulate it gratis.

The Holy State of Bliss

THE COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE, by Ben B. Lindsey and Wainwright Evans. $3. 8⅛ x 5¼; 396 pp. New York: *Boni & Liveright.*

THE ideas in this tract, when Judge Lindsey first exposed them on the stump, instantly aroused the indignation of the rev. clergy, and in consequence they have been so furiously denounced and so gaudily distorted that the reader who examines them calmly will probably be greatly astonished by their moderation. For what the learned jurist advocates is really nothing to bulge the eye, even of Mr. Babbitt. First, he argues that it ought to be lawful to give contraceptive information to married women: they already have it, such as it is, law or no law. Second, he argues that when man and wife, being childless, "mutually desire a divorce" it ought to be granted: the thing is already done everywhere in America save in South Carolina, though usually at the cost of some quiet perjury. Third, he argues that a divorced woman without children and capable of earning a living should get no alimony. This last has yet to become the rule, but it is surely no novelty, and in most States the trial judge could order it without any new legislation. Thus Judge Lindsey's programme is already in effect to the extent of two-thirds, and would be in effect completely if judges were as intelligent as they ought to be. The theologians, pursuing their immemorial habit, simply lie about him. He does not, in fact, advocate the sad slavery known as free love, nor does he even advocate trial marriage; all he argues for is a frank recognition and regularization of folkways that are already in force. Every American knows dozens of persons who have gone through the sort of marriage that he describes, and everyone knows that no social odium of any weight lies upon them. But our law, in this department, lags behind custom, as it leaps far beyond custom in the department of Prohibition. This law, as everyone knows, is the creation of rogues and vagabonds, many of them under ecclesiastical domination. We'll never have honest and intelligent legislation in our great Republic until that ecclesiastical domination is thrown off, and the gentlemen of the cloth are restored to their proper business of calming the lingering Neanderthal fears of the dying. The minute a clerk in holy orders horns into the science of morals, that minute the science of morals descends to the level of chiropractic.

The weakness in Judge Lindsey's scheme lies in his too glib assumption that a safe and certain means of contraception is already among the glories of the human race. This is by no means the case. In every one of the devices now employed in Christendom there is a factor of error, and in most of them that factor of error is of such proportions that it often leads to disaster. Thus it is quite impossible to say of a given marriage that, for two, or five, or ten years, or any other fixed term, it will be certainly childless. It may be made so, true enough, if abortion is resorted to, but Dr. Lindsey does not advocate abortion, and neither does anyone else save a few frantic Bolsheviki. The morality of abortion, to say the least, remains in question, and its purely physical dangers are serious and obvious. In this department, as in that of contraception, the gentlemen of the medical faculty have kept aloof, no doubt for sound prudential reasons. No competent physiologist, so far as I know, has ever made any effort to perfect a safe and sure contraceptive: the devices recommended by the Birth Control League, like those recommended by the corner druggist, are uncertain and perilous, besides being, in most cases, forbiddingly unæsthetic. Thus Judge Lindsey's proposals, if put into effect

vould be beset by difficulties and dilem-
nas. Does he argue that the appearance of
child should be sufficient to cause their
bandonment—that there should be no re-
ort to divorce in such a case, even in the
ace of great disharmony? Or does he argue
hat there should be a divorce anyhow,
hild or no child? In either event, it seems
o me, he comes back to the place where
is opponents are. That is, he comes back
o a place where he must argue that un-
appiness is a moral duty.

Is it? I don't know. But of this I am
onvinced: that whether it is a duty or
ot, it is, as a practical matter, unescap-
ble—that the notion that any scheme of
arriage, or any scheme of non-marriage,
an materially augment the happiness of
uman beings, at least of those of any in-
elligence, is mainly a delusion. It's hell
f you do, and it's hell if you don't. The
nmarried, on blue days, are miserably
onely and forlorn, and the married, on
lue days, have too much society. Are
hildren a blessing or a curse? I refuse to
ttempt an answer to a question that
umped St. Thomas Aquinas, Omar Khay-
am and General Stonewall Jackson. The
uth is, in all probability, that no answer
s possible—that the whole marriage ques-
ion, like every other capital human ques-
ion, is essentially insoluble. The trouble
ith such gay optimists as Judge Lindsey
s that they refuse to face that massive
ct. Some of them set out to put an end
o war; others seek a perfect form of gov-
rnment; yet others essay to reform mar-
age. I believe that all such schemes, in
he long run, are doomed to failure. There
ill be wars so long as a bullet through
he heart is fatal to man; there will be
orruption and oppression in government
so long as government is run by human
beings; there will be disharmony and un-
happiness in marriage so long as men and
women are capable of changing their
minds. They do not marry according to a
formula, or for purely logical reasons.
They marry (I am speaking, of course, of
genuine marriage, not of mere business ar-
rangements) emotionally, as a soldier leaps
upon the enemy's battlements. That is to
say, they do it irrationally. If the condi-
tions were ten times as onerous they would
still do it. And if the conditions were ten
times as easy they would still fret under
them, and be unhappy.

Unhappiness in some form or other is
the universal lot of man. It is a function
of his imagination. So long as he can
imagine two alternatives, the one more
pleasant than the other, he will be un-
happy, for in a certain proportion of cases,
easily determinable by statisticians, fate
will force him to embrace the lesser. Mar-
riage is a series of such uncomfortable em-
bracings. If the girl is the best necker in
the world, she is pretty sure to be only a
second-rate housekeeper. If her housekeep-
ing is perfect, she fails at the neck work.
Unquestionably, the holy estate, even
under the medieval rules that now prevail,
has its moments of ecstasy, and, what is
more important, its long stretches of solid
contentment, but it also has its times of
war, its times of intolerable irritation, its
times of cruel dullness. Thus it is bound
to be full of unhappiness, as any other
estate of man is full of unhappiness. It may
be that Judge Lindsey's scheme, robbed of
its present surreptitiousness and given the
countenance of law, would diminish that
unhappiness—perhaps by so much as ⅛
of 1%. But I continue in doubt of it.

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Editorial NOTES

Benjamin De Casseres, whose "Red-Ink Days" appears in this issue, has described himself as a "renegade Philadelphian and an apostate Jew." He is a collateral descendant of the philosopher Spinoza on his father's side, and of Bavarian and Hungarian descent on his mother's side. He was born in Philadelphia in 1873, and spent many years there as a newspaper man. He came to New York in 1899, and immediately began his long career as a contributor to the newspapers and reviews, and as a writer for the magazines and of books. His contributions to THE AMERICAN MERCURY are the following: "Five Portraits on Galvanized Iron," December, 1926; "The Complete American," February, 1927; "The Broadway Mind," October, 1927; "Elegy in a Malty Mood," November, 1927; and "Red-Ink Days."

L. F. Nathan

Benjamin De Casseres

Mr. De Casseres had very little formal education. He left the public schools at the age of thirteen, having had, as he says,

> a psychic hunch that any more of that standardized dope would injure the full flowering of my genius, which first became noticeable in the offices of the Philadelphia *Press*, where I was hired to be Charles Emory Smith's office boy, but instead, without invitation, wrote poetry and editorial paragraphs to the great astonishment, not only of Mr. Smith, but also

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Who are these Investors?

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxiv

of A. K. McClure, George W. Childs, Bill Singerly and the other supermen of the Philadelphia of those days. Injected into the proof-room because I was too brilliant a boy for editorial consumption, I refused to read proof any more than necessary, doing instead stock-company dramatic criticism for the dramatic editor, James O. G. Duffy, who spotted in me an ultra-radical William Winter. The composing-room and the editorial rooms of the *Press*, together with a seven-year night-long attendance at Green's bar with the newspaper workers and printers of Philadelphia, were my university.

I saw New York for the first time the day Grant's Tomb was dedicated. I liked the Tomb, Bill Corey's Haymarket and Lüchow's. Two years later I made New York my home, going into the proof-room of the *Sun*, where the fine traditions of Charles A. Dana were still extant. I immediately fired the curiosity of Messrs. Mitchell and Kingsbury with my letters to the *Sun* on God, mysticism, fatalism, Lafcadio Hearn, Schopenhauer and Lamarck, all of which they printed for their curious nihilistic angles. I shunned all professional literary circles, and associated only with those who had the low-down on life—newspaper men, printers, bartenders, gamblers and those who believed that Bryan was out to bomb the Supreme Court. I used to hold court at Mike Lyons' in the Bowery almost daily from two to eight A.M.

I began to write for the old *Bookman* and the now defunct *Critic* in 1902, and was the first man, to my knowledge and belief, to hail Arthur Symons in America. About this time I wrote a book of poems, "The Shadow-Eater," which was not published until 1915. Without any regard for orthodox form, I incarnated in these verses my Dionysian nihilism. After reading this book, George Sterling wrote, "If I were God, I'd be afraid of you, Ben." I continued to write philosophical and literary articles for the magazines until 1906, when I went to the City of Mexico to help found *El Diario*, a Spanish daily. I wrote daily and Sunday editorials of such an inflammatory nature that I was tipped off from the Palace to leave Mexico as "an undesirable foreigner." I left Mexico flat, played around with the señoritas in Havana for a while, and returned to New York as proof-reader on the *Herald*. All the while I kept on writing books without any regard for public opinion. They now number twenty-two, of

Continued on page xxxviii

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxvi

which only five have been published. Among them are two more books of poetry, "Black Suns" and "Litanies of Negation." At present, among other things, I am dramatic critic for *Arts and Decoration*.

I am now engaged on a life work, autobiographical in nature, entitled "Fantasia Impromptu: The Adventures of an Intellectual Faun." The first volume of 125,000 words has been completed. It is erotic, philosophical and literary, and is dedicated to the "Fauns, Nymphs, Egoists, Satanists and Godalepts of Posterity." My last published book was "Forty Immortals." My work has been commended by Thomas Hardy, Rémy de Gourmont, Maurice Maeterlinck, Jack London, Havelock Ellis, and Edgar Saltus. Some of my writings have been translated into French, and lately Dr. Oscar Levy, the editor of the English edition of Nietzsche, has translated some of my articles in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for *Das Tage-Buch*, of Berlin.

Not at all discouraged by my failure to get an American publisher to take up my whole work, I go right ahead writing book after book to suit myself. They are all subjective, mirroring my own dynamic enthusiasms and my destructively ironic personality. I am a thoroughgoing egoist and individualist, an aristocrat, despising the mob, holding only two words to be immanent, Beauty and Power. I have never been in Europe. I believe that the Prince of Wales is the neatest dresser in the world. I love little children, music, German beer, French wines, dogs and old-fashioned women. I think that the three greatest men the human race has produced are Shakespeare, Spinoza and Beethoven, although I would like to put Napoleon, Nietzsche, Chopin, Whitman and Shelley in the running. The most unforgettable man I ever met was James Huneker. The man I want to forget forever is Bryan. My three pet antipathies are flappers, Socialism and the works of Theodore Dreiser.

Some of the things which will appear in the February number are the following:

"Two-Time Losers," by *Jim Tully*.

In this article Mr. Tully describes a visit to Folsom Prison. One of the men he met there was Ernest Booth, author of "We Rob a Bank."

"My Trip Abroad," by *Harry Lancaster*.

"The Moderate Drinker," by *Raymond Pearl*.

"Lady Buyers," by *Frances Anne Allen*.

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Continued from front advertising section, page xxx

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By Karl R. Stolz. *Richard G. Badger*
$2.50 8¼ x 5¾; 222 pp. *Boston*

Dr. Stolz is professor of the English Bible and dean of the Hartford School of Religious Education. He is a Modernist, and of the interpretative variety, but he is more courageous and intellectually honest than the heavily advertised Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. Dr. Stolz, however, like other Modernists, does not follow out his thinking to its limit; he cannot, it seems, get rid of the influence of his religious training. He rejects the creation story of the Bible, but he thinks that it has certain valuable "social and religious implications." What these implications are remain a good deal of a mystery in his book. Precisely what his views on immortality are it is difficult to make out. He apparently regards as nonsense the orthodox conception of the immortality of the body, and is inclined to accept Aristotle's idea of the immortality of personal works.

HISTORY

THE CANNONEERS HAVE HAIRY EARS.
Anonymous. *J. H. Sears & Company*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5¼; 330 pp. *New York*

The diary of an American captain of artillery—a newspaper man in civil life—who saw plenty of action, and knew how to get the feel of it upon paper. The book, in its frankness and high spirits, suggests "Wine, Women and War," but the publishers give assurance that it is by a different author. Some of the scenes are of really extraordinary vividness.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN FRONTIER. 1783–1795.
By Arthur Preston Whitaker.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$3.50 8⅞ x 6; 255 pp. *Boston*

The peace of 1783 did not define the relationship between the new government and the lingering Spanish colonies in the Southwest. This was a subject of diplomatic controversy for the next twelve years, and in this book Dr. Whitaker presents the latest historical findings thereon. Settlement was finally achieved by the Treaty of San Lorenzo in 1795, which, in the opinion of the author, "was a victory not only for the United States over Spain, but also for expansionists in the United States over particularists, both Eastern and Western. It appeased frontier discontent, gave a mortal blow to separatism and secured the Union from a serious menace to its integrity. . . . The treaty carried one step further the government's policy of cutting loose from the European state system."

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VOL. XI, No. 1 JANUARY, 1928

The Borzoi Broadside

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, *730 Fifth Avenue, New York*

A Novel of Southern Womanhood

ING the past few years a new has crept into the literature of e States—a note best described national self-consciousness. Most ne recently published novels of e authorship, widely as they differ in all other respects, have ast one quality in common: a ency towards unemotional and stic examination of outstanding rican traits. There is probably rial here for a long essay in the astic manner, in which, happily, all not indulge. It is nevertheless that this national self-consciousness has been an important factor in development of our recent literature and few American characters have been left unpilloried by our ntly practising novelists.

e cherished tradition, however, nitherto been spared—the tradi- of the Southland. It has left its on nearly every phase of the nal scene and through the um of the Mammy songs has been something of a sociological . In countless editorials in South- papers, in reams of verse, in ls, sermons, and plays Dixie has accorded almost a monopoly of ountry's charm, and to question alidity of that assumption would alogous to, and much less subject emonstration than, questioning alidity of the Bill of Rights.

iss Isa Glenn, author of two dis- ished novels, HEAT and LITTLE HERS, has had the temerity to ast that, and the result of her ry she has called by the term h occasioned it—SOUTHERN RM. Her new novel undertakes a r of the Southern lady; and for st the first time in three centuries hern womanhood has been as- d by an articulate Southerner. It be said at once that she has been ently successful. The action of tory takes place in a New York ment where Alice May, a fin- l product of the Cassandra Toombs nary for Young Ladies and of a me of her mother's indefatigable ing, is living with her adoring

husband, a gentleman despite his Northern ancestry. Her widowed mother, Mrs. Habersham, lives with them, sharing her daughter's exile in the inhospitable North. Their lives are a round of shopping, entertaining visiting relations, wheedling an indulgent husband, and gossiping about their friends. Alice May at forty is still lectured by her mother on points of demeanor, etiquette, and the successful managing of the "stronger" sex. Charm, apparently, is not to be acquired in a day. Into this tranquil and lovely scene is precipitated a thunderbolt in the person of a reappearing wayward daughter, long supposed dead. The problem of explaining Laura to her sister's husband and to the current relations staying at the apartment is one which neither Mrs. Habersham nor Alice May can face with any great degree of equanimity. No scandal may be allowed to stain the fair escutcheon of the Habershams, and even the house of Blandon (although of the North) must be protected from the smirch. Laura had fallen from grace twenty years ago. She had been disposed of then, and to Alice May, at least, it is decidedly unfair of her to turn up again, not as a repentant sinner but as a well-poised, self-confident, lovely and—unkindest cut of all—thoroughly charming woman.

For a breathless twenty-four hours Laura seems about to upset not only the age-old tradition but the well-ordered existence of her blameless family as well. In the growing tension Alice May very nearly succumbs to a mounting hysteria, and Mrs. Habersham, in the throes of a gradual mental revolution, decides that her swan has turned out to be a silly goose. For the first time she looks clear-eyed at life and is old enough to realize the futility of all her endeavors. In the inevitable comparison between her two daughters, it is Laura, the fallen one, who does not suffer. The situation is resolved through her final acceptance of it; she carries it off—charmingly, and the book closes on a note of real, if somewhat attenuated, sweetness.

It would be a mistake to think of this book as merely an amusing story, or even as no more than a penetrating satire. It is both; but it is also an acute analysis of a type, a brilliant psychological study, a complete demolishment of an absurd legend, and a significant technical achievement. *Miss Glenn's* two former novels were highly praised, but SOUTHERN CHARM surely represents a distinct advance in her work, and is as surely destined for a wider audience.

SOUTHERN CHARM. *By* ISA GLENN, *author of "Heat" and "Little Pitchers."* $2.50 *net.*

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The Borzoi Broadside for January 1928

1928: A Shop-talk

A CRITIC once remarked that the construction of a drama crowded with tumultuous action reminded him of a man trying to repack the contents of a wardrobe and three Saratoga trunks into a suitcase ten minutes before train-time. An excellent figure; but it is no more than a feeble and expressionless image of a publisher's activities as they seem to the publisher himself—especially near the time when one calendar year gives place to another.

We don't know what image the general book-reading public has of the publisher's life, or whether it has any. Perhaps it imagines the members of this profession as peacefully concluding the business of 1927, counting up the gains, drawing a long breath, and settling down for a quiet month on the Riviera to contemplate the possibilities and work out the plans for 1928. It would be nice—for us—if publishing were done that way. The fact is that, for the publisher, 1928 has begun before he knows it. It has begun long before 1927 is ended; and, moreover, 1927 is never ended.

(That, at least, is one of the compensations of publishing; the year 1927 *is* never ended so long as the Magic Mountain still towers; or 1917, so long as the Three Black Pennys continue to turn up; or 1916, while the Green Mansions of *Hudson* keep on providing a cool haven for human tissues parched in the furnace-blasts of today's over-civilization. Publishing would be a decidedly less consoling business if we could find less, or little, or no warrant for believing that some of the affairs of 1927 are going still to list themselves among the vital realities of 1940. The *Bellows* Lithographs; DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP; *Unamuno's* DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO, in Mr. Earle's beautiful translation; *Charles Horton Cooley's* LIFE AND THE STUDENT—aren't such things the *future* staring us in the face, as well as the present?)

But this is digressing into retrospect. To finish, with a handful of mechanical explanations, our account of the latter end of 1927: Four items of the regular list got in the way of our firm intention to publish nothing after November 1. DAYS OF THE KING, by *Bruno Frank*, was discussed in the November Broadside with a notice of its postponement; it appeared on November 18. With it on that date came *Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan's* BEETHOVEN, which will be found described below. Likewise entered herein are the other two postponed items: TOLD AGAIN, *Walter de la Mare's* new collection of tales, and the long-awaited *Strauss-Hofmannsthal* correspondence. And that just about washes the slate, so far as our book-reading friends need be involved. The rest is—publishing. Making the books, with a net price neatly printed on the jacket, is hardly more than one brick in the underpinning.

And so to January 2, the opening day of a publisher's "Spring." These pages are telling you *seriatim* no little about many of the January items; only some random jottings can find a place in this context.

There will be, to begin with, a gratifying number of friendly and familiar reappearances, of the sort without which the Borzoi list could hardly seem like itself. The Pocket Books win accretions—and *Mr. Mencken* re-enters them, with no fewer than six other authors to follow at intervals. The Blue Jade Library is continued—and by incorporation of a tale by *Mr. Warwick Deeping* which will astonish (by its theme rather than its workmanship) those have followed only his most r work. The *Fletcher* shelf grows to the linear measure of Dr. E hardly more famous one. *Isa Helen Simpson*, *Dr. Raymond Ruth Suckow*, *John V. A. Weave Tennyson Jesse*, and *Edwin Björ* are all represented in January a and such writers as *Mr. Hergesh* and *G. B. Stern* are to follow.

Perhaps you noticed that *Ma Sigrid Undset* did *not* win the N Prize in Literature, after some ing days of press rumors that she to receive the award. Well, he ceipt of it in some future year certain as anything can be w hasn't occurred. And when the h event does occur, there will b even more impressive body of work in English to profit by it early 1928 sees the beginning o new trilogy of mediæval Nor with the rest to follow as pron as Mr. Chater can satisfy his exacting standards in translation

But, after all, it is not publis to stop at bringing out one's e lished authors on their more or annual appearances. When, as itively our last syllables for 192 threw out the assurance "Th pippins and cheese to come," we very specifically in mind those adventurous aspects of publis which involve the discovery of literary properties—the poet who never had a volume, the Contin writer of whom no syllable ha peared in our language, the Ame novelist whose name is as yet thing but a household word. Of things, too, we can promise y generous sprinkling through And may the discovery of them *you* a modest half of the excite that it has given us!

A Book Without an Author

MENCKENIANA: A SCHIMPF-LEXIKON [and, by the way, Mr. Compositor, here is something new in Anglo-American typography: you must certainly *not* set the logotype character "fl" in this lovely imported word, and if you do you needn't charge *us* with the correction] did not write itself, to be sure, nor was it produced without the aid of typewriter ribbons, pencils, dictaphones, the radio, the public rostrum, and lungs of brass. Yet no man wrote it; no, nor woman neither. It is the utterance of the thousand-headed hydra of cisatlantic Babbittry, Ku-Kluxery, Rotarianism, Methodism, and so on and such. The book of a gargantuan, inchoate, sprawling, unorganized, self-chosen Committee—a basketful of leaves from the green bay-tree of American self-esteem!

It is a collection, this SCHIMPF-LEXIKON (i.e., Dictionary of Abuse), of fairly typical American utterances about the editor of that modern vehicle of Attic salt, *The American Mercury*. The mildest of these utterances are the first, "I will content myself with the bald statement that he is a weasel," and the last, Baltimore Babbitt." Between are pages of comparisons evange botanical, zoological, ornitholog illogical, and miscellaneous, suit arranged and classified. The roya if they bear any proportion to entertainment, should be enorm A beautiful modern instance of devouring sword beaten into the ful ploughshare!

MENCKENIANA: A SCHI LEXIKON. $2.00 *net*.

Spending Life

Raymond Pearl's latest book, RATE OF LIVING, is of im- e importance to those interested iostatistics and sociology; and nly for its conclusions, but for ethod. It is an old dictum that he scientist true knowledge of aterial which he is investigating come only with exact measure- . For long it was supposed that pplication of exact measurement limited except in the instance of matter; that the ultimate truth accessible only to the physicist. the wheel has taken another today the physicist is swung a universe where everything is ive, nothing ultimate, and those deal with the living organism tating their results in exact fig- the physicist is chasing the omena he studies into the rare still more rare atmosphere of sophy, while the biologist and ologist are leaving their classi- and describing for exact measure- s.

psychology Karl Pearson has it possible, particularly in the of the various factors which go ild up "intelligence," to record results exactly. In sociology thy Swaine Thomas has applied tical analysis to the study of the on between business fluctuations e one hand and marriage, prosti- n, alcoholism, crime, emigration, erism, and kindred phenomena e other. And in the realms of

biology Raymond Pearl by the series of experiments which are recorded in this book has added to these the statistical study of an organism undertaken for the purpose of throwing light on the problem of life duration.

For his experiments he chose the fruit-fly *Drosophila melanogaster*. This animal form was found most desirable because it was short-lived and statistics would accrue rapidly, it would breed freely in captivity, and its husbandry in the laboratory was relatively simple. *Dr. Pearl* describes fully the general technique of his experiments. His studies of the population problems of *Drosophila* are so clean-cut that the reader cannot escape from the general conclusions which may be drawn.

In his pages will be found data of immense interest to both the biologist and the sociologist. What, for instance, is the effect of density of population on life duration? Here in terms of the humble fruit-fly is the answer. "The rate of mortality of *Drosophila* is profoundly influenced by density of population, that is, by the number of flies occupying a limited universe in which volume of air, volume of food, and area of food surface are constant." *Dr. Pearl* goes on to define an optimal density of population. At densities above and below the optimum the death-rates are higher, at all ages, than they are at the optimum.

It is, however, the final result of these series of experiments that is of the greatest interest. After defining inherent vitality as that amount of vitality which the organism possesses *ab ovo*, *Dr. Pearl* states that the vital actions of an organism are an expression solely of this inherent vitality, and that the rate of life depends inversely on the rate of expenditure of this vitality during its continuance. In short, "the length of life depends inversely on the rate of living."

THE RATE OF LIVING. *By* RAYMOND PEARL, *author of "The Biology of Population Growth," "Alcohol and Longevity," and "To Begin With."* $3.50 *net.*

The Philosophy of Bolshevism

MIND AND FACE OF BOLSHE- has already taken its place as the ard work on the philosophy of evism. *René Fülöp-Miller*, its or, is well known as a journalist ublicist. During a stay of several in Russia following the war, he took long journeys into outlying cts, entered into relations with representatives of the various ectual and religious movements, to penetrate into the mysteries e numerous peasant sections of eople, and studied both the new munistic society and the fallen égime.

book is a study of the methods ideals of Bolshevism and of its lying philosophy in all their us aspects. One of the cardinal s of Bolshevism is that the new must be consolidated and main- d by the development of new rms in harmony with its spiritual

outlook. This accounts for the support and encouragement which those arts that have a propaganda value have received in Russia. *Herr Fülöp-Miller* devotes special chapters to "The Bolshevik Monumental Style," "The Propagandist Theatre," "The Mechanizing of Poetry," and "Bolshevik Music."

His book is throughout studiously impartial, and though his conclusion is devastatingly destructive to Bolshevism, he pays a tribute to the authorities for the freedom they accorded him in making his researches. He is, on the other hand, no idealizer of the old régime—indeed he paints a somber and terrible picture of Russia under Tsardom, and one of his theses is that a certain side of the Russian character was bound to evolve something like the Soviet system as we see it working today. And as a result of this system he finds a Russia of machine-drilled masses, in which personality has been extinguished—a Russia which is the grave of individualism.

THE MIND AND FACE OF BOLSHEVISM (*Geist und Gesicht des Bolschewismus*). *By* RENÉ FÜLÖP-MILLER. *Translated from the German by* F. S. FLINT *and* D.F. TAIT. *Profusely illustrated.* $5.00 *net.*

The Borzoi Broadside for January 1928

A Musician's Letters

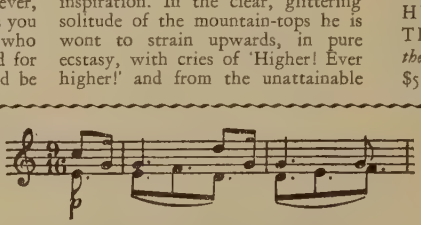
When *Richard Strauss* and *Hugo von Hofmannsthal* joined forces to produce the world-famous operas, "Elektra" and "Der Rosenkavalier," we had the first instance in history of a great composer collaborating with a poet of the first rank. This collection of letters gives a unique view of the manner in which that collaboration took place. Here is the first half of a characteristic letter from *Hofmannsthal* replying to a complaint from *Strauss* that he has difficulty in finding ballet music suitable to the character of Joseph:

"Ausse, 13. ix. 1912.

"I am surprised that you should shy at the character of Joseph; it strikes me as the best and happiest invention in the whole ballet—something quite singular and full of charm. However, I grant that the idea of Joseph as you describe him, a figure of chastity who must have a pious melody found for him, bores me too, and I should be quite unable to find any music to suit him. But as *I* see the part, the right music for it is to be sought, not in any 'queer ancestral corner' of your nature, but in the purest region of your brain, where imagination soars into the keen, clear air of the mountain heights, the region of absolute intellectual freedom, to which you, I take it, gladly and easily aspire.

"This shepherd lad, the gifted child of a mountain race, who has strayed down among the luxurious dwellers of the alluvial plains, seems to me more like some noble, untamed colt than a pious seminarist. His quest for God, as depicted in those wild upward leaps, is nothing else than a wild grasping after the high-hung fruits of inspiration. In the clear, glittering solitude of the mountain-tops he is wont to strain upwards, in pure ecstasy, with cries of 'Higher! Ever higher!' and from the unattainable brilliance above him (what ar music can express it?) to fetch de little piece of heaven and set it own soul! This fleeting state of e tion, this trance-vision, he calls and it is God, thus seen, whom outstretched arms he summons aid—while the world, with its enervating, stifling atmosphere, which he shrinks with every fi his body, stretches out her ar him, to take him captive. And the forefinger of God—who i source of light and of all that is est—His forefinger it is that, l beam of light, is incorporated i figure of the angel."

CORRESPONDENCE BETW RICHARD STRAUSS HUGO VON HOFMAN THAL, 1907-1918. *Translate the German by* PAUL ENGL $5.00 *net.*



An Interpretation of Genius

The following is from a review by Max Kenyon of Beethoven in *Now and Then*, published by Jonathan Cape of London:

"The unsuspected and delightful has happened; all that now remains is for Mr. Mencken to write a book on Bach.

"The first part of this book contains the author's idea of the nature and function of music; an exposition very necessary to the understanding of the second and more definitely Beethoven part. The largely unconscious force with which the intellectual climate of today smothers or stunts the growth of certain types of theories is acknowledged by *Mr. Sullivan*, yet he suggests that this atmosphere is now changing. One of the signs of this is in the realization that science may only hope to teach us the structure of the universe, not its substance. Not many years ago men used to hope that all knowledge could be contained within scientific laws, and that those things ignored by science had therefore no reality. God did not exist, because there was no need to presuppose his existence. A more exact knowledge of the limitations of science has deposed the materialistic, especially the biological, theories of the nature of music. After considering these and other systems of æsthetics, that one is announced upon which this book is based. This is, that the artist, coming into contact with factors in reality, exposes his subsequent attitude in his compositions. If a man, having toothache, under the influence of his pain works at his favourite hobby of fretwork, the fretwork will express, not toothache, but the artist's attitude to toothache. If the resulting frets are proud and exuberant, it means that he is glad to have toothache, under the idea that God loveth whom he chasteneth.

"*Mr. Sullivan* passes rapidly through events and compositions we know so well. After summing up Beethoven's output before the Eroica, he draws our attention to that work and to the C Minor, showing how in each a period of conflict gives place to almost hopeless despair, after which Beethoven's irresistible creative energy sweeps all doubt aside in an exultant and confident scherzo or finale. The Seventh is the first great work in which the distress is taken for granted. In 1812 it would have seemed that 'the road to victory had been trodden for the last time.'

"The Hammerclavier, 'sheer blind energy, insistence on mere existe leads *Mr. Sullivan* to write o Choral Symphony, the Mass, an last quartets. It would be outsid scope of his book for *Mr. Sulliv* have attempted any technical an of these great works, or even min to examine the material condi under which they were written. he does do, is to discover to us s thing of the underlying spi state of their composer.

"Comparatively unimpor though they are by their nature *Sullivan's* few pages about Beetho love for 'lofty' sentiments, hi sensitiveness to literature and shady money dealings are very g his defence of Beethoven the bus man is heartening to those who to hero-worship the subject of study.

"The end section of the book, w deals with Beethoven's most found agony and most com acquiescence, is very valuable inde

BEETHOVEN: His Spiri Development. *By* J. W. N. LIVAN, *author of "Aspects of ence," "Three Men Discuss Relativ etc.* $3.50 *net.*

Old Tales

better than *Mr. de la Mare* could
und to retell the old familiar
stories? Here they are, Jack and
Beanstalk, Dick Whittington,
Beard, Little Red Riding Hood,
ne rest, all told in a delightful
vay with the outline unchanged
e details fashioned anew by the
r's vivid imagination. There is
a modern touch about some of
What hero before the twentieth
y ever answered in reply to an
f the Princess's hand:
ever was Princess more beauti-
an she we have brought back in
, but a dragon dead is dead for-
and no pretty maid we ever
of, high or low, but wished to
e a husband for herself, what-
dragons there might be to pre-
ier"?
l something quite different hap-
to Cinderella when the clock
s twelve. But her happy fate
ns the same as ever. Here she is
to the ball:

hen Cinderella stepped into the
. The old woman lifted her
n. The coachman cracked his whip. The deer, with their silver clashing antlers and silver harness, scooped in the snow their slender hoofs, and out of the kitchen off slid the coach into a silence soft as wool. On, on under the dark starry sky into streets still flaming and blazing with torches and bonfires, it swept, bearing inside of it not only the last of the King's guests, but by far the loveliest. As for the people still abroad, at sight of it and of Cinderella they opened their mouths in the utmost astonishment, then broke into a loud huzza. But Cinderella heard not a whisper—she was gone in a flash.

"When she appeared in the great ball-room, thronged with splendour, its flowers vying in light with its thousands of wax candles in sconce and chandelier, even the fiddlers stopped bowing an instant to gaze at such a wonder. Even so much as one peep at Cinderella was a joy and a marvel.

"The Prince himself came down from the dais where sat his father and mother, and himself led Cinderella to the throne. They danced together once, they danced together twice, and yet again. And, Cinderella being so happy and lovely, and without scorn, pride, or vanity in her face, everyone there delighted to watch her, except only her two ugly dressed-up sisters, who sat in a corner under a bunch of mistletoe and glared at her in envy and rage."

TOLD AGAIN: OLD TALES TOLD AGAIN. *By* WALTER DE LA MARE, *author of "The Three Mulla-Mulgars," "Broomsticks and Other Tales," "Memoirs of a Midget," etc. Profusely illustrated in color and in black and white by* A. H. WATSON. $3.50 *net.*

A Romantic Personality

RROW's work throughout re-
a deep and instinctive feeling
ny national emotions and faiths,
pathetic understanding of many
combined with an insatiable
sity for out-of-the-way learning,
recisely academic but scholarly
rit and of furious industry.
lways a wanderer, in love with
nity, it was not only the old
of primitive fighting, adventure,
dden tragedy that kindled his
nation. He sought out, and
e to re-tell, every story-legend
ving in odd corners of the world,
song that spoke for the people
l lands, whether in battle, a'
ng, a' wooing, or in the home:
l or fearful, joyous or sad.
hough admittedly a careless
ist, he had a passionate love and
n aptitude for the acquiring of
es, a poetic flair for catching
eart of words, and preserving
form. The methods, so naïvely
led in his novels, of learning
ny from a 'Roman' maid, might
ommend themselves to profes-
but they taught him much not
only known to schoolmen.
s English poetry, these trans-
s, at their best, have caught the
traditions of our own ballad verse, while yet strongly impressed with Borrow's vigorous and romantic personality. No other collection presents so wide a literary picture of the cradle-thoughts of the world. Eminently readable and strangely stirring, regarded merely as fine narrative verse, it offers a unique comparative view of legend-history and race superstition. . . .

"Borrow's work stands somewhere between the copyist of scrap-books with a hobby for neglected treasure, and the scholar in antiques. Inspired, no doubt, by purely personal enthusiasm, a taste for the barbaric and the open road; he no less certainly possessed the patient industry of the humble enquirer after knowledge, an insatiable thirst for new impressions, a contempt for accepted—or conventional—truth, and that complete indifference to time and to public opinion, which is essential for those who respect ultimate truth.

"Few men have been content to live so completely out of touch with their own times; probably none ever wrote such human tales of their fellow-men without a word about the normal conditions of life, or the thoughts and difficulties that were agitating their minds. With rare sympathy and understanding for individual men and women, he cared nothing for citizenship or the State; save to scorn and rail at the assumptions of authority or the cant of creeds; while proud in his own way, though eager to strike for the under-dog. By conviction an old English Tory gentleman; sympathetically radical when accidentally roused.

"Towards the literature of his day, or indeed towards any save the accepted masters, he was even more startlingly indifferent; seemingly unaware that any of his contemporaries had published a book: and, when chance tempted him to judgment, betraying himself critically inept.

"Thrown thus by taste upon the past, and temperamentally disposed always to heroics and adventure, at heart a citizen of the world; it was the Saga heroes and knights-errant who filled and fired his imagination; the days before civilization in which his dream life lingered, of which his heart sang."—*From the Introduction by* R. Brimley Johnson.

BALLADS OF ALL NATIONS. *Translated by* GEORGE BORROW. A SELECTION: *edited by* R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. $5.00 *net.*

The Borzoi Broadside for January 1928

The Three-a-day

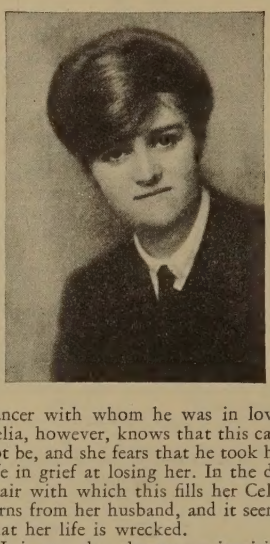
CRITICS are always talking about the "universality" of this and that subject of literature. How many subjects are actually, literally universal? Well, Dr. Logan Clendening produced last season a book, perhaps destined to classic permanence, on one such subject, the Human Body. And now here is *Mr. P. Morton Shand* with a full, authoritative, glowing treatment of another universal subject connected with the human body—Food. The author knows the cookery of all Europe as if Europe were his own kitchen; and with what a plenitude of anecdote, reminiscence, and urbane wit he decorates his technicalities about it! The Chapters on Seasonings, Fish, Vegetables, Entrées, and the rest are enough to tantalize a man who has just dined, if not too well, too much; and *Mr. Shand* on such subjects as Game and Poultry is enough to fire the veriest human clod. To have had this book and lost it, and to know that a copy could not be procured, would be to feel that one could never be the well-fed man again.

A BOOK OF FOOD. *By* P. MORTON SHAND. $4.00 *net.*

A Psychic Bond

IN CUPS, WANDS AND SWORDS *Miss Simpson* has written both a clever study of modern youth and something more. On the surface it is a delineation of the amusing and witty group who surround a young brother and sister, and of their Bohemian life in Chelsea and at Oxford; but deeper there lies a study of the bond which can bind two human beings who have lived their lives together in close mental contact.

Between this brother and sister there exists an unusual psychic bond. Tony, gay, brilliant, perverse, is strangely bound to Celia, his twin. At crises of his life she, too, is assailed by the emotions that move him. In spite of Tony's opposition Celia marries. And then comes Tony's death. A verdict of suicide is brought in by the jury, and it is supposed that Tony killed himself on account of a ballet



dancer with whom he was in love. Celia, however, knows that this cannot be, and she fears that he took his life in grief at losing her. In the despair with which this fills her Celia turns from her husband, and it seems that her life is wrecked.

It is now that the strange intuitive sympathy which linked her to Tony comes into play. As the culmination of a remarkable mental experience, she relives the moment of his death, fitting one trivial circumstance which others had overlooked into her realistic knowledge of Tony's mental habits; and so she learns what no other living person could by any possibility have found out—namely, that Tony died as a result of sheerest accident. this knowledge she is enabled more to pick up the dropped th of her life.

CUPS, WANDS AND SWO

By HELEN SIMPSON, *author of quittal"* and *"The Baseless Fa*

$2.50 *net.*

The Borzoi Barometer

No. 51 of The Borzoi Pocket Books (January be *H. L. Mencken's* challenging 1917 vol criticism, A BOOK OF PREFACE taining the four well-known major arti Joseph Conrad, Theodore Dreiser, James H and Puritanism as a Literary Force. Four ye the author said of the fifth edition: "What in 1917 I still believe, in the main, in 1924. A BOOK OF PREFACES stand." I in 1928. $1.25 *net.*

A second January Pocket Book (January 1 52, is VAN ZANTEN'S HAPPY D by *Laurids Bruun*, translated from the Da David Pritchard, and first published in 19 a combination of exquisite idyll and satire fashionable South Sea romances of eight years back. We have an idea that the book welcomed with delight by many a read doesn't even remember that there *was* a So Bubble about 1920; for the story has a grac abiding charm. $1.25 *net.*

If the table that *Mr. P. Morton Shand* A BOOK OF FOOD has struck you a seductive, watch with prayerful expectancy same author's A BOOK OF WINE, you price (not yet determined) a little later season.

The early-season addition to the published *Mr. J. S. Fletcher*, as adroit and nearly as p manipulator of murders as ever wrote, MURDER IN THE PALLANT. H one remarked upon the generosity of the human elements in *Mr. Fletcher's* intrica structions? In this latest of them, for insta wheels are given part of their propulsion curiosity of an office-boy who is an ardent cr of penny dreadfuls. (No doubt he will be *Mr. Fletcher's* steadiest readers a little late with Mr. Paul Elmer More, Mrs. Gertrude ton, and Bishop Slattery. He strikes us as child, who would know his own father, Character who would be eminently succe his search for an Author.) The price, by t is the usual $2.00 *net.*

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Entasis

When the Greeks designed a column for their immortal temples, they invariably used entasis in that design. This slight bulge in the vertical line of the column overcame the optical illusion that would eventuate from a straight line and prevented an appearance of weakness. Even in long rows of steps an upward bulge was put in for the same purpose. Recently a distinguished Englishman discovered that the same principle was employed in the towering naves of the early French cathedrals.

It is our fond hope that Listerine may never require this subterfuge in its advertising, but it has occurred to us that we may have overlooked the fact that Mr. Mencken has been employing entasis in his satirical sayings with a definite purpose and with some justification. If he were to write in a true line, perhaps to us his strictures would appear very weak and might be unable to support the heavy entablatures of his prejudices.

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